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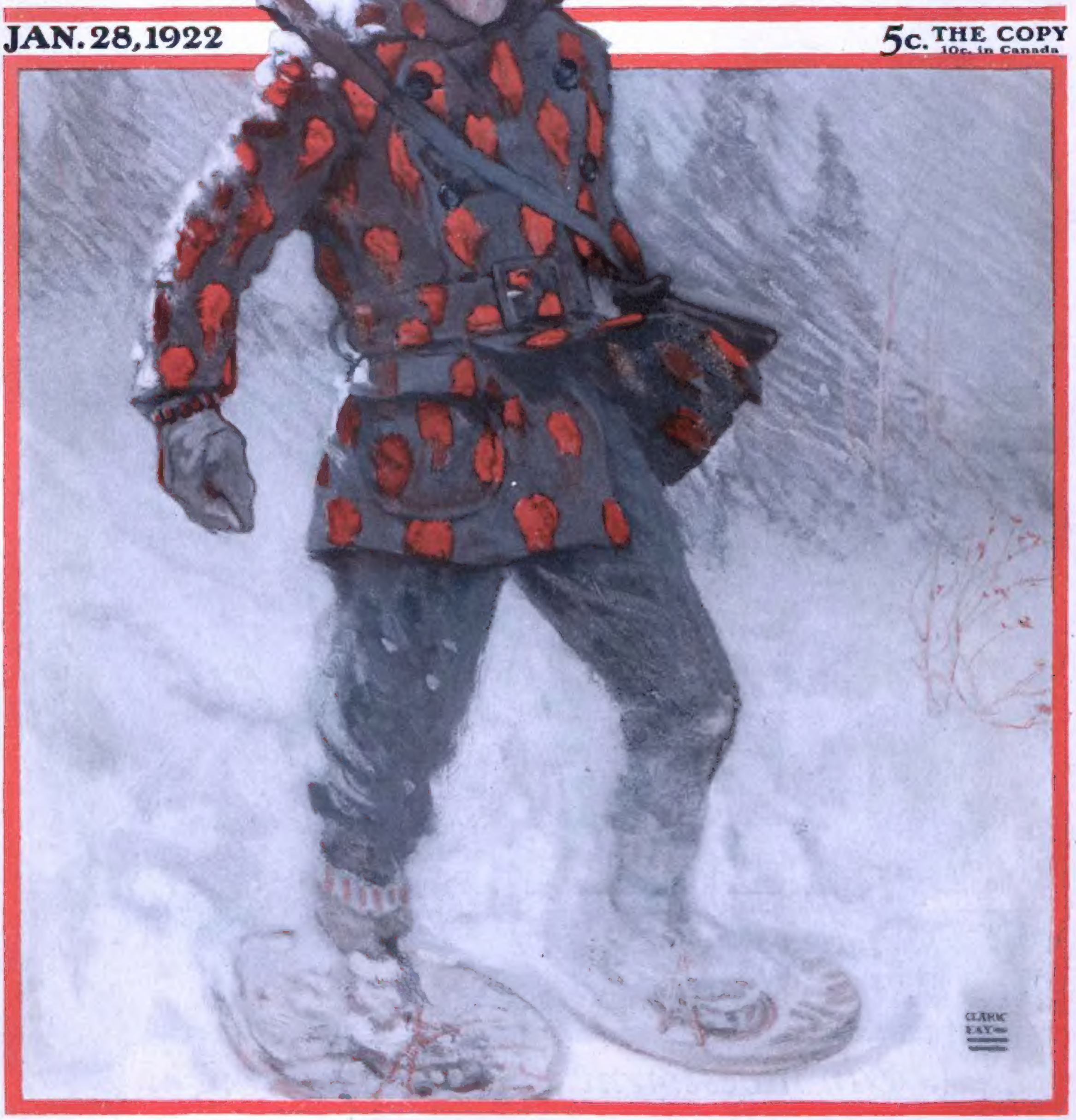

Beginning **THE WINTER BELL**—By Henry Milner Rideout

Kuppenheimer

GOOD CLOTHES

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THE entire Westclox family started the new year with new price tags. Pocket Ben, the husky, double-back watch, has changed his six-cornered, orange-bordered tag to read $1.50.

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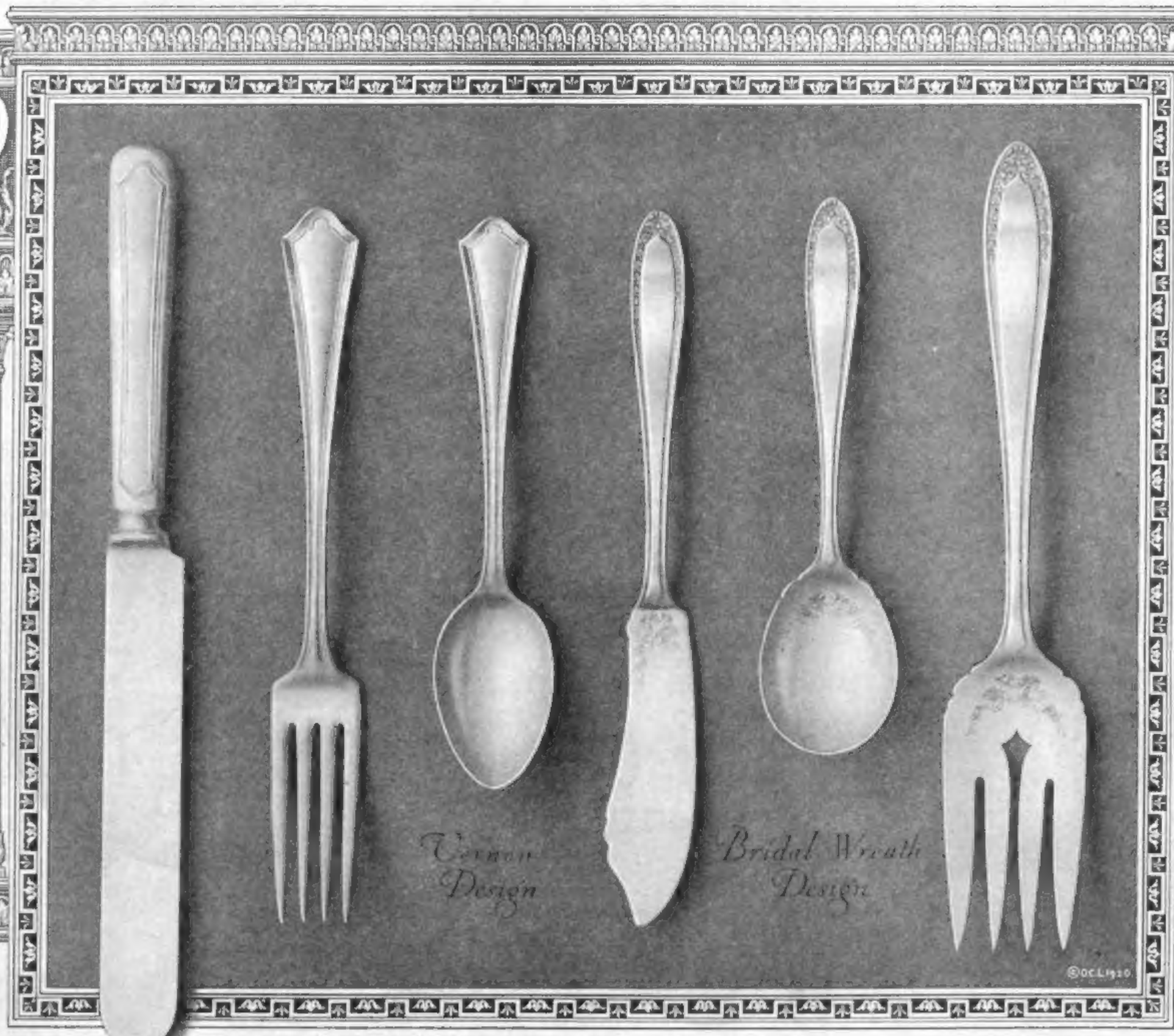

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THE WINTER BELL

With Rapid Sureness of Touch, Unhindered by the Smoke Curling Upward, He Wrote or Printed Across the Board

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IN ALL the last thin drift of snowstorm that swept the lake and made it a wilderness without borders there appeared only one dark object. This was a man on snowshoes, who came with the wind at his back. Smoking flights of dry snow continually outstripped him; his breath whirled ahead and vanished in them; so that his advance over the white waste had a labored air, as if he were lagging amid universal hurry.

Anyone who had tried to keep pace with him would have found this retardation a mere fancy, perhaps a painful fancy after half an hour or so; for Salem Delaforce was moving rapidly, with a light swing, more trot than walk. A white rabbit, hanging dead at his waist in front, joggled as if trying limply to run, head downward. Big-boned, spare, Salem had even in winter wrappings a look of slenderness which, like his present gait, deceived the eye. Kersey trousers tucked into yellow oil-tanned larrigans, and an old brownish blanket coat, mottled with erminelike dabs of pale red and gray, hung loose upon him to disguise the power of his frame. Snow plastered his back, but was chafed away by a shotgun that swung there, its muzzle ringed with two frozen doughnuts. Melting snow on the lashes fringed his dark brown eyes; through moisture as of tears they looked out, steady, thoughtful, young and very bright. His cheeks glowed.

Once he halted and turned impulsively to face the wind. The white rabbit hanging at his waist had its fur immediately blown into ruffled partings.

"Lord, forgot again!" said the hunter angrily. "Thought he was followin' me. Never no more."

He peered for a moment into the snow. It pricked his face like needles. Yet the range of his vision over the lake had widened, for these flying wraiths began to lose their whiteness. The wind whistled in his gun barrel. There was also a hissing, gritty sound that streamed by, a sound as of sifting, very faint, but notable, a change throughout the solitude.

"Goin' to sleet." Salem went forward again. "I keep thinkin' he's after me. Never no more."

The youngster's dark eyes contracted, his lips worked strangely. He rubbed one snow-crusted mitten roughly across them, and then, like a man who had driven away some pain of body or grief of mind, went swinging on with the wind, his face hard set, almost grim.

"We'll git a thaw pooty quick."

His bear-paw snowshoes left their oval prints in a track which, so far as it could be seen, drew a rigidly straight line on the snow. Without need of thought, by homing instinct, from one hidden point far behind toward another far ahead, through blind swirling space he had come direct; and now this change in the air—a slight clearing while drifts no longer spun upward from the lake, and the snowfall turned as from fine dry salt to pellets of sago—affected his march not at all. He kept the same course, the same untiring, rapid jog.

Half an hour later he swerved from this bee line. A bald round patch of ice lay before him, clean swept in a freak by the wind, like a pond made ready for skaters. He began to skirt the left-hand margin, but when halfway round stopped.

On the opposite rim of the ice appeared another dark object. At first glance it resembled the butt of a small log; at second glance, an uprooted stump with a brown clod of earth.

Salem turned and went quickly toward it, his snowshoes clattering and slipping as on green glass.

It was, or had been, a man. The head, shoulders and one arm lay on the ice, all the rest hidden, as if he had pulled up a coverlet before going to sleep. The face, turned away, had its right cheek frozen in, and a wisp of snow across the left eye like a bandage.

Salem crouched on one knee, looked intently, then came upright again. He took, it might have been thought, great pains not to touch this body. The wind, as before, prolonged a droning whistle in his gun barrel, and when he spoke, it wrenched the words out of his lips.

"It's Asy Beard."

The dead man's face had nothing of that dignity which sometimes is granted. Even by what few features were revealed it had a mean, wolfish look. The lips, parted as if to sneer, clung hard along broken teeth, tobacco stained, that looked all canine. Two kinds of snow, fine and coarse, had pelted into the rusty-brown stiff hair, and gave it the likeness, cruelly exact, of a bit of old doormat.

The living man's face remained inscrutable. The color of health and storm-blown exercise, darkly flaming in his cheeks, could not alter. His eyes did not perhaps; they contained much musing, some natural pity, but no dread and no surprise.

"Well, Asy," he said, "guess we're even now. Him that dies pays all off."

He stooped again and, after a longer interval than before, again rose.

"You're fast to the ice. Ain't got nothin' with me. Some peaky thief carried off my ax."

It was no weather to stand still in, but for a time the young man waited there, keeping his fellow creature company. When at last he went forward the sleet as it drove was dissolving into a chill rain. Not far ahead the end of the lake grew visible, a cove where land and water were marked off only by smooth-curving snowbanks, with here and there a clump of willow switches or the long white slant of a buried pine trunk fallen years ago. Above these, darkening the cove, stood firs all padded white on the windward side, all green and shadow black on the leeward. Above their jagged points, in turn, low hills advanced through the departing sleet, some dark evergreen, others—bare rock too steep for snow to cling on—a grayness, lined vertically with threads of white birch.

Midway in the cove Salem climbed ashore, pausing at a hole chopped in the ice, and a stake on which hung a black tin can upside down. He broke the new ice in the hole, filled the can, then went straight toward the deepest bend of the fir wall. Here, muffled with snow, hidden like an animal by its marking, a cabin crouched among the boughs. He passed round this and entered a small clearing behind.

At the back of the clearing a fire burned low under an iron pot. It had been a large fire, for up the nearest white wall reached an evergreen band where snow had melted from fir tips, and round its embers in a wide ring last year's woodland carpet lay bared—yellow grass, leather-brown brakes, the dark red gloss of old checkerberry leaves, and one bright green spray of princess pine. Smoke still mounted into the drizzle, and the rim of the pot lid steamed.

Bringing dry wood from a lean-to behind his cabin, Salem gathered his fallen fire and made it high again.

"Like to ketch the thief," he told himself, "that moseyed off with my ax."

While the fresh blaze was growing he laid his mittens on the pot, removed from his gun barrel the frozen doughnuts, placed them to thaw beside the mittens and set some willow-bark tea brewing in the tin can. He worked with method, like one who used time thriftily but had no need for haste. From the lean-to, where he hung under cover his gun and the white rabbit, he brought an oblong bit of pine board, a hammer, some old crooked hand-wrought nails, a two-foot wooden stake, a hoe, a shovel, a corner of broken glass and a flat, rusty iron fragment of sled runner. This last he poked into the fire. Then, taking off snowshoes, he sat on one beneath a bough, arranged the other as a table or workbench, and so, warmed by the fire, sheltered from the mist, continued quietly busy.

"Go down to Corp'ration House, ought to, and tell 'em about Asy Beard." With the broken glass he smoothed one surface of the pine board. "'Tain't right to leave him layin' out there. But no good my tellin' 'em after dark. Better start to-morrow daylight in the mornin', git there early forenoon, then keep on down to Middle Landin' store. Make one journey of two arrants."

Having smoothed the board Salem turned to his noonday meal. It was lean fare, nothing but willow-bark tea and the pair of moist, lukewarm doughnuts. He ate and drank like a stoic whose thoughts went elsewhere.

"Le's see what we want to the store—besides a ax. Tea's give out, tobacco's give out. Matches, and maybe a little sugar."

He soon fell to work again. With the board gripped flat between his knees he drew from the heart of the fire his broken sled runner. Its point glowed orange red, starred

"You Can't Tell Me Nothin' About the Rod," He Answered Gruffly. "It's a Three-Cornered Whaleboh' Pickled in Brine, and Laid on Hit or Miss"

with tiny bright sparks that vanished. Round its cooler end he wrapped a wet mitten. It made an awkward tool, all weight and no balance; but in Salem's thin brown hands it quivered no more than a pencil. With rapid sureness of touch, unhindered by the smoke curling thickly upward, he wrote or printed across the board. His lettering was neat, his alignment true:

SACKAMORE

Delaforce laid his branding iron down, blew off the charred powder and shook his head.

"Can't even spell," he grumbled. "Prob'ly ain't right. I don't know nothing."

He nailed the board to the stake, put it aside with his tools, brought out from one pocket an old cheap wooden pipe, from another some dried willow bark mixed with sweet fern and, composing himself cross-legged, took a meditative smoke.

He had not rested since daybreak. Even now he was only waiting for the fire to burn low again; and by the time his second pipeful went out he waited no longer, but, impatiently rising, lifted the iron pot away, grasped his hoe and began to tear down the fire.

"Git it over with."

He dug fiercely, scattering brands and coals that hissed as they turned black and bedded themselves in snow. Under the ashes appeared a shallow trench, its floor and walls of half-thawed mud. Salem cut them deeper and wider, until his hoe sliced through glassy honeycomb, the crystals of the frost. He then poured in scalding water from the pot, waited and, after the steam had cleared from a new depth of mud, began hoeing again. This process he repeated many times. When the pot was empty and the hoe could fetch out no more chips of frozen earth he drove the stake in upright at the far end of the hole, so that board and legend stood facing him, level with the ground.

"Have to do. Deep as I can manage."

He waded among the trees, and with a knife slashed off an armful of small fir branches. Carrying them the young man would have had a Christmaslike air but for the steady Indian sadness of his eyes.

"Better for him than bare ground."

He lined the pit carefully with the Christmas greens, placing and replacing them till every tip lay in order.

"There."

His next action was to clear away tools, all but the shovel. Having done this he went round to the door of the cabin.

"Can't hardly bear to go in."

Salem wiped his snowshoes cleaner than usual, grasping at any means of delay. It was with reluctance, visible effort, that he opened the door and entered. His dwelling, one room sheathed with black paper, and very dark by contrast even with the subdued, rainy light of the woods, contained a stove, a bunk, table and chairs, a cupboard, tiers of stove wood against the wall, and along the rafters a few spare clothes, household goods and small pelts of fur. Salem hung his snowshoes by the foot holes on a nail in the black paper. He stood for a moment irresolute.

Across the room in his bunk lay something covered with a blanket, like a child hiding and keeping still. As though it were a child Delaforce lifted and carried this bundle outdoors.

What he unwrapped and lowered into the evergreen grave was the body of a white bull terrier. He was very slow in laying the firs over it, but swift in putting back the clotted earth.

"You was a good friend. None better."

He rose to look at the board and his dog's name.

"I won't never forget you." His face was hard while he spoke, but not his eyes. "Part o' the best days o' my life buried with you."

The rain had ceased when darkness came that night, and with darkness a still and bitter frost creeping to the heart of the woods. No air stirred. Even the dry leaves of a young beech near the cabin that since last autumn had waggled and whispered foolishly in lesser silences were dumb. Salem, eating a late supper by the light of a candle end, now heard the fire snap cheerfully in the stove behind him, now listened to trees groan far off, to noises harsh and brittle as the breaking of a file.

There were left in his plate some bones of the rabbit he had brought home.

Without thinking Salem took one of these and held it round behind his chair.

"Here you are," he said.

The stillness recalled him. He looked down, saw the empty floor, dashed the bone furiously from his hand and, turning, blew out the candle.

Frost veiled the bottom of each windowpane, but left at the top a curved space clear. Cold stars glittered above the whiteness where his enemy lay. They could not throw unwelcome light into this room from which his friend had gone, or know that he saw them as crosses.

II

WELL filled with hardwood, the stove always kept its fire going for two hours. A light sleeper, Salem had formed the habit of rousing before the room grew cold, so that his night was broken at regular intervals. From deep slumber he came quietly awake, each time to find a bed of coals glowing like orange-red flowers, to cover them with kindling, split birch and round maple, to glance at the starlight for signs of weather, and to be next moment in his bunk asleep for two hours more.

Dawn found him on foot, beginning his day. The frost no longer murmured or groaned without. A gentle clashing and crackle seemed to fill the obscurity. On every windowpane the little hill-and-valley landscape of frost work had thickened with furry whiteness during the night, but left near its top a loophole of melting glaze through which the outdoor world shone as a mist of intense pale

blue. This color and the strange airy clashing pervaded all things like a wonder that longed to be understood.

Salem was aware of it. He knew the sound, he felt the quality of the light.

"Lon'some mornin's without you, Sack," was all he said. "Maybe Duster Whiteneck's kep' one of them pups of yours, to town. I'll haf to see Duster. If he'd sell, take along my black-cat skin."

For breakfast he had what was left of the rabbit stew, warmed over with hardtack sopped in gravy, and more willow tea; no meal to linger over. The sun had not risen when he stepped outdoors, though all the mysterious pale blue vapor was gone, and the clear eastern sky brightening. From the cabin eaves a row of new icicles hung, broad and short, in the Saxon-tooth pattern.

"Crust'll hold. Don't need ye." Talking thus to his snowshoes he slung them with his gun on his back. "May, though, comin' home."

Over his breast like a magnificent boa he carried some furs—two of mink, one of musquash, and one, somewhat like sable, which he called his black-cat skin, the rare and beautiful fur of a fisher. Any expert would have admired the curing. Salem betrayed no pride, but counted them and smoothed the hair. Each had been shot cleanly through the head by a man who despised traps. He shouldered two long fagotlike bundles of split hoop poles, cast a look at the cabin to see all tight, and set out briskly.

The footing held, as he had predicted. Everywhere below the trees undulated a surface glimmering with dull polish like that on the icing of cake. Now and then it cracked under his moccasin boots, leaving a wide shallow depression, where powdery snow burst upward among triangular plates of crust; but this happened seldom, for he went with a practiced, gliding step, as clean and true as the motion of a skater. Between the firs an abandoned logging road, unbroken, flowed like a white brook. It brought him suddenly out upon Lambkill Heath while the sun was clearing the evergreen tops.

"Gorry, but she's handsome!" thought Salem.

The heath, its buried tufts wavy with bluish hollows and white mounds, dazzled him as the early sunshine poured across. But this was nothing to the glory that ringed it about, far and near. A crystal forest shone with twinkling white fire. Young birches, maples and poplars, ice coated, their boughs drooped like weeping willow, caught the full blaze of morning sun in a network brighter than jewels. Whenever a breath of wind stirred, the twigs, like so many thousand glass pendants, clattered faintly and swung on from tree to tree a passing luster that sparkled along the entire wall of the woods.

Walking high over the heath-top waves, Delaforce did not stop to admire. He felt an exaltation on his journey; but this was gone when he saw his long-drawn shadow traveling alone, with no dog's shadow trotting after on the snow; he had known more than one silver thaw; and though in the middle of the heath he paused, it was only to listen.

Through the crackling brightness of the enchanted forest he heard a sound. It came from behind him, perhaps more than a mile away, but clear in the winter air—the ringing of a bell, a little bell with a mellow tone, jangled slowly in broken rhythm, as if by an uncertain but persevering hand.

"A sled comin' down lake," thought Salem. "Pity the shanks of any poor hoss, crustin' it."

With a few last single notes the bell stopped ringing. Salem waited, but heard it no longer and started on. Ringing or silent, it did not mean much to him at the time.

His track, the disused logging road, began once more across the heath and curved through the brilliant crystal wood where every twig hung down to end in a sunlit drop of icicle. From this he plunged into evergreen darkness, which continued for an hour or more. Once the smooth white ribbon of crust was broken; something heavy had wallowed across it to go smashing on through the firs; and Salem, who knew this damage for the work of a bear, dropped his merchandise, unslung his gun, crawled among boughs and loosened snow, jumped up, and ran like an Indian along the edge of the bear's track. Not so fresh as it looked, after two miles of hot pursuit it vanished among naked crags and horsebacks, gray, wind-swept rock. Without look or gesture of disappointment Salem returned quietly to take up his furs and hoop poles again.

The sun was high when he came down Rum-Time Hill toward the flowage. Here his old forgotten road joined a stream that wandered away from the lake. Ice had now melted from the trees, their fairyland shining departed; so that under little promontory shadows a lilac mist of alders, a tawny mist of willows, followed the crooks of the flowage, which revealed itself here as black ice, there as thin curved patches of crust.

"Gained on me."

Salem halted, and listened.

The little mellow bell was jangling once more, slowly, not far upstream. Once more it made fitful music in the solitude, as if rung by an uncertain but persevering hand. He had no knowledge of how that hand could persevere, or how, to some book-learned persons, it might have seemed the hand of a blind goddess who comes at her own pace everywhere.

By early afternoon he sighted Corporation House, a gray sag-roofed cabin, relic of other days, that lingered, not yet ready to fall, where dry cat-tails whispered and shivered in a frozen marsh. From its chimney smoke went mounting past frayed hackmatack points on a sky of more than midsummer blue. Salem climbed the bank, tossed his long hoop-pole fagots down, knocked at the door and put his head inside. It was a familiar room that he saw, gloomy, though lighted by one square window in the opposite gable. It smelled of hay mattresses and of green wood trying to burn.

"And so the old man," droned a lazy voice from somewhere on the floor—"so the old feller he muckles to his pipe, and he squats, and s'e, 'Chop 'em down, Dan; I feel like rottin'."

Some interminable story paused, while two listeners gazed at the open door and the newcomer. They sat smoking, each on the end of a bunk, with a rusty stove between them.

"Hallo, Sale," said one. He was a long, dark, thin, melancholy young man.

"Why, Sale Delfers, 'tis." The second, who looked like the first in a disguise of age, with white hair and narrow white beard, peered and made sure before speaking. "How'd ye git here, Sale?"

"Afoot." Salem knew the pair well. It was Pum Redman, of Wing Dam, and his father. "How are ye? And Trapper Kingcome still a-layin' behind the stove tellin' lies?"

The floor trembled as a great weight shifted on the boards, and next moment a face like a red and freckled moon rose, grinning, through the blur of heat waves that danced above the stove.

"Hallo, boy!" This interrupted story-teller was a huge, broad man, all solid flesh and lazy good humor. His pale red hair seemed to flicker in the heat, his pale blue eyes to wink between raddled slumber and acute watching. "Come in, shut the door, we hain't brass monkeys. Afoot, hey? And alon'? Where's dog?"

Salem entered.

"Someb'dy poisoned him on me," he replied.

"Who?" All three men spoke at once. Young Pum, of Wing Dam, shook his head mournfully; old Pum removed his pipe to stare; Trapper Kingcome swore loud and deep. "Who did?"

"I do' know." Salem tugged off his mittens and spread his hands over the stove. "What I come down to tell ye was, Asy Beard's dead. And git help. Found him fast to the lake, half froze in. Out on the ice not fur from my cove. Didn't have nothin' to chop him free."

Silence greeted this news; a silence which, as Delaforce went on warming his hands, was gradually broken by the jangle of the solitary bell outdoors.

"That's goin' to look bad, maybe, Sale," said Kingcome quietly.

Salem glanced up in surprise. He found them all watching him as if with doubt.

"What's goin' to?"

"You and Asy fought over that dog," declared Trapper.

"So we did, last fall. I licked him fair," said Salem. "And Asy twenty pounds heavier than me. A good twenty."

Trapper's moon face, dotted and flaming, wore an unwonted gravity.

"Fo'ks'll think——" He paused and shook his big head. "Asy Beard swore to kill that dog, and you 'lowed if he did—— Fo'ks heard ye, Sale. You said 'twould be the last dog ever he'd lay his dirty hands on."

Young Pum gave a disconsolate nod.

"Yeah," said he. "That's right too."

Salem, with his hands outspread but forgotten, stared from one to another of these men. He felt great amazement and a little anger. They were all three good friends of his.

"Why, what in tunket ails ye?" he cried. "I never touched him!"

What his hearers thought of this declaration he could not fathom. They continued to eye him strangely. The mellow clanging of the sled bell quickened and came with a final hurry, a slap-slap of trace chains on thills, and the sharp-edged noise of runners ripping

(Continued on Page 57)

Of a Sudden Salem Vaulted the Rail Before Him, Caught Up Sagamore's Collar and Threw It Over the Heads of the Crowd

THE THEATER AND THE LAW

By William McAdoo

Chief City Magistrate of New York

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

IN MODERN times the theater has claimed for itself the same degree of freedom in presenting its ideas that is given to the pulpit and the press. It resents anything that savors of censorship and asks to be let alone, and thus be the judge of its own morality and sense of decency. As a matter of fact it has more liberty than is given to the press. Not a few plays and farces are presented, the books of which no newspaper would dare to print. Managers of theaters and others in sympathy with them have in this respect, generally speaking, presented a united front. Among the producers of plays themselves there seems to be no standard regarding the character of plays for producing which any one of their associates would be condemned. The good standing of a manager among his colleagues does not seem to be in any wise endangered when he persistently produces obviously indecent, salacious, coarse and vulgar plays solely for the profit he can make out of them, although they must know that such conduct tends to bring theaters in general into disrepute and makes a rigid censorship inevitable.

Actors and actresses, belonging to organizations or acting individually, seem to have no hesitancy in prostituting very considerable talent to the production of atrociously offensive, indecent and vulgar plays and farces. I must assume in defense of the stage that this is occasioned either directly by the attitude of the managers in general or by some sort of unwritten law which compels an actor or actress to take any part assigned to him or her without regard to his own feelings or opinions with reference to the play itself or else be boycotted by the managers without any support from his fellow artists. Otherwise it would be to me incomprehensible that a decent, clean-minded woman would consent to appear night after night in revolting and disgusting scenes in which the family and the marital relation are especially rendered ridiculous and brought into contempt.

No Experts Required

THIS attitude is not puritanical, and people who say otherwise do so in most cases because certain classes take pride in being considered devilishly wicked and unconventional and not finicky, and aim to pass for what are called regular fellows, men of the world—bad world—and hence they smother their real opinions, if they have any, and go with a certain current, according to the circles in which they find themselves.

A great deal of misapprehension exists as to the law governing such productions. Here is the section of the Penal Law of New York State under which complaints and prosecutions are had against these managers and all concerned in the production of such plays:

Section 1140-a: Any person who as owner, manager, director or agent or in any other capacity prepares, advertises, gives, presents or participates in, any obscene, indecent, immoral or impure drama, play, exhibition, show or entertainment, which would tend to the corruption of the morals of youth or others, and every person aiding or abetting such act, and every owner or lessee or manager of any garden, building, room, place or structure, who leases or lets the same or permits the same to be used for the purposes of any such drama, play, exhibition, show or entertainment, knowingly, or who assents to the use of the same for any such purpose, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

The words to be noted here are "indecent," "immoral" and "impure," the indecency of plays of this character being declared by the law as tending to the corruption of the morals of youth and others. This law has been a long time on the statute books and has been construed by various decisions of the higher reviewing courts.

For instance, the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York thus declared the law in that respect: "A pantomime symbolical of the retiring of a husband and wife upon their wedding night, although unattended by improper language or actual exposure of the person, may be indictable as a public nuisance where it suggests indecency, excites impure imaginations and is calculated to corrupt public morals."

Now when you say a thing is indecent, immoral or impure you are dealing with individual taste, temperament, character and environment. A great artist, for instance, of acknowledged genius, might paint a scene in itself revolting, but with such masterful and compelling ability that it would evoke the enthusiasm of all artists and critical experts. They would say at once, "This is a work of genius; it is marvelous"; and they would go into details at great length as to its effectiveness in terms of art. They would glow with enthusiasm over the coloring, the shading, the drawing and all its other excellences, and pronounce it at once a masterpiece. Yet this picture, so painted, might be of a repellent scene and in every way indecent, so that it could not be exhibited to the general public, certainly not placed in a public place for a promiscuous audience of both sexes and all ages to gaze at, and would clearly come under a subsequent section of this law, relating to pictures and photographs and the like.

In the matter of plays in the theater; actors and actresses, managers, authors and professional critics are not the people whose judgment, in a legal way, is to determine the character of the play. In fact, their opinion is not to be admitted as evidence under a decision of the highest court of this state, which says: "The question of obscenity or indecency is one falling within the range of ordinary intelligence, and so does not require an expert to determine, and his testimony is incompetent.

"On the trial day of a case of this kind defendant called as a witness an artist and asked him if there was a distinguishing line, as understood by artists, between pure and obscene and indecent art. This was objected to and excluded. Held no error . . . If the question was intended simply to bring out the fact that pictures might be either decent or indecent, and that the canons of pure art would accept those of one class and reject the others, it was properly rejected as an attempt to prove a self-evident proposition; if the question was intended to be followed by proof that according to the artist's standard the photographs in question were not obscene or indecent it was properly rejected, as such evidence was incompetent."

In other words, the question whether a play is obscene, indecent, immoral or impure is one that must be determined by the ordinary intelligence of commonplace people; in this city, in the first instance, by the magistrates having regard to the testimony of ordinary everyday people, police and others; or by three justices of the Court of Special Sessions, or by a jury in the Court of General Sessions, impaneled in the usual way. That is where the question of fact belongs and is to be determined.

In England—between which and the law of this state I will later on make comparison—when Mr. Chesterton was on the stand before a joint committee of parliament, he objected to the one man as censor, and said he preferred a jury to the judge. To quote exactly from the record this is what he said: "It seems to me that if you have one ordinary man judging it is not his ordinariness that appears, but it is his extraordinariness that appears. Take anybody you like—George III, for instance. I suppose that George III was a pretty ordinary man in one sense. People called him Farmer George. He was very like a large number of other people, but when he was alone in his position things appeared in him that were not ordinary—that he was a German, that he was mad, and various other facts. Therefore, speaking broadly, I wouldn't take George III's opinions, but I would take the opinion of twelve George III's on any question. So I am in favor of transferring the licensing authority to some county council or similar assembly. I know the objections to it. I know it will be said that the twelve George III's are just as conventional as the one George III; but that is not the point. The twelve are not Germans and are not mad, the twelve have not that particular idiosyncrasy which belongs to the one man when he is a despot. That is my first proposition, therefore, that I am strongly in favor of transferring the power of censorship to some kind of elective assembly."

And later on: "I will take my chance with a democratic censorship, knowing at least the absurdities of Jones will be balanced by the absurdities of Smith."

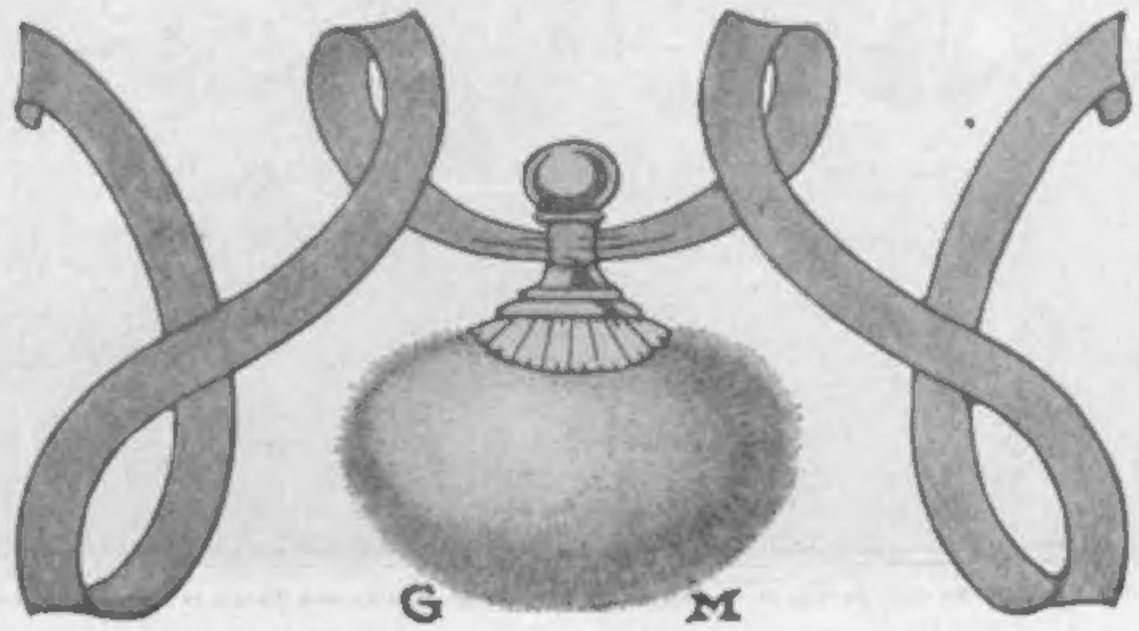
Play Censorship in England

IT HAS fallen to me officially to pass on a great many plays and performances, both as police commissioner and in my present office, for the reason that the police bring their complaints to this office. To understand how this works it will be well to glance at the law of this state and that of Great Britain, where there is an established censorship about which there is, in this country, at least, a great deal of misunderstanding.

The first law with regard to the presentation of plays and performances in England was passed in 1737 when Walpole was Premier. Critics of the censorship in that country attribute the act to the personal feelings of the Prime Minister, because there was a play which held him and his party up to ridicule, and which at that time was being presented on the stage. They assert that the act had no foundation but the personal and political bitterness of the Premier. The present law, which now governs all plays in Great Britain, was passed in 1843, and it is interesting to note the difference between that and the language of our statute.

The Lord Chamberlain by that act was made the official censor, to whom all plays must be submitted in writing and a license given, before they can be produced on the stage. The play was judged solely by the book, and not, as in this state, by the performance and the book. It is interesting to note the difference in the language between this act and our statute. The Lord Chamberlain's powers are contained in these words: "He shall have the right to prohibit the performance of any play whenever in the opinion of the Lord Chamberlain it is necessary for the preservation of good manners and decorum, or of the public peace." The word "manners" here takes the place of "morals," and "decorum" of "decency," and the words "or of the public peace" are very significant, and have been far-reaching in their effect upon the English stage.

It is an unwritten rule of the English censor not to license or permit any play which might possibly give offense to a



foreign nation with which Great Britain is at peace, or to hold up any living person to ridicule or contempt, or where the characters are taken from the Bible, although some exceptions have been made to the latter in exhibitions allowed.

Whenever an author has written a play in England he must send a copy signed by the manager of the theater where it is proposed to produce it to the Lord Chamberlain as official censor. Practically it goes to an official called the examiner, who has a life tenure of a salaried office. It is his business to read all plays, of whatever character, and either to license or reject them. No appeal can be taken from a rejection, but rejections are very rare, possibly half a dozen, say, out of seven thousand plays submitted. But one reason for this is that authors knowing that certain classes of plays would not pass the censor do not write them.

Leading authors in Great Britain contend that this has cramped the national genius, and that therefore the stage in dealing with serious subjects is much inferior to that of the Continent. The examiner, according to his evidence before the joint committee of Parliament, is a very conservative, conventional and perfunctory sort of official. When he comes to a play which seems seriously to offend, he acquaints the Lord Chamberlain with the situation, who in turn has a volunteer committee of eminent citizens whom he consults as a sort of jury. These include one or two playwright managers.

After the play is once licensed it has immunity from local objections; as, for instance, a play which had been licensed in London by the censor might be considered as destructive of good manners and decorum or endangering the public peace by the local authorities in Dublin or Edinburgh or Manchester, but the local theater manager is protected by the censor's permit to a very large extent—that is, against prosecution such as might be had in this state; but he is not immune from a revocation of his license by the licensing power of the locality. This power, however, is seldom if ever exercised as against a play licensed by the censor. As a result of this law the managers of theaters in England are strongly in favor of the censorship as it exists in direct opposition to the authors and writers.

Some Technical Distinctions

IN 1909, when the recurrent opposition of writers of Great Britain was heard before a very distinguished joint committee of both Houses of Parliament, some seven thousand questions were asked and answered by officials, managers, playwrights and writers of universal reputation, and it was quite interesting to read that Bernard Shaw, whose play Mrs. Warren's Profession I took part as police commissioner in suppressing on its first appearance here in New York, proclaimed himself as a conscientiously immoral writer. The play was not allowed production in England.

He said in answer to a question: "You will understand that there are plays which may be conscientiously immoral, and views which may be conscientiously moral. For instance, if I may say so, Lord Gorell's views with respect to divorce and county courts are immoral and are shocking to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and are shocking to Lord Halsbury; but they are evidently conscientiously immoral and in bringing them forward Lord Gorell is doing a very high public service, in my opinion. Now, with respect to myself, as an immoral writer I need hardly say that I claim to be a conscientiously immoral writer. I lay great stress on the distinction in the use of the word, because I would remind the committee that from one end of the Bible to the other the words 'moral' and 'immoral' are not used. They are not used in the plays of Shakspere, and at the time that the 1843 Act was passed I believe that any person using the words 'morality' and 'immorality' as being synonymous with 'righteousness' and 'sin' was very strongly suspected of being a rationalist and probably an atheist. I can myself remember the time when that was the ordinary use of the words."

Commenting on this Mr. John Palmer, in his book The Censor and the Theatres, says: "Mr. Shaw's root distinction between immorality and indecency is illustrated in the lives of Shelley and Lord Byron. Shelley was an immoral man. He didn't accept the current morality of his time with respect to marriage. Lord Byron on the other hand was indecent. He did not meddle with the current morality of his time. He hoped and believed he was one of the wickedest men of his time. Shelley was hated for his principles, and Lord Byron loved for his infirmities. If Byron had taken the trouble to conceal his profound contempt and hatred of the English people he might have lived and died at peace with his time and in the full odor of public approval."

In connection with the present condition of the stage in New York, the views of the Bishop of Southwark, who proclaimed himself as very zealous for the dignity and status of the stage and desirous for its liberty, in dealing seriously with serious subjects, said: "I think that one of the great dangers of the stage is the danger of triviality and shallowness, of its being thought that, being only a recreation and so on, it does not very much matter what is done. I should like to see the stage take what is, I think, its true historical part—a part which contributes a very great deal to the common life. I should look for control mainly to the sense of responsibility on the part of the stage and its leaders, and also to the public opinion."

As against this Mr. George Edwardes said: "The main object of the theater is to provide harmless entertainment, brightness, gayety and amusement for the public."

Mr. Palmer, replying to this, says: "The implications of this formula reduce one to a condition of impotent despair. There is here the threadworn assumption that great art is the enemy of joy; that amusement, far from being the pleasure of the active man in the employment of his faculties, is a sort of drug; that to be merry an audience must needs abandon intelligence, taste, imagination and common sense at the door of the theater; that amusement is the natural antithesis of instruction or edification; that Beethoven is for solemn people cursed with the need to take their pleasures sadly; that the audience which roars with laughter at the man who loses his false teeth is necessarily more susceptible to the influence of brightness and gayety than the man who roars with laughter at the thundering entrance of the celebrated hand bag in which John Worthing was born and bred. One frequently hears the producer of the latest play who was ashamed of it, or the author who knows that he has not quite successfully come off, describe it as at any rate a good play for a tired man. A tremendously fresh and energetic man, just back from the holidays, might conceivably refuse to laugh at anything short of Shakspere or Synge. The same man at the end of his year's work—jaded, hopeless, bankrupt of physical or mental stock—would jump at the opportunity of laughing at anything at all. All, in fact, that he requires is the 'brightness and gayety' of the Blue Moon or the Green Cheese."

It is to be noted that Mr. Shaw draws a very wide and deep distinction between the play with immoral and indecent situations, as conventionally understood, and earnest, serious, severe and bitter attacks upon conventional morality as shown in his own plays. No one can be more bitter than he is, describing the former class of plays and farces. He considers these really immoral and indecent productions, because they tend to make a joke of questions of serious and deadly import, and in nearly all cases they are coarse and vulgar and insulting to ordinary intelligence, and absolutely lacking in wit and humor as those terms are understood among intelligent and cultivated people.

I must say that having passed officially upon one of Mr. Shaw's plays and some of the farces now being presented on the stage here in New York, I am inclined to agree with him. I certainly do not consider that Mrs. Warren's Profession would in the same degree tend to the corruption of the manners of youth or others, in the language of the statute, as the grossly indecent disrobings and exhibitions of nudity in bedrooms, stables and studios that from time to time under certain management are displayed on the stage in this city.

It is the book of the play, as I said, which counts in England, so that authors have frequently contended that that should also apply to the press, and that books should not be allowed to be printed until they have been licensed and permitted. Mr. Chesterton, with his usual wit, would not agree to this proposition regarding books. He said: "If you find that the book is indecent, disgusting or offensive you can throw it away, into the dust bin"—as he said he did with nearly all modern books. To which may be added: But if you find yourself in the theater, jammed in a center seat, where the exits are small, you have to remain and be tortured by the spoken and enacted play, which may be equally offensive with the book; you can throw the book away, but you dislike to make a scene in the theater or tramp on people's toes in getting out as fast as you can and away from the obtrusive indecency of the stage.

The Censorship Defended

AMONG the well-known writers who either appeared or from whom letters were received by the committee were the following: Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Henry James, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Zangwill, Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. Joseph Conrad, Mr. Maurice Hewlett.

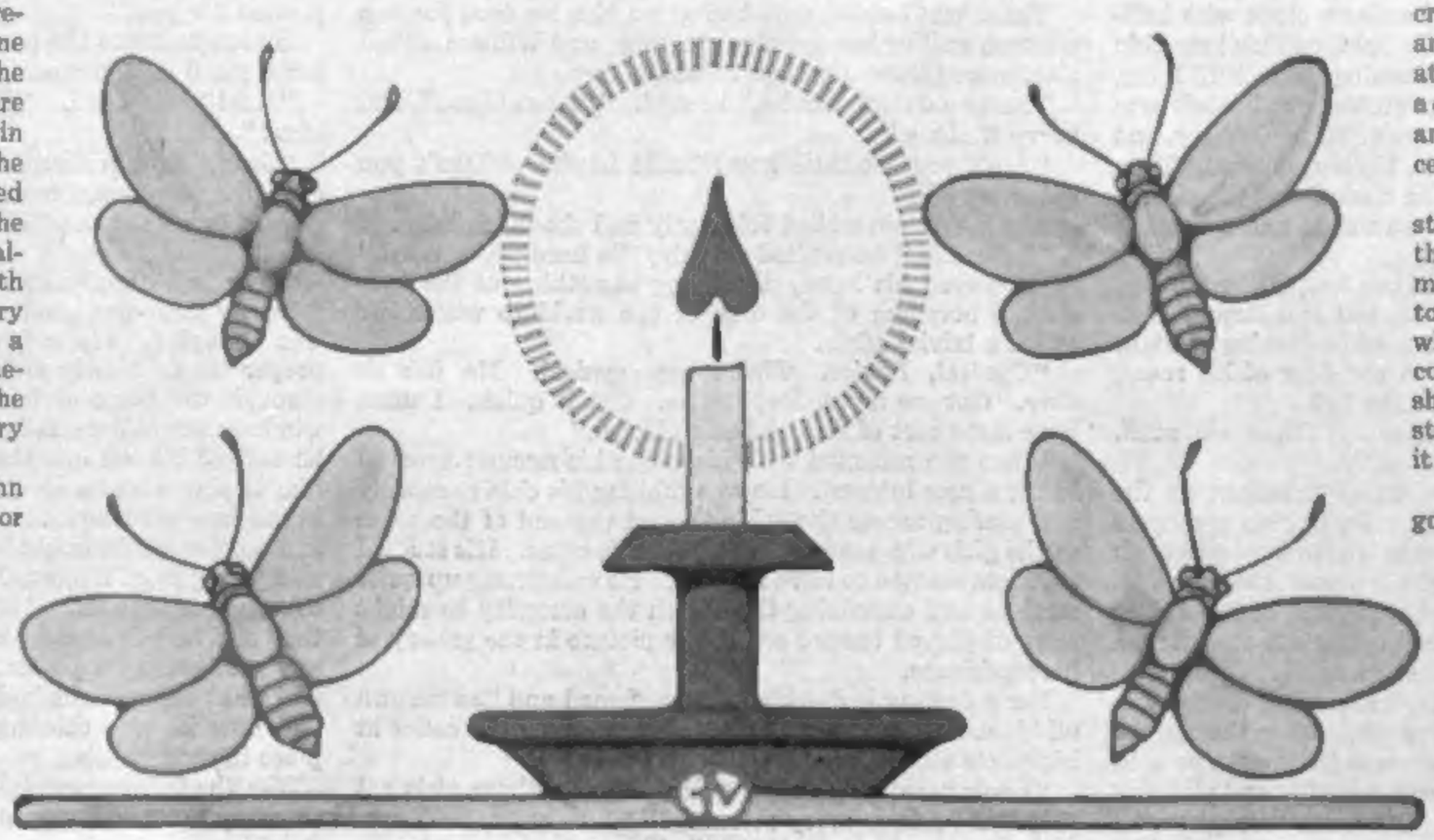
"Mr. Shaw appeared before the committee as a militant puritan to whom the West End commercial theater is definitely the gate of hell. He hates the aphrodisiac play as determinedly as the seventeenth-century Prynne hated plays of every sort and size."—Vide Mr. Palmer.

How the censorship protects the authors and managers is shown by the statement of Mr. Charles Hawtrey, producer of the play called Poor Old Charlie, which had been adversely commented on by many people in England. He was in favor of the censorship and said: "Abolish the censorship and the consequence can only be injurious to the theater at large. The step would mean immediate and material diminution in the attendance of young people. It would mean a stricter surveillance on the part of their elders, who would very rightly and properly hesitate to take them to a performance to which no authoritative guaranty is furnished." In other words, the censor's license is accepted as a guaranty and increases the attendance of parents and guardians and young people at the theaters. This seems to be a commercial and managerial view, and not complimentary to the censor.

In this state the language of our statute is much more sweeping than the English one, and the mode of proceeding with reference to plays is in the main that for which the authors in Great Britain contend—that is, that the play shall be first produced and then stand the test as to whether or not it violates the law.

Under our law any citizen can go before a magistrate and make a complaint for a violation of this law or that with reference to exhibitions or pictures which are deemed to be immoral and indecent or obscene. But in actual practice the complaints are generally made to the police commissioner. Now it is a

(Continued on Page 44)



EIGHT MILLION BUBBLES

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY HUBERT MATHIEU

YOU know the thing they say about your never being able to tell what a new day will bring forth. Though it is as time-worn as the quaintest of our maxims, still it has a certain commercial value, even in the present era. Ask the insurance agent about it. He'll say it rings the bell. Ask the men who sell the automatic sprinklers, the revolver that any one can use, or the nonskid tire chain. They know the old maxim has a punch that shakes the change from father's pockets. They know what the fear of the unknown can do if you illustrate it with a good picture and put a few well-chosen words beneath.

But, after all, what does it amount to when you examine it with reason and detachment? After all, it's just publicity stuff, aimed to frighten those of us who read it in the Subway rush hour. Sinking to sporting parlance, it's dollars to doughnuts that to-morrow will be just the same as yesterday, and to-day a perfect replica of to-morrow.

If we all feel this most of the time, can we blame William Jenks, of the Hans Andersen Advertising Agency, for feeling so too? Even before Fame placed her golden wreath upon his brow and made him a figure in the world of big ideas he was a cynical young man. Besides, he had spent days writing just that sort of thing. No wonder he believed that each to-morrow was a yesterday.

How Could a Girl Like That Cope With the World, a Girl Who Wore Ruffles Around Her Wrist and Put Fudge in a Shoe Box?

When his alarm clock heralded the morning that shook the frail bark of his fortunes it seemed exactly like any other morning. The April sun was stealing through the window of his rectangular room, which his landlady had advertised as square. It made the pattern on the wall paper look unusually harsh and serpentine, and made the colored print over the marble mantel, the one of the little girl playing with the dove, still less like a work of art than it had appeared the previous evening. It showed him the table in the middle of the room, littered with a week's accumulation of magazines, newspapers and matches, and his trunk in the corner with its pile of books. For a few seconds William Jenks listened to the alarm clock with half-closed eyes, and then a faint smile lightened his long thin face, and he performed his first morning task. Still lying, staring straight before him, he stretched out his left arm to the little table where the clock was still performing, and grasped the battered timepiece in his long fingers. Then raising the clock above his head he hurled it at the picture of the girl and the dove. There was a thud and a voice of silence as the bell ceased its ringing.

"Missed it again," he murmured in a low, sardonic voice.

Slowly he rolled to the side of his bed and stepped listlessly to the floor, and stood for a while looking straight before him. Finally he walked to the door of his room, opened it a crack and peered into the hall.

"Damn it!" he murmured again. "Same old stuff. Somebody's always in the bathroom."

Twenty minutes later at the little restaurant at the corner he wore the same sardonic smile, but his eyes were wide open and gave him a certain alertness despite his deliberate walk. He passed calmly down the aisles of porcelain-topped tables, seemingly oblivious of the clatter of china and of the strange words shouted into the kitchen beyond. It was just like any other morning. There were the girls who worked in the broker's office downtown, eating their chocolate éclairs and examining themselves in the mirror beside them. There was the man who sold insurance, in a clean stiff collar, eating hastily and glancing avidly at his newspaper; and there was the girl who worked on a fashion magazine. With hardly a glance at them William Jenks strode to a little table in the corner.

There was Louise, who had given him his food for two winters, smiling her morning greeting; and William smiled also, more pleasantly than he had before.

"Same old stuff, Louise," he said. "Same old stuff, and hurry it along."

"Ain't you sarcastic now?" said Louise. "Don't you never lay off?"

Again William smiled tolerantly and shook his head.

"Sarcastic," he replied wearily, "is hardly the word."

He waved his hand, displaying something of the irresistible boredom of the man of the world to whom life seems a trivial affair.

"Cynical, Louise. That's me—cynical. No *joie de vivre*. Get me my coffee, Louise. Get it quick. I must have some sort of artificial stimulation."

When she returned with his coffee his manner aroused in her a new interest. He was rubbing his chin nervously and staring across the table toward the end of the room at the girls who worked at the broker's office. His studied boredom seemed to have left him. He was sitting up quite straight and examining them with the curiosity he might have displayed toward some new picture in the gallery of his experience.

For a fleeting instant he had awakened and had thrown off his morning lethargy. Momentarily even the coffee at his elbow stood unnoticed.

"Look here!" he asked quickly. "Do those girls eat those cold éclairs every morning?"

"Eat 'em," replied Louise, carefully imitating his slow speech, "is hardly the word. They gobble 'em."

He loved to do things by exaggerations, just as he loved to think in extremes, and now William made an exaggerated gesture of horrified repulsion.

"Oh, my Lord!" he said. "Oh, my Lord! It hurts me just to see them. Eating éclairs and powdering their noses at the breakfast table. Can you beat it?"

Yes, he loved to live among exaggerations, perhaps because his life was so commonplace, and because he craved excitement. Now as he sat looking at them a new light came into his eyes, the light of sudden and vital thought, the light of a big idea, and though thousands of others had had the same idea it still struck him as a novelty.

"That's it!" he said excitedly. "That's it! I've got it now. I know what's the trouble with this town—women. That's it—women! By Christmas, they're pushing men into a corner. They've got the world by the tail, and they're tying a ribbon on it. A pink ribbon! You can't get away from 'em. That's the trouble. They're all over the place—stopping in the middle of the streets, blocking the traffic, walking on the wrong side of the sidewalk, changing the restaurants into candy stores—getting in your way at the office. All this modern-freedom stuff—that's the trouble with this town!"

"Say," said Louise, "what's biting you this morning?"

He sighed, raised his coffee to his lips, and once again he was the young man in the great city.

"Same old stuff," said William. "Same old stuff."

And then he was sorry he had said it.

"It isn't the same old stuff!" Louise cried. "I made it for you special!"

For a moment he felt something like a lump in his throat. It had been a long time since anyone had done anything special for him, such a long time that the thought of it was almost a shock.

"That's the trouble with women," he said awkwardly. "They always take things personally. Here. Here's a present for you."

He reached into the pocket of his tweed coat, and drew out a small oblong package.

"Gee!" she cried. "It's soap! Say, what's the big idea?"

"Soap," said William, "is hardly the word. It's Latherol; not soap, but a new food cleanser for the skin. They gave it to me at the office yesterday, and I thought you'd like it."

"Say," said Louise more gently, "you're a funny guy!"

Surely there was small reason for him to suspect his life was changing. He entered the Subway at exactly the proper time. Slowly and thoughtfully he made his way through the pack of hurrying humanity, and past the windows where the small change flew like hail, and gravely he wedged himself into the downtown express. It was like him to play with an idea, for he had always done so, even in the days when he sat behind his desk at school. Perhaps in a quieter age he might have been a philosopher, for even as a young man William Jenks was thoughtful, and prone to reason out causes and effects. Up at the Hans Andersen they said he had a mind, and perhaps they were right. At any rate he had a power for visualizing facts and forces, and what was more he had an enthusiasm for his thoughts; and now he was thinking about women and their new place in modern life.

Yes, the Subway was full of them. He had never noticed so many before. Every day more and more were coming

downtown, bearing the same set, determined look as the men, the tired, penetrating look of the seeker after money. It was a funny thing, a thing that made him uncomfortable. Twenty years ago there probably hadn't been any of them at all, and now they were everywhere. Where did they come from? he wondered. Why didn't they stay where they used to?

With the conscientiousness of a successful young man he dropped the matter as he walked toward the copy writers' room at the Hans Andersen. As he passed through the office, people nodded to him and smiled. There was something pleasant about his negligent ease and the carelessness of his dress. He alone wore a soft collar, and alone seemed unmindful whether his hair was evenly brushed.

Even in those days he was something of a privileged person. Had he not written the campaign for the nonburn brake lining, and the indestructible hair net, and the button that wouldn't come off? Yet he bore his honors with a pleasant grace. Sometimes it almost seemed as if he didn't realize their value.

Pleasantly aware that the day was beginning right, he entered the copy room and closed the ground-glass door. He was halfway to his desk before he noticed anything unusual, and then he saw that no one had started work. Charley Jones, thin-lipped and pale, who wrote the stuff about the door of opportunity swinging open to the young man who clipped the coupon, was sitting on the edge of his desk pulling at his tie; George Lewis, who always wore a green eyeshade and chewed gum when he worked, was staring idly in front of him, twisting a little piece of paper in his fingers; and Ed Hardy, sallow and a little gray about the temples, had failed to light his pipe, and instead was holding it limply in his fingers. When they saw him they glanced at one another archly.

"Here he is," said Charley.

William tossed his newspaper on his desk.

"Well, suppose I am?" he said. "What's the matter with you birds? What are you grinning at? Grimm hasn't raised our pay, has he?"

"You bet he hasn't," said Ed sourly, and began stuffing his pipe with cut plug. "Wait till you've been here as long as I have, and you'll get over this optimistic stuff."

"Well," said William, "why all the merriment then?"

He stopped and glanced suspiciously about him. When you have been in an office for two years you get to know people well enough to expect weaknesses of human nature, and reach a basis of friendship which permits familiarity. Perhaps it was some little practical joke they were playing—chewing gum in his chair, for instance. Something funny must have happened, but he didn't see it. His eyebrows twisted in the curious, puzzled expression he often wore when he faced things he couldn't understand.

"Well," he said, "what is it?"

"Something nice," said George, pushing back his eyeshade. "Something you'll like. I'll say you'll like it."

William opened the top drawer of his desk and drew out his corncob pipe and a tobacco pouch. Next he started to remove his coat, for it was hot for an April morning.

"I wouldn't do that," said Ed more cheerfully. "She might not like it."

With his coat half off and sagging about his shoulders William turned to face him.

"Look here ——" he began quickly.

"She's going to be at the desk next yours," continued Ed.

William still stood with his coat half off, quiet in the depths of his amazement.

"Look here," he began again, "I don't quite get you."

There was a moment's silence, and their grins grew broader.

"He means," said George, tossing his piece of paper into the wastebasket, "that Grimm's going to put a woman in the copy department—a woman copy writer. That's what he's going to do."

"But she isn't going to be in here?" gasped William.

"Yep," said Ed, looking sadly at the ceiling. "That's where. Right here in this room. Right beside you at Tommy Rooney's old place."

William groaned and stared about him, mute with horror. The thing was almost unbelievable, so grotesque that he could hardly grasp it.

"Look at him," said George. "Doesn't he take it gracefully?"

"When's she coming?" asked William, his eye lighting with a faint hope.

"Oh," said Charley, "probably in five minutes. She's talking to Grimm now."

William sank down before his desk and stared hopelessly at his calendar. So, it had happened. The great permanent wave of emancipated woman had even reached the fastness of the Hans Andersen copy room. At last he was face to face with the phenomenon he had witnessed from afar. No wonder he and the rest of them were a little silent, a little appalled.

"

WILLIAM, you see, knew all about women. Another modern Ulysses, he had voyaged past the siren isles, and his ears were sealed to blandishments and his eyes placidly and shrewdly open. He knew what it meant to have one of the fairer sex in the office. He knew so well that even after Marianne came among them she failed to upset his unerring sense of values.

When Marianne appeared he was scribbling nervously on a piece of yellow paper. Immersed in the black shadows of his thoughts he failed to look up when he heard the opening of the door which heralded the end of freedom. He still bent over his work, faintly amused by the irony of his task and its appropriateness to the present. Before him was a pencil sketch carefully drawn to the scale of a page in a popular magazine. It depicted a long line of little children—oh, so happy! It was wonderful the simple pleasure that seemed to radiate through advertising art.

To-day the pictures on the walls of the copy room seemed to grin at him horribly—the men lathering their faces grinned; the girl with the breakfast food grinned; and in the pencil sketch the children grinned also. They were romping and playing about a little empty square. In the square were to be placed some words of his own choosing and composition. Those words were on his desk beside the square, but there were too many words to fit. He was bending over them, intent on eliminating a few dozen, lost in concentration.

"Let the kiddies romp all they please!" he read. "What if their dainty little dimities"—could it be that he had written this?—"their frocks and rompers *do* get dirty? Millions of mothers everywhere have found a new way to clean them. They have found that a pinch of a new kind of washing powder, adroitly dusted over the soiled surface ——"

"Jenks!" came a voice behind him, steely and confident in its authority. "Get up, Jenks. You mustn't overtax your mind this way. It's quite too dreadful. You won't let him overtax his mind, will you, Miss Wright?"

Shaken rudely from his thoughts William raised himself from his swivel chair. Standing behind him was old Mr. Grimm himself. Yes, there he was, the president himself of the Hans Andersen; and beside him was Marianne. But it wasn't Marianne that William noticed first. Rather it was the alarming effect which her presence had already produced upon everyone in the room—horrible and inexplicable. Old Grimm, that tireless and avenging shadow of the land in which he ruled, was actually grinning like the advertisements he sponsored. He had actually assumed a protective air, and was rubbing his hands benignly, like some indulgent parent. Ed had squared his shoulders until he had almost shaken off his habitual stoop, and was grinning also. George had taken off his eyeshade and was hastily sticking his chewing gum to the lower surface of the window sill. And Charley had removed his horn-rimmed spectacles and was staring soulfully to the left, so that you

There Was Nothing Left But to Sit Passively and Glare Savagely at His Companions

could see his profile. The sight of four strong men so completely under a single influence was a shock from which he could not immediately recover.

Then he looked at Marianne, but still he couldn't understand it, for he didn't feel that way at all. Superficially, at any rate, she didn't look like a business woman. In the first place, she was too young, much too young, and she looked quite frail in her horizon-blue suit, and entirely unfit for grueling days of toil. She looked very slender and a little frightened as she stood beside old Grimm, almost as though she suspected the existence of an iron hand beneath the velvet glove. She was glancing at him now, smiling a frightened little smile, and she seemed conscious that her yellowish-red hair was working its way from under her little turbaned hat.

The very moment when she looked at him he knew there was something wrong, and an instant later he knew what it was. She didn't belong at all in this harsh world of men, already full of the acrid fumes of tobacco. There was nothing about her that went with the scratched yellow-oak desks and the square metal workbaskets and the typewriters. She belonged rather in the reception room where Grimm received his clients, where there was a pot of ivy on a bronze stand, and a Jacobean table and an Oriental rug. Here she was little less than ridiculous, almost a pathetic travesty. All about the room he could feel a new undercurrent of thought. It was always the way when a woman entered the arena of toil. At once everything began to rest on a basis of hypocrisy, and everyone bowed to the shades of chivalry.

"Here are Some Sketches I Had Them Make in the Art Department, Telling Where Latherol Comes From — Palm Trees, Genial Breezes, the Tropics, and So On"

"I do hope I won't be in the way," said Marianne.

Even at the beginning he found himself smiling and saying things he never meant, for at the proper time and place William was a gallant young man.

"In the way!" he exclaimed with unnatural heartiness. "Why, of course not! What an idea!"

"And now, Jenks"—old Grimm's voice became brisk and businesslike—"I gave you a cake of that Latherol soap last night."

"Latherol?" said William in slight confusion. "Oh, yes, of course."

"Well," said Mr. Grimm, "where is it?"

William's face looked a little moist. It seemed like a trivial matter, but he knew too well that little things like this were what broke men's fortunes. Old Grimm's lips were pressed together, and his glance was suddenly hostile.

How had he happened to forget, even for a second, that a thing like that cake of soap was a deep and personal matter with old Grimm?

"Come," said Mr. Grimm, dangerously sweet, "where is it?"

"I gave it away," said William very slowly, and his words seemed to pierce through threatening silence. Suddenly old Grimm loomed up like a Titan roused to righteous wrath.

"So that's all the respect you have for your work?" he began. "You gave that cake of soap away, did you? You gave ——"

But William had steered through many a stormy sea, and now his mind worked as quickly as a trained diplomat's.

"I gave it to a young lady to try," he interrupted smoothly. "I understood you to say you were going to sell that soap to women, and that any advertising we did would be directed toward them. I wanted to see what this one thought of it, Mr. Grimm, because I have a high opinion of her judgment. I thought—her reaction might be valuable."

Then William became aware that another crisis was over and that he was sailing again in quiet water. Old Grimm was smiling again, and gently rubbing his hands.

"Well, well," he said. "Well, well. So you have got a little sense, after all, Jenks. Yes, almost a commercial instinct. And romance too! Romance and a cake of soap! Have you any other lady friends who would like to try some?"

"No," said William, "I can't think of any."

"Well," said old Grimm, "that's quite all right as long as you took it seriously. That's the main thing, Jenks. And now, Miss Wright, before you settle down to work let me show you the art department."

And a moment later he was bowing and holding the door of the copy room open, while Marianne walked slowly past him. There was a pause as the door closed, while they all stood looking at it except William, who sat down again before his desk.

"Gosh!" breathed Charley. "Maybe she don't make you forget home and mother."

"She's too good to be true," said Ed; "that's what she is."

"Well, I'll just say this," said George. "I didn't know there was anybody left like her."

"Better not tell your wife so," advised Charley kindly.

William swung his chair about slowly, and his face seemed harder and more saturnine than ever.

"You birds make me sick," he said. "Don't you see what's going to happen? You're all going to fall in love with her."

"Well," said Charley, "what of it?"

"That'll be a pretty mess, won't it?" continued William. "And that isn't all. Not by a long way, it isn't. Haven't you got any imagination? Don't you see what she's going to do?"

"What is she going to do?" Ed inquired rather fiercely.

"She'll put up curtains and things," said William; "and sew on buttons for us; and—yes, she will—she'll stop us smoking. A-ha! You didn't think of that, did you?"

"Nonsense!" said George. "We've got to smoke. How can we write this stuff if we don't?"

There was something so disheartening in the prophecy that they sat for a while, gloomily silent.

"Of course she'll let us smoke," said Charley. "She's much too nice not to." But his words lacked their accustomed conviction.

"And there's something else too," said William, and for almost the first time that morning his voice seemed to ring with genuine feeling. "I'm hanged if I see why you're so glad to have her here! You ought to know this isn't the place for a girl like that. How do you think she's going to stand this sort of thing? How do you think she's going to like writing advertising copy with Grimm snooping around? You know what it's like. It isn't fair. It isn't sportsmanship to have her in this place. We can stand it because we've all been kicked around. You have to be when you earn your living in this town. But do you think she can stand it? You know she can't. It's a shame, that's what it is. The whole thing's a shame."

Perhaps he was thinking then, perhaps they all were thinking of the time when they had started on the great adventure of gaining a livelihood. How different it had seemed before the days of disillusion and the shattering of hopes, before they became acclimated to cheerless hall bedrooms and sordid meager meals, before they noticed the tired faces around them and the threadbare clothes. Yes, they had all been kicked around more or less since then, and if they had stood it the process had not been wholly pleasant. Perhaps his words made them forget for the moment the parts of it that were pleasant, for when he finished speaking they all looked at him a little wearily.

"Say, Bill," said Ed quite kindly, "you've got the right stuff in you when you're shaken up a bit."

But already William's old tired smile was back on his lips.

"You know better than that," he said. "I'm a damned egotist. We're all damned egotists. What else can you be when you earn your living? You've got to step pretty lively these days."

"Haven't you got any romance in you at all?" cried George. "Haven't you got any imagination?"

"Don't," said William. "You know enough not to start this romance-in-business talk. Don't you think I've heard it before? Same old stuff, George; same old stuff." And he turned again to the picture of the little romping children.

III

WHO knows? William might have got used to Marianne in time if Marianne had let him. For Marianne wasn't very much in the way, after all. To his mild surprise he found that she actually knew how to write advertising copy, quickly, efficiently and without any fuss or worry. At first this struck him as vaguely strange, but he was not prone to meddle with others' affairs; and besides, he knew that old Grimm always picked good copy writers, priding himself, indeed, on the skill of his selections. Now that she was established at the desk beside him he hardly gave her another look or thought, but concealed himself discreetly behind a cloud of malodorous tobacco smoke. In another day or so he might have got as used to Marianne as he had to the new hatrack in the corner if Marianne had only been different. But William knew too much about women to hope for the unusual. If Louise, at the restaurant, could not keep in the background, what could one expect of Marianne?

The very second day after Marianne had come under the feudal sway of the Hans Andersen she began stopping William's getting used to her; stopped him in such a way

(Continued on Page 36)

SHUTTING THE SEA GATES

By Kenneth L. Roberts

ON JUNE 3, 1921, the emergency immigration law, which is known as the Three Per Cent Law, went into effect, and for the first time in history the United States of America officially began to display a faint trace of common sense in the handling of the immigration problem. The Three Per Cent Law is operative from June 3, 1921, to June 30, 1922. Because of the restrictions of the law the number of European aliens who will enter the United States during these thirteen months will be held down to about 300,000. Three hundred thousand aliens are a great many thousands in excess of the number of aliens that the United States needs or wishes. Three hundred thousand, it should be borne in mind, is no slouch of a number. It is equal to twelve army divisions; and one army division alone, as even a soft-boiled soldier knows, is twenty-seven and a half miles long. If these 300,000 people were to be lined up eight abreast and marched briskly past a given point, they would occupy sixty consecutive hours, or two and a half days, in the passing. Three hundred thousand, also, is approximately the total population of the large and flourishing cities of Springfield, Massachusetts, Salt Lake City, Utah, and Spokane, Washington. It is a large, commodious and eye-filling number; but at the same time that number is a great improvement on the number that the United States would receive if the old free-handed, open-house, hooray-for-everybody, prewar immigration law were in force.

If the United States were still in the wholesale immigrant business with the same vigor and enthusiasm that characterized her immigration activities in 1907 and 1914 and the dear dead years of that period, the thirteen months between June 3, 1921, and June 30, 1922, would unquestionably see 1,500,000 immigrants spewed into our midst from every steamship that was capable of turning over her propeller without shaking out a peck of rivets at each revolution. By comparison with the number of immigrants that America might be getting, therefore, the number that she is actually getting under the temporary Three Per Cent Law looks like glad tidings of great cheer.

The Three Per Cent Law

GENERALLY speaking, this temporary Three Per Cent Law is a pretty good law. It is pretty good because it cuts down the number of immigrants. It is an unscientific law; but it cuts down the numbers, and therefore it is good. It is no more adjusted to the needs of America than a pint of peanuts is adjusted to assuaging the hunger of the blood-sweating behemoth of Holy Writ; it is no more fitted to deal with the immigration problem than a pair of sugar tongs is fitted to handle a barge load of cannel coal. But it gives America somewhat less of a bad thing than she was getting before it went into effect; and so the Three Per Cent Law is infinitely preferable to any other immigration law that America has ever put in force.

The Three Per Cent Law, when stripped to the bone, provides that the number of aliens of any nationality that may be admitted to the United States in any fiscal year shall be limited to 3 per cent of the number of foreign-born persons of such nationality resident in the United States as determined by the 1910 census. Certain people don't count, however—such people as foreign government officials and their families and employes; aliens in transit through the United States; tourists; aliens from countries which have special immigration treaties with the United States; aliens who have lived for one year prior to their admission in Canada, Newfoundland, Mexico, Central America or South America; and aliens under the age of eighteen who are children of American citizens. In no month can more than 20 per cent of a country's admissible quota of immigrants be admitted to the United States, except in the cases of actors, artists, lecturers, singers, nurses, clergymen of any denomination, professors, members of the learned professions or domestic servants. These can always come in, even though the month's or the year's quota may have been exhausted.

This law is a simple law; but the shift from the old law was made with such violence and abruptness that the immigration authorities referred to the new law as a hellion, a tar baby and a scalp snatcher, and frequently lay awake at night and sweated profusely over the difficulties which it presented. One by one the annoyances have lessened, and the squeaks, rattles and thuds have begun to tone down and blend into a sweet, mellow hum. When it first began to operate there were a number of nerve-racking squealings from various portions of the machinery.

The diplomatic representatives of certain nations that were particularly anxious to ship large numbers of their surplus citizens to America emitted plaintive wails over the new law, claiming that it was a violation of something. They weren't quite able to point out what it was a violation of; but they didn't like it, so they felt sure that there was a violation of some sort lurking in the background. Loud cries of anguish were raised by various societies whose members seemed far more interested in the welfare of foreign countries than in the welfare of the United States. American relief organizations and even American churches developed a sudden and irritating desire to have the law abolished so far as it affected the peoples who happened to be the objects of their misguided sentimentalism at the moment. Wide circulation was suddenly given to editorials and news reports dealing with the evil treatment supposedly accorded to immigrants at Ellis Island under the new law.

The latter method of stirring up indignation against the Three Per Cent Law is still hitting cheerily on all eight cylinders. When, therefore, one encounters a harrowing tale of how a refined and sensitive immigrant became a nervous wreck through barbarous treatment received at Ellis Island one should dilute the tale with a weak carbolic solution and hand it to the ash man when he comes to remove the week's accumulation of trash. One of the most harrowing stories that one could wish to read was that of a British subject who was recently detained at Ellis Island with his wife and child. This story was given wide circulation in England, and with two other similar cases was made the basis for a very tart note from the British Government to the American Government.

International Friction

AMONG other things, the British note, which was given a large amount of free advertising in the British press, protested bitterly against the crowded conditions on Ellis Island, the unclean conditions there, the bad food, and the lack of warning given to immigrants that they might not be allowed to enter the United States because of exhausted quotas.

The British Government, however, had failed to take

(Continued on Page 51)

ON THE AMERICAN PLAN

THE HEAVIER WEIGHT

By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

THIS is the yarn of two men and a dog. One of the men was Jamie Mackellar, a diminutive and mild-eyed truck owner of Scotch descent. The other man was Rufus G. Belden, arch-capitalist of the mighty young city of Midwestburg. The dog was a collie. Jamie lived in the shabbiest of Midwestburg's suburbs. There in his cottage's back yard was a snug shed wherein reposed his two chief treasures. One of these was Lochinvar Bobby, the giant collie whose show earnings had helped buy the second of the treasures—a fair-size truck, the sole means of his comfortable livelihood.

Incidentally, Jamie was one of the most astute collie judges in America. He won for himself a repute for squareness and for almost uncanny accuracy of judgment in the ring that made his services as judge in demand from Canada to New Orleans. In the interims between shows he was a meekly polite little truckman. In the judging ring he was Rhadamanthus the Terrible and John Jay combined, with the justice of Aristides thrown in for good measure.

Rufus G. Belden had taken Midwestburg and his native state by storm. He had held them up by the heels and had shaken the cash and the votes out of their reluctant pockets. At fifty he was countless miles away from his tenement origin, and stood forth as the richest man and the most influential financier-politician of his region. Great was Rufus G., and greatly to be feared and much to be courted.

Happening upon a newspaper sketch of J. P. Morgan's later days, Rufus G. found a paragraph which caused his dull little eyes to brighten with the inception of a genuine idea. And he read the paragraph once more—this time aloud:

Shoulder to Shoulder Stood the Two Splendid Collies

Mr. Morgan's chief pleasure, at this period, was in the breeding and exhibiting of high-quality collies. His Cragsmere Kennels were the home of some of the most renowned dogs of the decade. The Cragsmere show benches, at Westminster and elsewhere, were always surrounded by admiring crowds. If Mr. Morgan had not already won his fame as a financier he might well have built up a lasting reputation as America's foremost collie breeder.

"America's foremost collie breeder!"

Rufus G. Belden rolled the phrase under his tongue with growing relish. To be America's foremost anything-at-all was surely a pinnacle whereto a new-made multimillionaire might crave to scramble. And now Morgan was dead. Apparently no financial overlord had succeeded him in the collie realm. The post he had created was vacant—the pedestal of America's foremost collie breeder.

Belden was normal enough and enough of an outdoor man to love dogs and to have some smattering of understanding of them. As a boy in the Midwestburg tenement district he had had for a pet a mangy and lop-eared collie of many-angled ancestry. And in memory of his long-dead chum he had always turned a kindly and more or less appraising eye on such collies as he chanced to see in the street or on his visits to the Midwestburg Show.

With true Napoleonic promptitude Rufus G. went into action. And within a year he was ready to commence operations on the mammoth scale he had planned. By that time he owned thirty collies, ten of them champions and fourteen of them imported, besides several supposedly promising litters of Teddy Bear pups. These were supervised by a staff of costly experts under command of Perry Roke, a veteran kennel manager whom Belden had lured from his former employer by an unheard-of offer of five thousand dollars a year and expenses.

The kennel press and sporting writers all over the country had taken up the tidings of Belden's new fad, giving it and him a gratifying degree of notoriety. At a by-show or two, in that off season, his phalanx of imported champions had swept the field. Rufus G. was radiant.

One morning three of these importations came back by crate from such a show, and Roke telephoned for a truck to bring them from the station to the Beldencroft Kennels. As the truck chugged down the drive toward the kennel buildings Rufus G. himself strolled out to the yards to greet the returning heroes.

He arrived at the inclosure just as his men were lifting the last of the three crates from the tonneau. The mild-eyed little truckman had dismounted from his high seat, and was watching with eager interest the uncrating of the trio.

Belden would not have given a second glance to the meek little fellow had not an action of Perry Roke's attracted his attention. The kennel manager was bossing the job of taking the three winners from their luxurious crates. As Roke approached one of these slatted boxes the little truckman was standing directly in his way.

Belden looked on in mild expectation to see the manager elbow the diminutive truckman aside or even, in an access of merriment, catch him by the slack of the trousers and toss him back on the motor's seat. Roke did nothing of the sort. Instead he walked deferentially around Mackellar, "walked around him, like he was a lake," as Rufus G. afterward described it.

And while Belden was still wondering whether or not this was a bit of absent-mindedness on the manager's part Roke turned from lifting a shaggy tricolor collie out of one of the crates and asked the truckman with genuine deference: "How do you think his winter coat's coming along, sir?"

Jamie ran his fingers expertly through the pile of black fur and said briefly: "He's still shy on undercoat."

Again Belden listened expectantly. He took real enjoyment in hearing Roke's lurid blasphemy when an outsider ventured a criticism on any Beldencroft collie. But the redoubtable manager forbore now to swear or even to call the critic a wall-eyed liar.

"Any time you'd care to go over the bunch," gushed Roke with warm cordiality, "let me know; and it'll be a pleasure to show them to you. So long, judge!"

Belden came forward, his fat face creased with bewilderment, as Jamie and his truck departed.

"Another minute and you'd have kissed him!" he observed in fine sarcasm. "Is he your long-lost brother, or does he just hold the clew to the billion-dollar forgery and your kidnaping of the old earl's only child?"

"That was little Jamie Mackellar, sir," replied Roke, as if this explained everything fully.

"H'm!" mused Belden. "From the way you kowtowed to him I thought he might be the Prince of Wales or even the rent collector. Besides"—with a flicker of memory—"didn't you call him 'judge'?"

"He's judging collies at the next Midwestburg Show," said Roke sullenly. "And probably at St. Louis, and again at Baltimore. If you'd rather have had me kick him out of here, when he's got the judging of our dogs at three out of five of their next shows, I ——"

But the rest of the insubordinate speech went unheard. With a long whistle Rufus G. Belden was staring up the drive in the wake of the vanishing truck. And presently he walked off toward the house, his fleshy head bent low above his fleshier torso.

Another Napoleonic idea had smitten him. Rufus G. was strong on Napoleonic ideas. They had given him his fortune, and his collie kennels. And now he planned they should do still more for him. While this one was in its first ten minutes of infancy Belden called up a Midwestburg private-detective agency and a law office.

Sunshine soon afterward began to filter into the financial life of Jamie Mackellar. Luck for the past year had run counter and had swirled the little Scot around and around in its eddies, stranding him at last on a shoal whence he was toiling in vain to push clear.

His twelve-year-old daughter, Elspeth, had had a long illness, and had been sent at last to the Adirondacks in order to mend a set of endangered lungs. This line of treatment was not inexpensive; nor had been the ten preceding weeks of trained nurses and doctors.

Jamie's son, Donald, in a technical-school course, was needing eternal help to pay for extras. His wife now, in reaction from the long strain of caring for her sick daughter, had suffered what more prosperous people would have called a nervous breakdown. Pneumonia had followed; and she was convalescing, with Elspeth, in the cruelly expensive Adirondack sanitarium camp.

Jamie's truck, too, had been damaged, to the tune of one hundred and eighty dollars, by a collision with a drunken coal-driver's machine. And it had been out of commission through a nonsparable fortnight. Jamie himself had broken his left arm in the same smash-up and was laid by for thrice as long. The driver whom he hired during the month in which his own enforced idleness overlapped that of the truck had cheated him unmercifully at such times as he was not loafing on the job.

It was just the same world-old, ever-repeated sordid hard-luck story, with nothing new about it except to the man to whom it happens. To Jamie it was hideously, dizzyingly new.

Then one night he came back to his musty cottage with a new lightness in his step and with an off-key whistle on his lips. As he unlocked the front door after putting away the truck the chill and desolation of a temporarily wifeless and childless home struck him as usual full in the face. But to-night it failed to wring from him the wonted half-stifled sigh. Nor did he abate the soft off-key whistling.

Something besides desolation smote Mackellar as he swung open his house door. From out the inner recesses of the cottage, at first sound of Jamie's step on the yard-wide porch, had rushed a big furry shape which flung itself bodily on the returning man, whimpering in sheer joy, patting at his chest with flying white forepaws, striving to lick Mackellar's grubby face, then dropping on all fours and whirling about him in an ecstasy of welcome. Thus, ever, did Lochinvar Bobby greet the homecoming of the man who was his god. And thus ever did Mackellar's Scotch heart go forth in eager gladness at the welcome.

Now, catching the classic head between his gnarled palms, he petted the dog and spoke a word of cheer to him

before going on into the kitchen to light the lamp and stir up the fire and make ready his own solitary supper. Bobby, according to his custom, followed close upon Jamie's heels into the kitchen and kept beside him at every step from stove to cupboard or to table.

Always Bobby did this since the family's absence had promoted him from shed to house. But to-night there was something more than ordinarily buoyant in the collie's dancingly eager steps and in the look he raised to his master's newly bright face. With the odd sixth sense of his kind Bobby recognized that his little god was exuberantly happy. And loyally he shared that happiness, even though its cause might be far beyond his canine understanding. Mackellar was happy. Wherefore unquestioningly his dog was also happy. Which is a collie's way.

Like most lonely dog men, Mackellar, in lack of other confidants, had fallen long since into talking to the collie as though to a human. And to-night as he wrought over the sulking stove his relieved heart forced him into light-hearted speech.

"Bobby lad," he said, shaking out the match with which he had kindled the range, and smoothing the dog's uplifted head as he spoke, "Bobby lad, I'll warrant I've fair sickened you with the havering and complaining I've made you listen to this past month or more. Well, I've a different dose of medicine for you to-night, Bobby. A rare good word tonic; worth a hantle of dollars the bottle. Want to hear my news, Bobby?"

At each repetition of his name Bobby's plumed tail had wagged with fresh vigor, and his wistfully deep-set dark eyes had lighted with a pathetic eagerness.

"Well, then, Bobby," proceeded Mackellar, "here it is, in a nutshell. In two or three nutshells, I mean. For it's that kind of news, Bobby. It came in bunches! First of all, you know how Brewster couldn't renew the mortgage at any price, because he said he was in a hole for ready money? Huh? Sure you remember it, Bobby. You remember it perfectly. Don't go saying you don't. You remember everything. Well, he hails me on the street to-day and he tells me he's sold the mortgage to a lawyer. Ellis is his name. And I go chasing to Ellis; and what d'you s'pose Ellis told me, Bobby? Said he's just bought it in, with some others, as an investment; and didn't want to foreclose at all; and he's letting it run on, indefinite-like.

"And he had me sign one of those whereas papers; and that was all. And now we don't need to fash ourselves over the mortgage till next interest time! Think of that, Bobby. Think of all the fine high-grade sleep I've lost for nothing! Are you thinking of it, Bobby lad?"

Apparently Bobby was, for he evinced much emotion at the repeated mention of his name and at the upward inflection in Jamie's crooning voice.

"Yon's the first nutshell, Bobby," went on the jubilant Mackellar. "Here's the second: As I was going out Ellis just happened to say he'd bought up the truck's mortgage, too, and that that could stand till doomsday. Wasn't it funny the same man chanced to pick up the only two mortgages I ever had, Bobby? But they aren't the only ones I've got now, Bobby. I've got another. A second mortgage on both the truck and the house. Ellis gave it to me. That's the meatiest nutshell of the lot. Got me to chatting; and found out the times aren't all they might be for us here, Bobby. And he suggested—suggested it himself, mind you, Bobby—that I take out the second mortgage. He made out the whereas papers in a jump, while I waited. And I came away from there with a check for five hundred dollars. Know what five hundred dollars means, Bobby? It means more soup meat and gasoline than you and the truck could eat in six months. That's one thing it means, Bobby. And, on the side, it means some calm nights' sleep and a new appetite for a poor old cuss named James Angus Mackellar, Bobby."

He set the kettle forward from its repose on the back of the range, and crossed to the table to lay the red-and-white cloth for his supper. As he went he talked.

"So much for the second nutshell, Bobby. But there's a third. Honest, there is, Bobby. A third. 'Gin they come by ane, they come by twa; and syne they come by three,' as the Hieland poet chap says, Bobby. Here's the third: A contractor man, named Scally, sends for me, and offers me the biggest trucking job I've ever had my teeth in, in all my days. And he's so scared I'll renege on it he makes me sign a forfeit paper. I had a time to keep from laughing in his face. Why, a job like that is meat and drink to the truck and me, Bobby! Oh, Bobby lad, but this is sure one glorious old world to do our living in!"

One evening a few weeks later, as Jamie Mackellar was laboriously scrawling his daily letter to his Adirondack-held wife, there came a rap at the door.

Bobby, drowsing at his master's feet, had sprung up at sound of the loud knock. Now, head lowered, and growling far down in his shaggy throat, the collie was advancing slowly toward the door.

"Hey, there!" admonished Jamie. "Bobby boy, that's no way to meet comp'ny. D'ye mean to say you don't know the scent of every neighbor we've got? Sure, you do. Shame on you for making b'lieve you don't! Come you back here and lie down, till I ——"

The opening of the front door cut short the reproof. At Jamie's idly spoken order Bobby had turned back into the room. Now, pausing, the dog growled unfriendlily over his shoulder at the unseen guest.

The door swung wide. Filling the whole threshold stood a man in a sable overcoat. Mackellar blinked dazedly once or twice at the starkly unexpected visitor before his scattered wits could register the fact that this newcomer was no less a dignitary than the Hon. Rufus G. Belden.

Timidly, at last, he advanced toward the benignly beaming Rufus G. and ducked his tousled head in salutation. It was then he noted that Belden was not only advancing into the room but was actually holding forth one fat hand with the unmistakable intent of shaking.

"Good evening, sir," faltered Jamie. "I—I—won't you come in? I mean—won't you sit down a minute? I'm ——"

"Good evening, Mackellar," returned Rufus G., shaking the incredulously shrinking hand of his dazed host and settling himself in the room's one comfortable chair. "I stopped on the way from the station for a look at the big collie of yours that Roke told me about. The one you cleaned up with at Westminster. Roke says —— Is that the dog?" he broke off, catching sight of Bobby, who at Jamie's rebuke had lain down under the shadow of the red-and-white tablecloth. "Let's have a squint at him."

"Bobby," said Jamie quietly.

At the first syllable the great dog was on his feet and advancing to where his puzzled master stood awaiting him.

"Minds you well," commented Belden, noting the electrically swift obedience.

"Yes, sir," assented Jamie. "But why wouldn't he? You see, he's my dog."

He spoke in perfect good faith. To this born collie man it would have seemed the most unnatural thing in the world if his well-loved and better-trained dog had hesitated in obeying a command of his. From boyhood Jamie had been able to rely on the instant obedience of his succession of collies; and he had secured this obedience through love and intelligence, and not by fear. He had never struck one of his long line of dogs. Nor had he had occasion to. Neither, by the way, has any man who has made a study of collie nature.

Belden was queerly impressed. He had more than once shouted himself hoarse in an effort to make one of his

(Continued on Page 30)

The Kennel Press and Sporting Writers All Over the Country Had Taken Up the Tidings of Belden's New Fad

DUST IN THE EYE

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

WIND-SHAKE Peters—so called by the entire lumber industry of the Eastern States—issued from his office and walked down the passageway toward the room which contained his bookkeeping and stenographic departments. The bookkeeping department consisted of one fat frog-eyed old gentleman by the name of Mebbs. The personnel of the stenographic department sat, protected by a low fence, in the person of Miss Veronica Horner. Miss Horner had been imported from Boston and was the sole inhabitant of Valley Stream who outraged nature and propriety with bobbed hair.

As Mr. Peters rounded the corner to a spot where he had a fair view of the stenographic department he perceived that the protective fence surrounding Miss Horner had not been raised to a sufficient height, for inside it and leaning over the young woman's curly bobbed head was a young man. The young man was named Peters—Theodore Peters—and he occupied comfortably the position of son to his old man. So far that had been his occupation in life.

Wind-shake Peters paused. It was rather a bringing up with a jerk than a pause, and the whole six-feet-four of him quivered with the abruptness of it. He leaned over and gripped the protective fence. It looked as if he did thus to steady the glare he leveled upon the young man and woman—as one uses a tripod for a camera.

"You're fired!" said Mr. Peters from that position, using his most savage tone. "You're fired now! If that thing on the nail is a hat, and if it belongs to you, put it on and take it away from here. And you—you incomplete, footless, gangling ornament to a college education—git into my office while I figger out whether to drown you in a pail or give you to one of the neighbors."

"You're Fired!" Said Mr. Peters, Using His Most Savage Tone. "You're Fired Now!"

He paused for breath, and to enjoy the effect of his eruption.

"Dad ——" said the young man, but that was as far as he continued, for his father regained his breath and launched into an enumeration of his sentiments toward both his son and his stenographer.

"Since the day she started wagglin' that sheep's-wool head of hair in here you hain't been in your right mind. You got a crick in your back from bendin' over her desk. What's the idee, eh? Figgerin' on givin' me a short-haired daughter, be you? Huh! If she hain't got onto you in a month, then her head's et up with sap rot. What's she want to do? Marry a first-class game of pool? Calc'late I'll support her 'n' you? Naw! I'm through. From here to yonder you're goin' to develop a useful streak that's worth money, or you're goin' to develop a hungry streak that ain't goin' to be fed."

He stopped again, then uttered a short, disagreeable-sounding cough and clutched the fence. He swayed a moment, and then slumped forward so that he hung loosely over the railing, like some carelessly flung garment.

Presently, after the doctor had rushed to their aid, they carried him out and laid him on blankets in a wagon and carried him home. He did not regain consciousness that night, and it was the judgment of the physician that if ever he did regain consciousness he would be completely useless as a human being for many months to come. Wind-shake Peters had burned out his bearings.

Not until two days later did Ted Peters realize what had happened to him. On that morning the physicians had arrived at their conclusion that Wind-shake Peters would live to resume his activities, but that months must pass before he might even be told there was such a thing as a mill. This conveyed nothing to Ted at once; but when he informed Veronica Horner of the fact, that young woman became very thoughtful and eyed Ted with a keen, appraising glance.

"That," she said presently, "means you will have to steer the wheelbarrow." Miss Veronica was sometimes terse and a trifle colloquial.

"Eh?" Ted said, not following her figure of speech.

"Your father has dropped the handles, but the wheelbarrow's got to keep on going, hasn't it? Well?"

"But I don't know anything about business, about the office and sales end, about financing. Dad has never given me a crack at anything. He has kept me in the mill or out in the woods."

"Better stop with the first four words," she said tersely. "Just say 'He has kept me,' and let it go at that."

"Now, listen ——"

"No time to listen. It's true. I don't blame your father a bit. Maybe it wasn't exactly fair to fire me, because I couldn't exactly take you by the collar and throw you out every time you came and sat on the corner of my desk—but you—you haven't been a bit of good to him that I can see."

"Veronica ——"

"You're caught now," she interrupted. "Circumstances have reached out and grabbed you, and you can't dodge. You've got to do something. It's up to you. You've got to run this business, because there isn't anybody else to run it."

"But I don't know anything about business."

"I do," said Veronica succinctly. "I haven't worked for business men for nothing. Business is just common sense, and sometimes it isn't such wonderful common sense after all. But I'm fired," she ended rather lamely.

"I suppose you're right. I've got to make a stab at it, but ——"

"Stop that! If you start with that attitude of mind you're going to end up in a scramble. Are you any good?"

He stood blinking at her vehemence.

"You've been brought up in this business. Nobody with a vestige of intelligence could have lived his life right here without learning a lot and you've been in the business besides. You know more about it than you think. It's the details that are bothering you."

"Maybe," he said slowly. Then his face lighted. "Veronica," he said with sudden animation, "you're not fired. If I've got to run this concern I'll run it, and I'll hire and fire. Will you stay? Will you help me put it over?"

"I was hoping," she said, "you'd have sense enough to ask me that. But remember this—there'll be no sitting on the corner of my desk. There'll be no fussing. I'm not a girl with short hair who's here to help you pass away the time. From the tick of the clock it's business."

"But, Veronica, I've told you I love ——"

"That will do," she said with a pretense of severity. "I'll stay and I'll help, but I won't be made love to. Hereafter my name is Miss Horner. Pin that to your lapel. Neither of us will have time for anything but this mill—and besides I'm not speculating in husbands. When I invest I want to be sure there won't be a receivership."

"You mean if I pull this off—if I make good ——"

"I mean that the thing to do is to be busy—starting now. I'm hired?"

"You are hired," he said.

The Peters Hardwood Company was a family corporation, and it was fortunate this was true. The directorate consisted of Wind-shake Peters, his wife, his son, his daughter and a spinster sister who made her home in Valley Falls. Acting on the advice of Miss Horner, Ted called the available directors together and, although he was already vice president of the concern, had passed a number of resolutions giving him full authority to function in all departments—to sign checks and commercial paper, to buy, sell and to borrow; to enter into contracts. In short, he assumed all the power his father had formerly concentrated in his own person.

The concern manufactured woodenware novelties—rolling-pins, spoons, butter molds, butter bowls and what not, with clothespins and veneer dishes as a staple background. With the processes of manufacture Ted was familiar. Slight difficulty was anticipated here, for he could lean upon the superintendent and various foremen. In most mills it is the logging phase of the business that causes greatest worry—the cutting and conveying to the mill yard of the timber essential to manufacture. But the Peters Hardwood Company owned no timber and carried on no logging operations. It bought its timber from the Mountain Lumber Company—a lumber concern which cut only hardwoods, and contracted with Wind-shake Peters to deliver in his yard a certain number of feet of beech, birch and maple, log scale, annually, and at an agreed price. This contract had worked out so well that the

previous year Ted's father had more than doubled the capacity of the mill and the size of the contract.

It was the sales and finances which worried Ted, because he knew nothing about them, and these, to his surprise, caused him very slight trouble. Occasionally credits kept him awake, but Miss Horner taught him how to wire for special credit reports to a commercial agency—and this difficulty became insignificant. He found, to his surprise, that he could apply himself and attend strictly to business. He found also, somewhat to his distress, that Miss Horner could do the same. From the moment he rehired her she became as impersonal as a time clock—and as efficient.

Everything went along smoothly and evenly. The warehouse was kept comfortably full; orders came in satisfyingly; bills were paid by customers with regularity. Ted began to get the idea that running a business was not such a trick after all. And then the Mountain Lumber Company wrote him a letter.

At first this letter worried him not at all. It simply notified him that the lumber company had sold all its holdings to the Commonwealth Products Company, which had assumed all the obligations of the lumber company, including the contract with the Peters hardwood mill to deliver timber.

A week afterward a small, sharp-eyed gentleman with a white mustache called. He introduced himself as the attorney for the Commonwealth Products Company, and without beating about the bush made a proposition to buy the mill.

"We own the timber in this valley," he said. "Our concern has many ramifications, and we do not care to have an independent operator dependent upon us as you are. We do not care to have any responsibilities except to our own stockholders, and your contract is a responsibility. If there is a profit to be made from our hardwood we want it."

Ted knew his father would never consider a sale of the business which he had worked a lifetime to build up from an insignificant beginning, and he answered without hesitation.

"We are satisfied. We have a decent proposition, and our contract with you runs for fifteen years. We will not sell."

"We will be fair. We will make you a reasonable offer."

"No," said Ted.

"This answer is final?"

"Absolutely."

The attorney gathered up his hat and gloves and said good day, and, so far as Ted was concerned, that episode passed into history.

Perhaps a week later the yard boss came into the office with a report that the daily trains of logs from the mountain cuttings had fallen below the consumption of the mill. It had always been the custom of the Mountain Lumber Company to pile in Peters' yard a million feet of timber during the winter, and to supplement that with haulings during the rest of the year of some ten thousand feet a day. The mill consumed its four million feet of logs a year. The week's report showed that on three days less than seventy-five hundred feet arrived, and on one day no train had come down the narrow gauge at all—a shortage in one week of seventeen thousand five hundred feet.

This in itself was not serious, because of the logs already piled as a margin of safety, but should it continue it would mean a cutting down of operations, a decreased output, and an increased ratio of overhead expense. Nothing eats up money so hungrily as a mill running part time.

Ted got the woods superintendent of the Commonwealth Company on the phone.

"Nothing to worry about," he was told. "Engine Number Three went off a trestle, and we were short of equipment for a day or two. Make it up next week."

That afternoon a note for fifteen thousand dollars came due in the local bank. Here was Ted's first direct contact with finance. He went to the bank, not altogether certain what one did in such circumstances, but with a hazy idea that notes of this character were readily renewable.

"We'll renew for thirty days," the bank informed him, "but at the end of that time you'll have to take up this paper. Sorry, but conditions of the money market make it necessary."

Thirty days. Well, thirty days was a long time in the life of a young man; nevertheless it gave Ted something to consider. He discussed it with Miss Horner.

"Veronica——" he began as he returned to the office.

"Miss Horner," she corrected. "I don't want to have to remind you again."

"The bank refuses to extend our note for more than thirty days."

"Uh-hum. Never refused accommodations before, did they? This concern has always stood well with the bank?"

"I've heard father say as much."

"How are the logs coming in?" she asked with sudden turning of the subject.

"Still running behind."

"Mr. Peters"—she called him Mr. Peters always now—"do you suppose there is any connection?"

"Between log shortage and the bank? How could there be?"

"You refused to sell out to the Commonwealth."

"Yes."

"Big fish have been known to eat little fish before this."

"You mean—you don't mean they are trying to make me sell?"

"Or fix you so there'll be nothing to sell," she said. "I don't know. What if you found they were trying to—smash you? What could you do?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"Then you'd better get an idea."

"But ——"

"You don't know they're after you, but maybe they are. The thing for you to do is to make believe you're certain—and to act accordingly. Start preventing them from smashing you before they really get their attack under way—if there is to be an attack."

"But if there isn't?"

"Then no harm is done."

"But the contract! They can't break the contract."

"It's been done. How much good will it do you to try for damages when you're broken? It won't help. Where's that contract?"

"In the safe, I suppose."

"Get it."

Together they studied the contract; it was the usual form with its habitual phraseology, containing the clause that should the party of the first part fail to perform its

(Continued on Page 98

"Now, Mr. Tomkins, Right Here in This Package is Twenty-five Hundred Dollars. It's Yours for a Sixty-Day Option"

THE BLACK ANGEL

By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

FEET, stan' by me! Lead agile, Demmy. Come a-runnin', Lily!" Leaving Ruddville and a midnight flood of molasses, the Wildcat needed no compass. Geography is all right if a boy has plenty of time but when Old Man Trouble is busting speed records behind you the main thing in life is not so much where-to as away-from.

In spite of a nocturnal bath in the cold waters of Rudd Creek the Wildcat's mascot goat still carried an intimate veneer of sticky molasses that cramped her style of escape. After the first mile down the country road it became necessary to call a halt until the goat could be busted loose from the lumps of molasses-mixed mud which had accumulated on her feet.

In the darkness the Wildcat spoke a quick message to his two-legged companion, who was setting the pace a little ahead of him and Lily: "Demmy, hold de deal a minnit till us natchyeres dis goat's feet loose f'm dis gumbo land."

Demi-tasse, the small black, impatient to continue the flight, advised quick work. "Wilecat, don't let notnin' like plain mud stop you. Does dem 'lasses fact'ry folks find us gone de fust thing dey does is ketch us an' install us permanent whah you heahs de jail door slam—f'm de inside. Kick dat goat loose f'm de mud an' come 'long. Dat northbound train is due at de crossin' mighty soon, an' de crossin' is a mile up de pike. Come runnin'."

"Us is comin', Demmy. Goat, see kin you hit de double time!"

Lily, lighter by ten pounds of detached mud and molasses, did the best she could. The mascot seemed to sense the necessity for haste and no remonstrance marked her steady trot.

Where the distant signal of the railroad crossing gleamed red the trio, with Demmy in the lead, plunged from the road and waded a shallow, rain-filled pit. When they had climbed the railway embankment the rails were clicking with the approach of the train and a minute later from around a curve the beam of the headlight slashed across a wide segment of the canefields which hedged the right of way.

"Looks like she ain't gwine stop." The Wildcat spoke his fears.

"Dat train stop. Grade crossin'. Ol' engineer dassent run past till de light shows green. I knows; I run dinin' car two years on dis line."

Demmy gauged his distance and began to walk away from the red signal. "Come on, Wilecat; us climbs on down heah. Third car f'm de engine; right behin' de baggage."

Five hundred feet from the signal light the trio waited in the glare of the approaching headlight. The engine crashed past them and the train slowed to a four-mile rate, but before she came to a dead stop two short signal whistles announced her clearance.

"Boost dat goat on de platform! Dat's a highball!" Demmy realized that now was the time for all hands to climb aboard.

The Wildcat boosted the mascot up the car steps and reached down for his sawed-off companion's arm. "Gimme yo' hand, Demmy. Dat's it! Whuf! Well—heah us is, Memphis bound, an' trailin' Lady Luck."

"Git inside de car befo' de conductor thinks us is ridin' free an' unloads us. Bring dat goat." Demmy wasted no time in contemplating their luck. He opened the door of the car and plowed a channel through the pungent and heavy odors until he found a vacant seat. "Shove dat Lily undeh de seat; mebbe dey objects to ridin' goats in dis car."

"Kaint see de reason. 'Longside de smell whut's heah now dat goat is dollar musk an' de cork lost." The Wildcat crammed Lily under the edge of the seat. He took off his hat and looked around at his sleeping fellow passengers. "Wonder whah all dese niggers is headed fo'; sho lots of field hands travelin' since de wah. Niggers whut neveh seed a train is bustin' up an' down de line like dey'd been sent fo' by de Angel Gabr'el! How come so many folks ridin', Demmy?"

"Long on money an' short on sense. Dey quits befo' long now; dis time nex' year a dollar look big as de harves' moon. Heah's de conductor!"

The Wildcat looked up at the train conductor and reached for a roll of bills with which Lady Luck had booned him less than two hours before. "Cap'n, suh, me an' Demmy got on at de crossin' an' didn't have time to git no ticket at de deepo. Us gwine to Memphis."

The Frenzied Traveler Carried a Suitcase With Him and He Shrieked With the Fear of Some Invisible Menace

The conductor cut two cash-fare receipts and handed them to the Wildcat, together with two dollars change out of a moist twenty-dollar bill.

"Cap'n, thank you!" He drawled the pronoun to accent his relief. A boy never could tell about conductors. Sometimes they run you off the train for wearing wet and dirty clothes, sometimes they unloaded you for no evident reason at all. He settled back against the hard rattan seat and began counting his money. "Demmy, dat las' pass wid de clickers brung eight hund'ed, an' dey was sixty layin' cold. Takin' out de money us give de man jus' now, dat's eight forty an' de half is fo' twenty wid a ridin'-high dollar." He counted out a crumpled and sticky pile of greenbacks. "Fo' hund'ed, fo' ten, fo' twenty. Dah you is—an' de silveh slug. Fo' hund'ed an' twenty-one dollahs. Sho a lucky five-spot you lent me. Built up noble."

Demmy took the money. "Wilecat, you done grand. Dat's mo' money dan Ise seen since likker got so high. Ise 'bliged. Boy, you is sho shootin' square wid yo' podneh!"

"Aims to, Demmy. I tol' you you was half in de game. Dat's half. Wait till us gits to Memphis an' you sees ol' Cap'n Jack. Us lives high—gran' grub at de big house, no mo' work dan 'nuff to keep you woke up, gran' place to sleep, plenty clothes, prancin' roun' wid de Memphis niggers at some gran' ruckus ev'y night. Compared wid workin' in dat 'lasses fact'ry back dere you'll think Memphis is heaven on high."

"Wilecat, sho soun's gran', but how you know Cap'n Jack let me work round his place?"

"How does I know? Demmy, me an' de cap'n fit de wah togetheh an' I took care de cap'n afteh dat an' brung him an' de missis home to New York. Ol' Cap'n couldn't do nothin' 'less us was dere. He depen's on me, heavy. Bears down on me when dey's anythin' a-tall to be done. Spec' without me de cap'n kaint git along none. All you needs to git workin' wid Cap'n Jack is fo' me to tell him 'Cap'n Jack, heah's Demmy. Demmy craves to hire wid you. Sho a gran' boy whah dey's work starin' him in de face. Reckon us betteh pay him good wages, cap'n, times so hard.' Dat's all I needs to tell Cap'n Jack an' you is set lovely in de glue of joy. I knows dat man; Cap'n Jack's my white folks."

To the Wildcat, Captain Jack was the one safe refuge in time of storm. Captain Jack's sphere of influence was a cyclone cellar wherein a boy could find sanctuary from Old Man Trouble, and unless Captain Jack was somewhere in the vicinity and riding herd on Lady Luck, that fickle person degenerated into a temporary visitor. The Wildcat craved Lady Luck as a permanent companion and with the lengthening miles he came to realize that the big bet was to let Captain Jack do all the worrying that had to be done about capturing and retaining the intermittent goddess.

Until the day dawned the pair alternately dozed and awakened to indulge in plans for the future. In these plans Captain Jack's dependence on the Wildcat was heavily featured. "Widout me, Demmy, de man kaint do nothin'."

When the train butcher began his rounds the pair invested heavily in tobacco and peanuts, soda pop, sandwiches and a candy that ran about six cubic feet to the pound. Under the seat Lily ate her share of the food and gave her attention to a half-smoked cigar which the Wildcat discarded in favor of one that wasn't unraveled quite so much. At the puffed molasses candy the goat drew the line. A swim in a tankful of heavy molasses and a battle against a flowing flood of the sticky liquid had been included in the night's terror, and for the time being Lily was fed up on molasses. What she craved was good eating tobacco. She munched thoughtfully on the gratifying cigar and listened to her master's exposition of Captain Jack's helplessness: "Widout me, Demmy, dat man is lost in de high cane."

Lily bleated faintly. "Blaa-a; mebbe he ain't so lost without you as you think."

II

IN FRANCE throughout the war Captain Jack marched in time with the music, and when the bugles of conflict gave place to the fiddling dances of the peace conference he languished with the inactive victors until he awakened to a new interest in life, which left him a bound captive, meshed in the bonds of love's young dream and totally married to the only girl in the world.

With his bride, the daughter of a senator who knew his business, Captain Jack returned to his home in Memphis. The homecoming was unmarked, and marred by no adventure except the disappearance of the sidetracked Wildcat, who managed to get himself lost in the jungles of New York, San Francisco and several way stations.

Thereafter for more than a year Captain Jack bore up under his loss as best he could, relieving his acute distress now and then by profane and complex threats, spoken under his breath, concerning the fate that awaited the prodigal Wildcat when that truant should see fit to return to Captain Jack's range of action. These outbursts usually followed upon the installation of some new servant in Captain Jack's house. No longer were his days marked by the languid routine of a play lover's life in the South. Business was business now, and overtime was devoted to what seemed to be a perpetual round of formal entertainments, staged by his wife and inspired by that lady's sense of her social duties.

Where his establishment had numbered two black servants were now half a dozen whose complexions ranged the scale from olive to ebony. Captain Jack's personal servant, a mustard-faced youth from Jamaica who spoke extravagant English and never forgot his British origin, had been installed some months before and had held his job only because Captain Jack was discouraged and done with experiments which seemed invariably to land him one degree farther down the scale of personal comfort. The Jamaica quadroon, schooled as a servant in houses of the foreign residents of his native island, knew his work. After the first month in Captain Jack's house this Eustace Somerset, being mostly ape under the skin, knew more

about Captain Jack's personal whims than that individual himself. "He's careful enough, my dear," the master of the house admitted to the mistress thereof, "careful enough and does his work, but I can't get used to having a nigger around me that talks better English than I do; fact is, he makes me feel inferior."

"Jack, you're silly. He's the best boy you ever had. And whenever I see the servants that infest these other houses I'm tempted to import a dozen more of Somerset's kind. Somehow he lends—not distinction; something—he is different. That's all there is to it. I wish some of these Memphis darkies were more like him."

To this terminal fate, riding the Jim Crow day coach, the Wildcat and Demmy rolled through the long day and well into the winter afternoon. Alighting in the Memphis station and comparing himself with some of the better-dressed brunets that languished around him, the Wildcat was conscious of some slight ambition to police his external effect before presenting himself to his white folks.

"Us might git some pants, Demmy, an' a shirt whut ain't so tore. Ol' Cap'n Jack see me dis way, like as not he knock me loose f'm my backbone."

"Ain't got much time, Wilecat; near sundown now."

Demmy's vote, together with a sneaking ambition to be knocked loose from his backbone or to suffer some similar compliment at Captain Jack's hands, carried the day, and forthwith the trio headed for the house that henceforth was to shelter them. "Demmy, soon as us sees de cap'n us says howdy to de cook. Sho hungry. Las' time I lef' de place dey was a gran' woman cookin' fo' Cap'n Jack. Heavy-set woman, but a ol' hand wid de real vittles. Woman name Boone. Husban' wuz dat yaller Honey Tone Boone whut uplifted us boys durin' de war."

"You tol' me 'bout dat boy dis afternoon. I remembers."

"Ain't gwine see him. Dat boy 'fraid to come prowlin' roun' dis town. Heah's de street. Lawd, gosh, ain't dat house nach'ral! Whut's all dem white folks comin' out? Neveh seed so many ladies in de place."

"Looks like high-tone folks. Visitin' prolly."

"Prolly is. Us goes down dis alley an' in de back way, Demmy."

Down the alley, with Lily at their heels, trailed the pair until they came to the door of the woodshed that bounded the back of Captain Jack's property. The Wildcat fumbled with the latch for a moment before he managed to open it. "Got a new kind of fastenin' on dis place." Entering the shed he noted that the interior had been considerably cleaned up since his former occupancy. "Dat paint makes de place look like dese new houses whut's too fancy to git comf'table in. All de trash cleaned out; place don't seem so homelike, Demmy, p'liced up like 'spection day."

Demmy reserved comment. "I betteh wait heah, Wilecat, till you sees yo' white folks an' 'ranges fo' Cap'n Jack to hire me on."

"Dat's right. You wait heah wid Lily." The Wildcat's tone reflected something of old authority borrowed from previous association. "Wait heah whilst I fixes dis job bizness wid de big man."

Alone the fixer prowled out of the woodshed in the direction of the house. En route to the back door he noted that the back lawn had been renovated, bordering rubbish eliminated and two new steady-put clothes-lines rigged from trimly painted poles.

Confidently he mounted the short stairway that led to the kitchen door. He hesitated about opening the door without ceremony and then, conceding a point for fear of offending the cook, on whom he proposed to lean heavily, he compromised by knocking loud and long on the resonant panels that framed the swinging screen.

There was a delay in answering. He knocked again, and this time indignation sounded in his summons. He tried the door, and it was hooked.

He heard some parley, evidently passing between the cook and a peaked-voiced male. "Som'set, honey, see who's makin' de clatter on dat back do'. Ise in de flouh to my elbones an' kaint leave dese biskits."

The Wildcat proposed to tell the world who was making the clatter. Into the interior of the house he called loudly, "'T's me. Open dis do'!"

He heard the cook's voice: "Who is you, imp'dence?" And then through the door he saw the approaching form of his mustard-faced rival, Eustace Somerset, late of Highgate, Middlesex County, Jamaica

"Whah at's Cap'n Jack? Open dis do'."

"Leave off the racket. I am Eustace Somerset, the captain's valet. What is your business with the gentleman?" The quadroon's interrogation sounded to the Wildcat like a challenge from a guardhouse sentry.

"Uppity, how come you cravin' to know so much? Bizness wid Cap'n Jack is pussonal 'twixt us. I tells you de las' time, open dis do'."

An instant later the heavy inner door slammed in the Wildcat's face. He realized finally that this preliminary interview was ended. He thought some of tearing off a wing of the house, and then consideration for Captain Jack's property prevailed and he soothed himself with a few red-hot promises of what he would do to Eustace Somerset whenever Lady Luck booned him with a chance to get close enough to that individual to deprive him loose from about nine pounds of dark meat. "Useless Som'set! I makes him useless. Yaller nigger! Huh! I learns him manners de fust time I ketches him loose. Learns him so much dey kaint tell him f'm de leavin's! Ax me whut I wants wid my ol' Cap'n Jack!"

He walked back to the woodshed, where Demmy waited hopefully for news of the new job where a boy could lean heavy on the kitchen throughout the winter.

"Cap'n Jack ain't home, Demmy. Us goes down to Willy Webster's place an' waits roun' till de cap'n comes back."

He led the way to Willy Webster's barber shop, retailing, en route, the details of his encounter with the Somerset person. When he came to the shop he walked in the front door, Demmy and the faithful mascot at his heels.

The Webster organization consisted of a two-chair industry devoted to plain and fancy tonsorial effects, with musk extra and hair straightener fifty cents. When the Wildcat entered, the front room was empty, save for a pair of sleeping hounds and the assistant, whose presence gave the proprietor enough freedom from professional occupation to conduct an intermittent gambling den and athletic club in the room behind his shop.

"Whah's Willy?" the Wildcat wanted to know.

The somnolent assistant moved his lower jaw. "Willy, heah's a man whut wants to see you."

A clicking of parading cubes ceased and in a moment the Wildcat saw his barber friend emerging from the portals of the door to the back room. "Wilecat! Well, I be dog! Whah you been all dis time?"

"Willy, dis my frien' Demmy. I been travelin' back. How is you?"

"Middlin'; eatin' reg'lar. Kaint complain. Come on in de confidential parlor whah de gallopers is pastured; bring yo' frien' an' dat mascot. Looks like dat goat has growed since las' we met."

"Growed meaner. Gittin' old."

The trio, with Lily, passed into the back room, wherein was gathered a mixed audience of otherwise unemployed. Nearly all of them were old friends of the Wildcat's and his greeting was appropriate to the reunion. After the first furore of salutations had died down Demmy was introduced, and then, following a direct lead, the Wildcat asked his little world who, why and how much was the yeller Som'set-named nigger at work for Captain Jack.

The replies were various. Jamaica nigger. Great han' wid de ladies at socials an' such like. Speaks sort of N'Orleans French. Talks like a preacher, only he uses bigger words. Never see him at no church. Workin' fo' Cap'n Jack goin' on six months.

Demmy asked two questions. "Claims he's Jamaica boy?"

"Sho do. Claims he a British nigger. Worked fo' guv'ment folks in Jamaica an' Barb'dos an' Trin'dad an' all dem English places."

"Speaks French?"

"Some; low down. De N'Orleans boys kin make him out."

"Huh!" Demmy grunted once and reserved comment.

A member of the assemblage volunteered some more information. "Wilecat, you gits a chance to meet dis Som'set social nex' Wensday night does you crave to? Sis' Tilly Crimmit gwine to give a party Wensday night. You know Sis' Tilly. Come 'long an' bring Demmy. You gits a meetin' wid dis Som'set nigger at Sis' Tilly's house."

"Me an' Demmy sho come."

In a secluded corner of the room the crap game which had been sidetracked by the Wildcat's arrival suddenly came to life. Willy Webster issued an invitation to the Wildcat and Demmy: "Git in an' see kin you make de clickers behave."

The stakes were running light and with more than four hundred dollars in his pocket the crave for action was not acute. "Much 'bliged, Willy. Me an' Demmy aims to git some clothes an' projec' roun' some to-night. Us rides dem gallopers some otheh time. Sees you later."

The next half hour was devoted to the purchase of clothes.

After a while the Wildcat and Demmy, laden with wrapped raiment, drifted to a hotel, where they negotiated for temporary quarters. They emerged presently, clad in the new outfit, and sought food. At a restaurant, after the first few pounds of the evening ration had been disposed of, Demmy voiced his message of comfort to his companion.

"Whah at I Hit Dat Boy?" "In de Foot, Wid Yo' Neck"

(Continued on Page 59)

The Print of My Remembrance

By AUGUSTUS THOMAS

I HAVE referred in a previous article to the number of men injured in the railroad yards before mechanical protections had been invented. The absence of safety devices on the crude railroads of that day that made possible these frequent physical accidents, the keenness of the railroads to get the injured men to sign waivers of damages or to take mere settlement of surgical and hospital fees were among the many things of which the men complained. They had just passed through a period of payment by scrip; that is to say, paper promises by the railroad instead of the paper currency of the United States. This company scrip was discounted at the neighborhood groceries, which further reduced the compensation of the men. Discontent was not local but nation wide.

Terence V. Powderly, the labor leader, visited each section of the industry and organized assemblies of the Knights of Labor. I was not yet of age, but men in the freight yard closed their eyes to my disqualification. I became a member of the Missouri Assembly No. 9 and a subscriber to its oath. This assembly had about two hundred members recruited from the trainmen and the freight platforms.

John W. Norton. Drawn From Memory by Mr. Thomas

Their attempts at conducting business in parliamentary fashion were frequently confused, and after I had been called upon a number of times because of my page-boy information to decide some point, one of those practical foremen whose object was not office or decoration, but to get the work done, said: "Why do we waste time asking this kid what to do when we know that if we put him into the chair we can get through with our business and get home to bed?"

There was no dissent even from the incumbent officer, and with no outspoken opposition I was elected to the place of master workman. As a man, according to the laws of the organization, had to be twenty-one years of age, and I was two years shy of that, it is probably a fair assumption that I was the youngest master workman in the order. I went through a protracted local strike at that time with our men, and sat in councils that decided rather fateful questions.

Cart-Tail Campaign Speeches

IN ANY secret organization an oath with the accompanying ceremonies and surrounding paraphernalia is an impressing thing. Although not a joiner, I have seen two or three kinds of initiation; but never an equal solemnity to that of those men, who felt they were uniting in a life-or-death class struggle.

At that time it was not the avowed policy of organized labor to keep clear of politics. I think the leaders among them felt that to influence legislation was the way out of their difficulties. At any rate, in my twentieth year the Labor Party of St. Louis determined to make an organized protest, and although moving to an unquestionable and thoroughly foreseen defeat in the elections, they decided upon the count of noses. In that forlorn hope, as an ineligible candidate for clerk of the circuit court, I made my first out-of-door, cart-tail speeches. The atmosphere was pretty thoroughly surcharged. The great railroad strike had swept the country. In Pittsburgh the strikers had been victorious over the local militia. They had driven the Philadelphia Grays into a roundhouse upon which they trained their captured cannon, and into which they ran a car of burning oil. The Grays were many of them trampled to death. Millions of dollars' worth of property was destroyed, and order was restored only when Gen. Phil Sheridan, with United States troops, took charge of the situation.

John Scott, the first Earl of Eldon, Lord Chancellor of England in 1821, is quoted as saying, when he was eighty years of age, and protesting against the rapid disposition of anybody in the possession of three acres and a cow to become conservative, "If I were to begin life again, I am damned but I would begin as agitator." I had not read Lord Eldon, but I began as agitator.

Through all this perilous time I had at my elbow my dear old father, wise in political and military fashion; and it may be that much of our organized activity was tempered by thoughtful things I was able to say to my men and of which father had in serious discussions informed me.

We talk now of persisting forces that work at the foundation of our civilization either for its upbuilding and its support or its renovation or its decline; it is proper to be briefly serious concerning them. Associated as I was with men who were working with their hands and were constantly risking their lives, I have no apology for a sympathetic alignment with them in what was decided class feeling. In my immature and impulsive measurement of the field it seemed that money was heartlessly exploiting the people. My father didn't believe that to be so desperately the case. Working as a printer at that time, he joined an assembly of Knights of Labor with whom the printers were affiliated; then had a transfer card to the lodge over which I presided. I took this to be a paternal desire to augment our roll. But since then I have had a boy of my own, and I know it was the supervision of an affectionate parent who felt that he must move somewhat cautiously to influence a rather impulsive son.

Problems of a Young Labor Leader

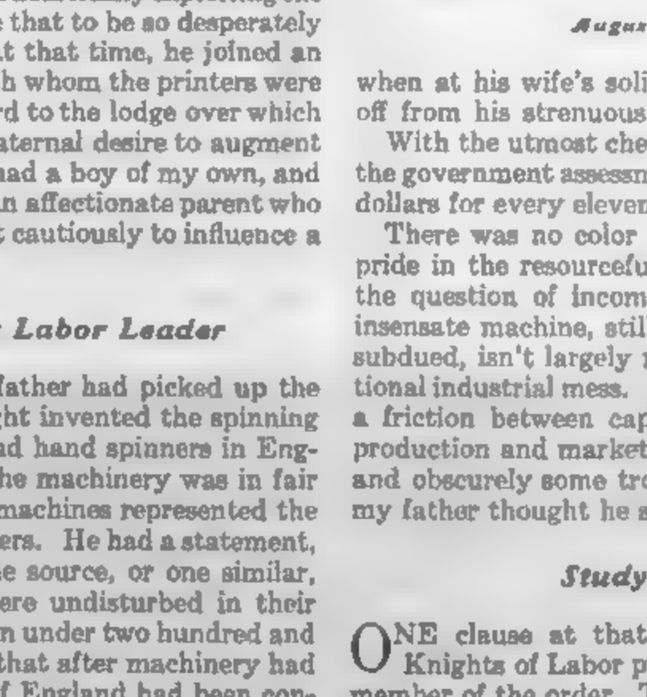
SOMEWHERE in his reading father had picked up the statement that when Arkwright invented the spinning jenny there had been six thousand hand spinners in England, and that fifty years after the machinery was in fair operation the man power of the machines represented the work of six hundred million spinners. He had a statement, probably gathered from the same source, or one similar, that when the hand spinners were undisturbed in their work the land of England had been under two hundred and fifty thousand separate owners; that after machinery had been in use fifty years the land of England had been concentrated into the possession of thirty-two thousand individual and corporate ownerships. I wasn't able to make any profound deduction from these two facts, but I remember my father saying to me:

"Suppose we both were hand spinners competing, and that I suddenly came into the possession of a machine that could do the work of two hundred and fifty men, where would you be? Suppose I made money enough to buy a second machine, and I had five hundred man power to oppose against the output of your two hands."

Somehow he felt that the dominance of the machine was a factor in its present status that threatened civilization. He wasn't sufficiently Chinese to wish to destroy the machine, nor was he statesman enough or political economist enough to know the proper answer; perhaps there isn't anybody at Washington or Westminster that can give it now; but he thought he saw a gleam of promise in an income tax that could be wisely used. I had a groping apprehension of what he was trying to work out, and in my cart-tail speeches advocated an income tax.

I talked it in every political campaign thereafter to which I was admitted or tolerated. America could not have played her part in the recent World War without an income tax which enabled her to take excess profits.

To jump ahead chronologically, I remember meeting Mr. Charles Schwab in the foyer of a theater



George McManus, the Elder. From a Drawing by His Son

Augustus Thomas in 1888

when at his wife's solicitation he was taking a half day off from his strenuous work in the war.

With the utmost cheerfulness, he said to me, apropos of the government assessments, "I have to make one hundred dollars for every eleven I want to use for myself."

There was no color of complaint in this, but rather a pride in the resourcefulness of his country. But leaving the question of income tax aside, I wonder now if the insensate machine, still encroaching where it has not yet subdued, isn't largely responsible for part of the international industrial mess. I wonder if our trouble is altogether a friction between capital and labor—a matter only of production and markets; or if there is not more obliquely and obscurely some trouble still in that old menace that my father thought he sighted.

Studying for the Bar

ONE clause at that time in the constitution of the Knights of Labor provided that no lawyer should be a member of the order. The constitution was an emanation of Mr. Powderly's council, and I shall leave to him or others equally wise the reason for this precaution. But by the automatic action of that clause, when I entered the law office of John Colby to study law I had my Washington's Farewell to that assembly.

John Peck Colby was born in Nunda, New York. He was the son of Luke Colby, a Baptist clergyman, prominent in educational movements of the day and identified with several institutes of learning which had their origin at that time.

Young John, enlisting in the Union Army in the Civil War, attained the rank of captain. At the close of the war he married an Elmira girl, Frances Bainbridge, related to Commodore Bainbridge, of Mediterranean fame, and became instructor of Latin and Greek in the local academy. After he was admitted to the bar he came to St. Louis with his bride to establish a home.

My acquaintance with him had begun, as I have said before, in the circle of artists and his first interest in me had been along those lines. At that time his son, Bainbridge, was not quite ten years of age; his little daughter, Lisle, was younger. Mrs. Frances Bainbridge Colby's father also was a clergyman—the Reverend Doctor Bainbridge, then of Elmira.

As John used to say, "It was seldom that one saw such eminent piety concentrated in one family."

In the law office I found the books unattractive, but I read Blackstone's Commentaries, Parsons on Contracts, and the other ponderous furniture of that somber place.

If, after my grandmother and my own parents, I named the most definite personal influence I had known, I should say it was probably that of Mr. John Colby. With the habit of his scholarly precision, he was very much more interested in the style of anything I had to compose in or out of business hours than he was in its legal accuracy. In both art and letters he was a patient advocate of standards, and he had a sensibility natural and cultivated that made him aware of any influence having a tendency to depress them. He had a love of simple Anglo-Saxon and a sense of fitness in its use or propriety in its elaboration. His reading was wide and selectively renewed, and he had that capacity for quick association or analogy that the psychologists note as a prime element of genius. In writing of his influence upon me I feel that I may claim as an effect of it only an "attention" on my part, and not a "forward march."

His son, Bainbridge, was a sturdy boy with a well-balanced interest in books and play, and in the first days of our association intensely interested in my railroad activities and his occasional chance thereby to get among the cars and locomotives. A characteristic quality of the boy was his interest in affairs and his capacity for sustained attention. The shipping cards on the side doors of the cars indicating destinations and contents interested him. He had to know the reasons for these supplies going to certain places; the original shipping points of their production; the interrelation of the sections of the country; and he took such information as I was able to give and made such pat application of it and such thoughtful associations of its parts that it was a source of constant astonishment to me. His father, who was a wise educator, had in the library of their home a large-sized terrestrial globe, so that the children had no distorted ideas of the relative extents of the different countries such as most of us get in school from the inadequate systems of maps. Another characteristic of the boy was in the kind of questions he used to put to his father. I remember Colby, Sr., showing a good-natured generalization of these attacks by replying to the first of an expected bunch of volleyed questions by a prompt resort to the established stencil.

He said, "The gentleman of whom you ask is in the woodenware and cooperage business; he makes barrels and buckets; he sends them to all sections of the country; he is at the head of a very reputable firm; I think they do a large business." And the father finished with a hearty laugh at the boy's reception of this short circuit on his intent.

Youthful Exploits

ALL that delicate culture could give to him Bainbridge was getting from that household and its atmosphere; personally I was anxious to make him familiar with the rougher edges of life. My attempts at this often ran counter to the family's ideas. The Fourth of July was not then safe or sane, but their careful mother kept explosives from the Colby children. There can never be any world conflagration in which Bainbridge Colby, however active politically, will create such a sensation as he did on our first Fourth together when we came back from the corner grocery, young Bainbridge astride of my shoulders and holding in each hand, by the tail of its plaited fuses, a package of exploding firecrackers, which of course very safely released themselves from the string before they fell and went off at our feet.

At that time in Kansas City there were two girls to whom George Snell and I used to write from St. Louis. One Sunday we planned a visit to them, and by some relaxation of the rules I had persuaded the Colby parents to let us take Bainbridge along. He was then a kid of ten, and roughed it quite manfully with us overnight in the chair car. The nearest station to our destination in Kansas City was a stop that as we neared it we learned had, for our train, been cut out; but we felt that we would not go by at a speed that would prevent our getting off. Snell took his place on the steps of the car in front of us; we—Bainbridge and I—were on the platform immediately after. Following instructions, he had his arms wrapped around my neck and his legs around my waist—I had a waist in those days. I dropped onto the platform all right with the boy in the greatest glee; but the speed was too fast for Snell, who prudently stuck to the train as he blew us a kiss and went a mile farther on. My excuse for this foolhardy act is that I was as ignorant as Cæsar's boatman of the freight I carried. Bainbridge's recital of this experience didn't make the hit at home we had looked for.

My father had taught me boxing while he sat on a chair. I began in like manner to teach young Bainbridge the art. This was as contrary to the church precepts ruling that house as can be imagined; but at irregular intervals we persisted. When Bainbridge at sixteen left for his freshman year at college he had pretty well outgrown his tutor. I don't remember whether reports were satisfactory as to studies, but on the freshman field day my pupil with soft gloves knocked out two men. I have seen him since in legal and political contests, and have had no difficulty in persuading myself that the stamina there invariably shown had in it some element of our earlier work together. In 1916, when Mr. Roosevelt tried to lead the Progressive Party back into the Republican fold, it was the fighter Colby who resisted that unattractive persuasion; and in the ensuing campaign, when Colby as the principal unterrified Progressive canvassed the West for Wilson, I think the three deciding votes from California were more a response to the pugilistic antecedents of the oratory than to any theological recollection. Also in the smoothly lucid and unmistakable diction of his diplomatic communications I thought there was the firmness of the lad who knew how to keep his balance and to put up his hands.

Colby, Sr., was very sympathetic with my scattering interests, and especially with my play-writing ambitions. Before I went into his office, and as a sequence to my experience in our North St. Louis dramatic club, I joined the larger McCullough Club. This organization of amateurs, while resembling the present Comedy Club of New York and the Mask and Wig of Philadelphia, had certain distinctive features that are worth considering. The old McCullough Club had about a thousand members, of which fifty or more were on the active list. Each member paid ten dollars a winter, and for that received two admissions to each of the five performances in a season. The plays for these were carefully chosen, and were as thoroughly rehearsed as amateurs can rehearse, taking two or three nights a week for a month. A regular theater was rented for the single performance. The mechanical force back of the curtain was of professional hands from the regular houses.

Edgar Smith in Editha's Burglar

Wayman McCreery, Amateur Actor and Composer

Shortly after joining the club, because of my semiprofessional and considerable amateur experience, too, I became the stage manager of the organization. Anyone who has sympathized with my allusions to financial embarrassment hitherto will feel a sense of relief at learning that I received fifty dollars a performance for rehearsing and presenting each play. As this work was done outside the hours of other employment, it was what was then and may still be called velvet.

Graduates

A NUMBER of actors who achieved fair prominence, though not stellar distinction, were graduated from that club. William Beaumont Smith, son of Gen. A. J. Smith, of Vicksburg and Red River fame, was one of our members. He later went on the professional stage and was for many years a popular leading man. Guy Lindsley, who has been Mr. Robert Mantell's leading man, was another McCullough Club boy; Mr. Edgar Smith, for many years librettist for Weber and Fields, and now still successful as dramatic author, was another; the late W. G. Smythe, who was the first manager for William Collier, and thereafter for many years, up to the date of his death in September, 1921, the booking manager for the Belasco attractions, was a McCullough Club actor; A. G. Robyn, the composer, had his first musical work presented by members of this company.

In those days there was an old play called Mrs. Waldron's Bachelors, a fifteen-cent book available to any amateur and without copyright. From it Mr. Joseph Bradford had made the play called Our Bachelors, in which Robson and Crane were starring. There is an anecdote of this author, Joseph Bradford, who was a very able Boston journalist, that should not be lost. There will be no better place for it than this.

Bradford, who wrote of and for the theater, had a wish to play, and when Adelaide Neilson came to that city in repertoire the management arranged for Bradford to go on in the small part of Paris in Romeo and Juliet. In the abridged version his only appearance was as the bereaved bridegroom at the tomb of Juliet, where he encounters Romeo forcing the door to the vault. Romeo, interfered with, kills Paris, who falls and speaks the line, "O, I am slain!"

Bradford was so occupied with the technic of being stabbed and falling that he forgot his line. He not only forgot to speak it, but he forgot what it was, until some minutes later, when Romeo has taken the poison and is dead, and Juliet, kneeling over his body, is bewailing him.

At this point the interested audience was astonished to see the corpse of Paris rise to its elbow and, as if resenting the sympathy that was being showered upon the unhappy Juliet, exclaim, "O, I am slain!"

(Continued on Page 41)

THE DRIVER

By Garet Garrett

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

XXVII

THE Galt panic was one of those episodes that can never be fully explained. Elemental forces were loose. Those that derived from human passion were answerable to the will; there were others of a visitant nature, fortuitous and uncontrollable. What man cannot control he may sometimes conduct. You cannot command the lightning; but if it is about to strike, you may lure it here instead of there. Weather is so often the accomplice of dark enterprise! The financial weather at this time was very bad and favored the Bullguard conspiracy. Confidence, which in this case means the expectation of profit, was in decline. It had never recovered from the shock of that first accident to greed's caldron three months before, when an ignorant popular mania for speculation came all at once to grief. Since then the rise of feeling against trusts and the certainty that it would be translated into political action had filled Wall Street with confusion and alarm.

Bullguard's part was to focus all this distrust and fear upon Galt. Each day the papers reported the weakness of Galt securities, how they fell under the selling of uneasy holders, and what the latest and most sinister rumors were. That was news. Nobody could help printing it. The financial editors each day repeated what eminent bankers said: "We pray to be delivered from this Jonah. His ways are not our ways, yet he bringeth wrath upon all alike." That was true. They said it; they even believed it. The financial editors could not be blamed for writing it.

So many winds running their feet together, like people in a mob, create a storm; and when it is over and they are themselves again, sane little winds, they wonder at what was done. The Wall Street news tickers reported that certain banks were refusing to lend money on Galt securities. This may have been a stroke of the conspiracy or merely a reaction to the prevailing fear, or both interacting. One never knows. But it was true, and Great Midwestern securities suffered another frightful fall.

This went on for three weeks with scarcely an interruption. Day after day Galt stood at the ticker watching Great Midwestern fall—to 150, to 140, to 130, to 120—and did nothing. For the first time in his life he was on the defensive. That made the strain much worse. His normal relief was in action. Always he carried the fight to the enemy, sometimes rashly; foolhardy he was not. He had foreseen that at the crucial moment he would stand alone against the field. Nobody believed he could win. The odds were too great. Therefore he could rely only upon himself.

One by one, by twos and threes, then by groups his supporters fell away. Those who had submitted to his rule from fear were the first to go over to the other side, surreptitiously at first, lest they should have guessed wrong, then openly as they saw how the fight seemed to be going against him. Several bankers publicly renounced their relations with him. Others whose allegiance was for profit only, whose gains were wet with the sweat of their pride, forsook him as fast as they were convinced that his career as a money-maker was at an end. Potter was one of these, and the last to go. He did it handsomely according to his way. One day he came in.

"Galt," he said, "I know you are in a hell of a fix and I have done not one damn thing to help. I'm not that kind of person. I hate to quit a man in trouble. So I've come to tell you why. There are two reasons: One reason is I've got so much of this Great Midwestern stuff that it's all I can do to take care of myself. I didn't get out in time, and now I can't get out at all. The other reason is—well, I'll say it. Why not? You have trampled on my pride until I have no liking for you left. You're the most hateful man I ever did business with. That's why."

"Coxey, Coxey, Oh, What Shall We Do? What Shall We Do?"

ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

The impulse to come and have it out in this manner was big-man-like, I thought, even though the root was self-justification. No one else had done so much. All the others had gone slinking away. If Galt had responded differently a real friendship might have blazed there, for instinctively they liked and admired each other. Their antagonism was not essential. And besides, the real reason, as we afterward knew, was the one he gave first. Potter, with all his wealth, was himself in a tight place. Bullguard was pressing the oil crowd too.

"That's understood," said Galt in his worst manner. "I didn't buy your pride. I only rented it. Now you've got it back, look it over, see how much it's damaged and send me a bill."

Potter went out roaring oaths.

A change was taking place in Galt. I saw it in sudden unexpected glimpses. The movements of his body were slower. Anger and irritation no longer found outlet in tantrums, but in sneering, terrible sarcasms, uttered in a cold voice. He looked without seeing and spoke as from a great distance, high up. His mind, when he revealed it, was the same as ever. Nothing had happened to his mind. His soul lived in torment. His greatest sin had been to hold public opinion in contempt. Now it was paying him back. To have deserved the opprobrium and suspicion with which he was overwhelmed would perhaps have killed him then; but to suffer disgrace undeservedly was in one way worse. He reacted by suspecting those who suspected him, and some who didn't. I believe at one time he almost suspected Mordecai, whose loyalty never for one moment wavered.

However, Mordecai knew, as no one else did, that Galt was still in a very strong position. He had not begun to strike. Thanks to the intuition which moved him at the onset to convert two-thirds of his fortune into cash he could, when the moment came, strike hard.

Now came the day of days—the time when Bullguard did his utmost. Fastenings gave way. Walls rocked. Strong men lost their rational faculties and retained only the power of primitive vocal utterance. The sounds that issued from the Stock Exchange were appalling. The ear would think a demented menagerie was devouring itself. Thousands of small craft disappeared that day and left no trace.

Great Midwestern, spilling out on the tape in five and ten thousand share blocks, fell twenty points in two hours. Galt was in his office at the ticker. Mordecai was with him, holding his hands reverently together, gazing at the tape in a state of fascination. On one headlong impulse Great Midwestern touched one hundred dollars a share—par! It had fallen from 220 in three months.

"It's over," said Galt, turning away.

I once saw a great prize fighter, on giving the knock-out blow at the end of a hard battle, turn his back with the same gesture and walk to his own corner.

"Vat iss id you zay?" asked Mordecai, following.

"It's over," Galt repeated. "They haven't got me and they can't go any further without breaking themselves. Get your house on the wire. That's the direct telephone—that one. I want to give an order."

Mordecai picked up the telephone and asked for one of his partners, who instantly responded.

"Vat iss ze order?" asked Mordecai, holding the telephone and looking at Galt.

"Buy all the Great Midwestern there is for sale up to 150!" said Galt.

Mordecai transmitted this extraordinary order, put the telephone down softly and lisped "My Gott!"

Just then the door burst open. Thirty or forty reporters had been waiting in the outer office all day. Their excitement at last broke bounds; they simply came in. The Evening Post man was at their head.

"Mr. Galt," he shouted, "you have got to make some kind of statement. Public opinion demands it."

I expected Galt to explode with rage.

"Postey," he said, "I don't know a damn thing about public opinion. That's your trade. Tell me something about it."

"It wants to know what all this means," said Postey.

"Well, tell it this for me," said Galt. "Tell it just as I tell you. The panic is over."

"But, Mr. ——"

"Now, that's all," said Galt. "Ain't it enough?"

I had been to look at the tape.

"Great Midwestern is 130," I announced at large.

The reporters stared at me wide eyed.

Postey ran to look for himself, bumping Mordecai aside.

"That's right," he said, making swiftly for the door.

The others followed him in a trampling rush.

The sensation now to be accounted for was not the weakness but the sudden recovery of Great Midwestern, and Galt's statement explained it. So they were anxious to spread their news.

It was true. Galt had timed his stroke unerringly.

Everyone was amazed to see how little Great Midwestern stock was actually for sale when a buying hand appeared. That was because so much of the selling had been fictitious.

The stock closed that day at 150, and not while Galt lived was it ever so low again. The feet of many winds ran rapidly apart and the storm collapsed.

That evening for the first time in many weeks Galt had dinner with the family. We do not see each other change and grow old as a continuous process. It is imperceptible that way. But as one looks at a tree that has been in one's eye all the time and says with surprise "Why, the leaves have turned!" so suddenly we look at a person we have seen every day and say "How he has changed!" some association of place or act causing a vivid recollection to arise in contrast.

We had all seen Galt coming and going. I had been with him constantly. Yet now as he sat there at table we remembered him only as he was the last time before this at dinner, making a scene because there was never anything he liked to eat and the cook put cheese in the potatoes. The difference was distressing. He was old and world weary.

He ate sparingly, complained of nothing, and was so absent that when anyone spoke to him he started and must have the words repeated.

Natalie alone succeeded in drawing his interest. She had spent the day at Moonstool. This name had been provisionally bestowed upon the country place, because it happened to be the local name of the mountain, and then became permanent in default of agreement on any other.

Work there had been progressing rapidly. The house itself was finished; the principal apartments were ready to be occupied. The surroundings of course were in confusion. Steam drills were going all the time. Roadways were blasting through solid rock. The landscape was in turmoil.

"But you could live there now," said Natalie, "if you don't mind the noise," closing a long recital, to which Galt had listened thoughtfully.

"We might have the wedding there," he said.

His suggestion produced a ghastly silence. Mrs. Galt tried to turn it away. Galt was alert.

"What have I stepped on now?" he wanted to know. "Suffering Moses! It ain't safe for me to walk around in my own house. What's the matter?"

"Nothing," said Natalie.

"Yes, there is. What is it?"

When he couldn't be put off any longer Vera said quietly, "My engagement to Lord Porteous is broken."

"Why?" asked Galt, astonished. "That's the first I've heard of it."

"No matter why," said Vera. "Let's not talk about it."

He looked into their faces severally. His expression was utterly wretched and they avoided it. He guessed the reason why—made it perhaps even worse than it was.

In his own household he was on the defensive. There was always that inaudible accusation he could never get hold of. In the old days it was that he stretched them on the rack of insecurity and was not like other men. Then it was the way he had made them rich. Now it was that dreadful sense of insecurity again. They did not know whether they were rich or poor. They thought he was heading for a last, spectacular smash-up. And suppose he had told them there was happily no danger of that? Their thoughts would accuse him still. Why couldn't they be rich as other people were, decently, quietly and in good taste? The Valentines were rich and no obloquy pursued them. Their privacy was not besieged by newspaper reporters. The finger of scorn never pointed at them.

Vera's broken engagement was a harrowing symbol. Galt was extremely miserable. One could imagine what he was thinking. The Galt fortune was saved, the Galt power had survived, but the Galt name was a sound of reproach. The public opinion that had so devastated his spirit did not leave his family unwhipped. These women had suffered for being his. Though they might not believe the things that were said of him, still they could not help feeling ashamed of the wealth he had brought them. They were defenseless. He was clothed with a sense of justification that he could not impart. They were naked to the scourge.

His day of victory ended in gloom and dumb wretchedness.

XXVIII

THEN with one swift intention the sun broke through, and there were the heights directly in front of him. The rest of the way was enchanted. All its difficulties were illusions. They vanished as he approached.

His Wall Street enemies were scattered in the night. It was as he had said. They had been unable to destroy him and they did not dare carry the fight any further for fear of involving themselves in ruin. His amazing counterstroke, delivered at the very moment when their utmost effort had failed, threw them into a panic. It took the stock market out of their hands and turned it squarely against them. The conspiracy was not abandoned. It collapsed. After that it was every man for himself, with the fear of Galt in his heart.

The penitential procession started early the next day. Those who had deserted him returned with gestures of humility, begging to be chastised and forgiven. The vanquished sat patiently in his outer office, bearing tokens of amity and proposals of alliance. For he was Galt, the one, unique and indestructible.

He treated the spectacle as it deserved, cynically, with a saving salt of humor.

"They make their beds fast," he said.

Among the first to come was one of Bullguard's partners—a peasant-minded, ingratiating person whose use to Bullguard was his ability to face the devil smirk for smirk. His errand was to say that Bullguard & Co. would entertain any reasonable offer for the purchase of their minority interest in Orient & Pacific shares, and if they could be of service to Mr. Galt at any time, why—and so on—he had only to oblige them by letting them know how. Galt was cool as to the services, and so on, but he made an offer for the minority Orient & Pacific shares which was accepted a few hours later. That was Bullguard's way of declaring war at an end. It was the grand salute.

Horace Potter was the only man who never came back. He could not sneak back, and there was no other way. They had mortally wounded each other's pride.

Meanwhile Congress, like the old woman of the storybook, heavy-footed, slow to be amazed, always late but never never, heard of Galt, became much alarmed and solemnly resolved to investigate him. He was summoned to appear before a committee of the House with all his papers and books. The committee felt incompetent to conduct the examination. Finance is a language politicians must not know. It is not the language of the people. So it engaged counsel, a lawyer named Goldfuss.

He was a man who knew all the dim and secret pathways of the law, and charged Wall Street clients enormous fees for leading them past the spirit to the letter. Having got very rich by this profession, he put his money beyond reach of the predacious and became public spirited. It became his avocation to plead the cause of people against Mammon, and where or whensoever a malefactor of great wealth was haled to court or brought to appear before a committee of Congress, Goldfuss thrust himself in to act as prosecuting attorney, with or without fees; and his name was dread to any such, for he knew their devious ways and all the wickedness that had ever been practiced in or about the Stock Exchange.

And this strange embodiment of public opinion was the man whom Galt was to face, who had never before faced public opinion in any manner at all. It was likely to be a stiff ordeal. Counsel warned him accordingly.

"I've got a straight story to tell," he said. "I don't need any help."

However, they insisted on standing by. We arrived in Washington one hot August morning, left all our eminent counsel in their favorite hotel, and went empty-handed to the Capitol, where neither of us had been before. We wandered about for half an hour trying to find the place where the committee sat. It was a special committee with no room of its own. We were directed at last to the Rivers and Harbors Committee room. It was full of smoke, electric fans and men in attitudes of waiting. Six, looking very significant, sat around a long table covered with green cloth. Others to the number of thirty or forty sat on chairs against the walls. At a smaller table were the reporters with reams of paper in front of them.

"Is this the committee that wants to see Henry M. Galt?" he asked, standing on the threshold.

"It is," said the man at the head of the table.

He was the chairman. He sat with one leg over the arm of his chair, his back to the door, and did not turn his head or so much as move a hair. He spoke in that loud disembodied voice which makes the people's business seem so impressive to the multitude, and glared at us through the back of his head.

"I am that person," said Galt.

"You have delayed us a quarter of an hour," said the chairman, still with his back to us.

"You were hard to find," said Galt very simply, looking about for a place to sit.

A chair was placed for him at the opposite end of the table. There was no place for me, so I stood a little aside. Goldfuss, whom I had never seen and had not yet identified, sat beside the chairman. They had their heads together, whispering. The chairman spoke:

"The question is raised as to whether witness may be permitted to appear with counsel. It is decided in the negative. Counsel will be excused."

Silence. Nothing happened.

"Counsel will be excused," said the chairman again.

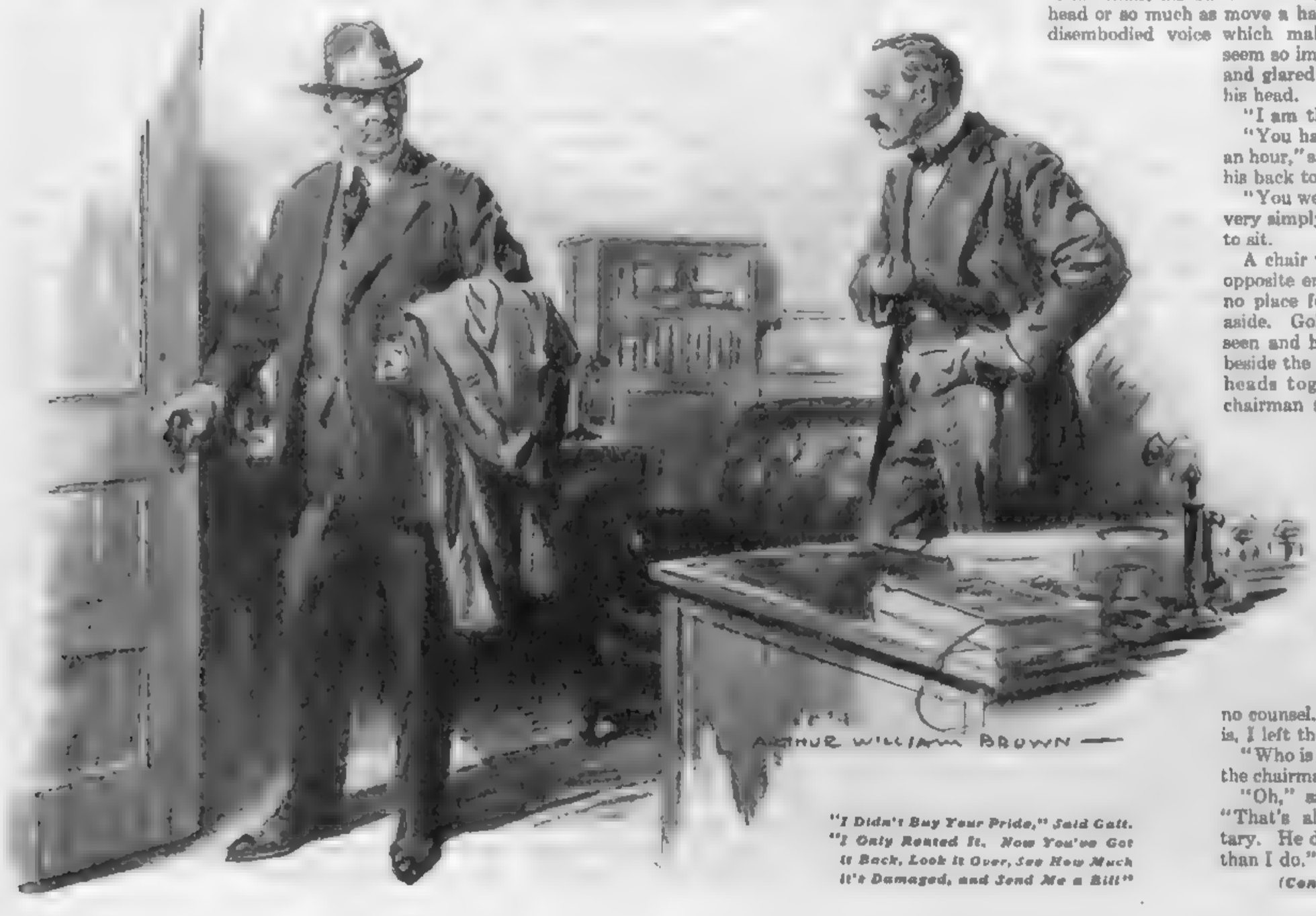
Still nothing happened.

"If you are talking at me," said Galt, "I have no counsel. I didn't bring any—that is, I left them at the hotel."

"Who is the gentleman with you?" the chairman asked.

"Oh," said Galt, looking at me. "That's all right. He's my secretary. He doesn't know any more law than I do."

(Continued on Page 24)



"I Didn't Buy Your Pride," Said Galt. "I Only Rented It. Now You've Got It Back, Look It Over, See How Much It's Damaged, and Send Me a Bill"

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 28, 1922

Bats in the Belfry

THE greatest good that can come out of the Washington conference is not limitation of armaments, important though that is, but limitation of the thought of war. In proportion as the world thinks less war it will build fewer battleships.

The limitation of international greed and the elimination of international hate, which is bred of greed, are the real issues. War is simply the boiling point of greed. As in the case of Germany, greed can be limited and controlled by war, but from the standpoint of intelligent selfishness that method costs too much; in fact, its cost has become prohibitive.

Heretofore the thought of the world has been directed towards war by a large number of its leaders. President Harding, Mr. Balfour and Secretary Hughes, not to mention former President Wilson and others, have been striving to direct it away from war. But at best, with the present world leadership, the Washington conference could make only a beginning. For in the haggling over ratios and submarines, and in the jockeying for advantage, one fact was quite apparent: Many statesmen in their attitude towards war are far behind the people that they represent.

There is no wish to minimize the importance of what this conference has done; but as it progressed it became clear that some of the world's leaders are still wallowing along in the old war ruts, are still two-gun men at heart, even though they may agree to tote only one gun for a while.

Something has been started, but nothing has been finished by the conference. After it adjourns an unceasing campaign must be waged against both the causes and the causers of war. From limitation of armaments the world must go on to the abolition of war. There can be no middle ground in this fight, no armistice signed at Spa. There can be no stopping place short of a decisive victory, by which even the most bullheaded of the world's militarists will be convinced that they are licked.

Usually the people need education on international questions, but they are educated on this one, and they are almost a unit against war, except when they are influenced by a propaganda of fear and hate. It is the princes, the premiers, the statesmen who, with many splendid exceptions, need education. Otherwise—backed as they are by a world sentiment for peace, prodded as they are by the prospect of world bankruptcy, faced as they are with famine and revolution in both European and Asiatic countries—they would long since have found a way to right-about the world toward permanent peace. These men are either insincere or incompetent. Only by defeat and retirement can they be taught, or at least rendered harmless.

The fact is that a large number of those who are highly placed in politics and diplomacy are as medieval as a Gothic cathedral. Bats flutter through their belfries and rats scuttle across the spidery and cobwebby corners of their minds. In the privacy of their candid moments they are full of reasons why there must always be war. They believe in a double standard - one for home and the other for foreign affairs. Publicly they accept in principle and privately play hell in practice. In one respect they are right. As long as a large number of men who are influential in the direction of world affairs think war there will be war. In believing that there is no alternative they make war inevitable. If these men thought as loosely and as hopelessly about national law and order the world would be in a state of anarchy.

We should like to see a line-up at the next elections, whether for Congress, or Parliament, or the Chamber of Deputies, or whatever the representative body, on the single issue, War or peace? All other issues, economic and political, are to-day comprised in that one. An economic conference will get nowhere unless that issue is settled. To forgive Europe her war debts would be folly so long as she keeps on spending gigantic sums for armies and navies. Under present conditions America would simply be financing new war expenditures for Europe to the tune of eleven billion dollars.

Though it is the fashion in some foreign quarters to speak of America's "gains" from the recent war, a casting up of our accounts shows not one inch of new territory, not one dollar of reparations to our credit. The actual results of our share in a victorious war are a huge national debt, labor in the bread line, agriculture prostrate, and business halting. We are better off than some others; we are behaving more sanely, and for that reason we are coming back more quickly; but that is all, except that as a nation we are thoroughly sold on the folly of war. If America were the sole arbiter of the world's destinies there would soon be a huge number of secondhand battleships, submarines, big guns, snappy uniforms and poison-gas factories on the market.

Every measure that we can devise for our own relief and reconstruction and that of the rest of the world is indissolubly bound up in the major question, War or peace? It is a thousand times more important that the people of Europe and America know just where every candidate for office stands on world peace than to be informed on his attitude towards any party question.

War and preparations for war can be stopped quickly once the people show that they mean business and the Bourbons among their leaders know that they will stand no hemming and hawing, no stalling and buck passing. But world peace must be a world movement, backed by a world sentiment. It can come about only through an association of nations with authority to apply economic pressure to the uttermost and to deprive warring powers of the fruits of aggression down to the last penny of indemnity and the last inch of seized territory. There is a forceless force, economic isolation, that can more quickly and effectively subdue an aggressive nation than big guns or poison gas.

Other measures may prove excellent palliatives, may help temporarily, but they will not prevent war. Greed and the hate that springs from it, rarely spontaneous but almost invariably fostered by propaganda from above, must finally be dealt with. War will be spoiled for the warmakers only when there are no spoils of war.

If the nations can accept the present naval ratios there is no good reason why the tonnage allowed under them cannot almost immediately be cut in half, and then cut again and again, until in the end navies have reached the level of a police force. And if we are to make it hard to fight at sea we should make it harder still to fight on land. The potentialities of damage and loss of life are infinitely greater there. These large standing armies are simply a standing threat against the peace and prosperity of the world. Nations that continue to maintain them will be under suspicion, and rightly so. The Prussian idea is none the less hateful when it wears a different uniform. No nation can ever be permitted to goose-step its way to glory and to power.

Statesmen may examine with profit the final gain to their countries from the campaigns of the great aggressors, the imperial warmakers, the wholesale butchers—Cæsar, who ruled the world; Napoleon, who conquered Europe; and Wilhelm, who sought to dominate it. And they were all amateurs, playing a parlor game of war, beside our new professionals.

Sword and pistol and dripping blade,
So are the ghosts and the glory made.

To which a more modern poet must add poison gas for our boys and bombs for the women and children. For hereafter there will be no chance for the brave to stand up and fight; no place for the slacker to hide. The women, the children, the timid, the cowards, along with the brave, will have exactly the same chance that penned sheep have before the butcher's knife.

There are too many ghosts and not enough glory in the business nowadays. Coming generations will hail not the warmakers, but the men who make an end of war, as their heroes. Meanwhile let us be grateful for what the conference gives us, and demand more and more and more. Permanent peace is possible and practicable. He who is not for it, actively and openly, is against it. Acceptance in principle is not enough. There are bats in that belfry, waiting for the twilight through which the half blind slip on stealthy errands. There must be acceptance in fact—drastic limitation and demobilization down to a police basis for the world, with every move made in the clear daylight. American statesmen can always afford to fail openly, but not in secret.

From Pretense to Reality

MEN who have traveled in Africa say that the gorilla beats himself upon the chest in order to work up a rage. If it is true, the gorilla family is not ignorant of psychology.

To simulate an emotion is to invite the emotion itself. If a man has a grievance he can nurse it quietly while he refrains from speech. But let him begin to talk about it and each epithet will invite another and louder one, until at length he is white with rage and ready for battle. When a child is whipped the first blow may be administered by a grave and even-tempered justice; but a blow is normally the product of temper, and unless the parent is possessed of remarkable self-control, temper rather than justice will administer the second blow and those that follow it. To go through the motions that temper normally inspires is to arouse temper.

It has been said many times that it is much easier to forgive a man who has wronged one than to forgive a man one has wronged. This is not the irony it seems, but a simple statement of fact. To injure another is an act of hate, and if the wrong done is greater than the ill will that prompted it the action will generate a degree of malice sufficient to justify itself.

And if anger, hate and fear are thus the sport of action, so also is love. The poet Burns confesses that frequently he made love to order—that he simulated an affection he did not feel, and by going through the motions of love became at last a prey to love itself. Others, before and since his time, have had a like experience. This theory would seem to mock the divine passion, but it doesn't.

Work is necessitated by need, and therefore the act of working makes people feel poor. Spending money is the result of possessing wealth, and therefore the act of spending makes people feel rich. It is an odd paradox, but one always feels richest while engaged at the business of making himself poorer. When nations go through the motions of beating their swords into plowshares they will engender some measure of the spirit upon which a lasting peace depends. If one is determined to love his neighbor he can strengthen his resolve much more by offering his hand than by reaching for his gun.

When the Shoe Begins to Pinch

By Edward Hungerford

THE little local train upon our American railroad is dying. The automobile has brought it close to its death. It may be the motor bus or the privately owned and operated car, but it is a plain case of murder in the first degree. Which comes atop of a brutal assault some years ago by an earlier competitor, the trolley car; although to-day, through the relentless justice of time, the interurban finds itself cheek by jowl with that same little steam train which it once fought so hard, struggling for its own existence. The automobile and the good highway that makes it possible are their common enemies. That the motor car should not be an enemy but an ally, closely correlated in the great business of national transport, to the carriers that run upon steel rails is almost obvious; and before the great and vexing problem of our railroads ever can be really solved this very thing must be brought to pass.

Operators' Problems

WHEN one thinks of a passenger train here in America his mind is apt to focus first upon the great express trains of the land. These are brilliant and showy. Yet upon half our railroad mileage passenger service is performed exclusively by local trains. Upon these lines there still dwells a very large percentage of the national population, though it must not be forgotten that upon the main-line rails local trains also must operate to serve the towns too small for the fast expresses.

So we see that though the local train dies it cannot die. It must in some form remain, in some form function, even though but a shivering wraith of its former glory. It must continue to operate. But how? With a continuance of the secondhand locomotives and cars still in such large usage across the land? Can it not at least have new equipment, so that it may have a better fighting chance against its competitors?

At this mere thought the average railroad executive will arise to ask me where I expect him to raise the money for any extensive betterment of his local service. He may concede that it is far from being as it should be. But he will repeat his demand to be shown how he can afford to buy new locomotives and cars for the trains that have been permitted to remain upon his lines, for it must be remembered that all the way across the land a great number of these locals have already been entirely removed from the schedules.

To this loud-voiced demand of the railroad operators there is answer, seemingly enigmatic, but really quite simple—would you put a twin-six car on a milk route? In other words, in all these twenty years or more that the local train has been losing business—first to the interurban electric and then to the automobile—what have its owners been doing to stem the tide of a rush of business to these competitors?

This answer is not enigmatic. It is both simple and pathetic—simply nothing.

With a very few exceptions the local-passenger-train service of our railroads to-day is practically unchanged since 1870, save where it has been lessened. There are far fewer trains. Heavier ones, I grant you. The extremely unscientific policy—come partly from sheer necessity of relegating heavy express and passenger cars and locomotives to local service has actually resulted in making the local trains that still remain far heavier than those of three or four decades ago, and so, far more expensive to operate—and this in the face of a steadily decreasing traffic. The deadweight of train to each passenger carried has risen to an appalling proportion, which gives many railroad officers the opportunity of saying:

"Why should we add more trains? So that we can lose more money on each additional one of them? Shall we send good money after bad?"

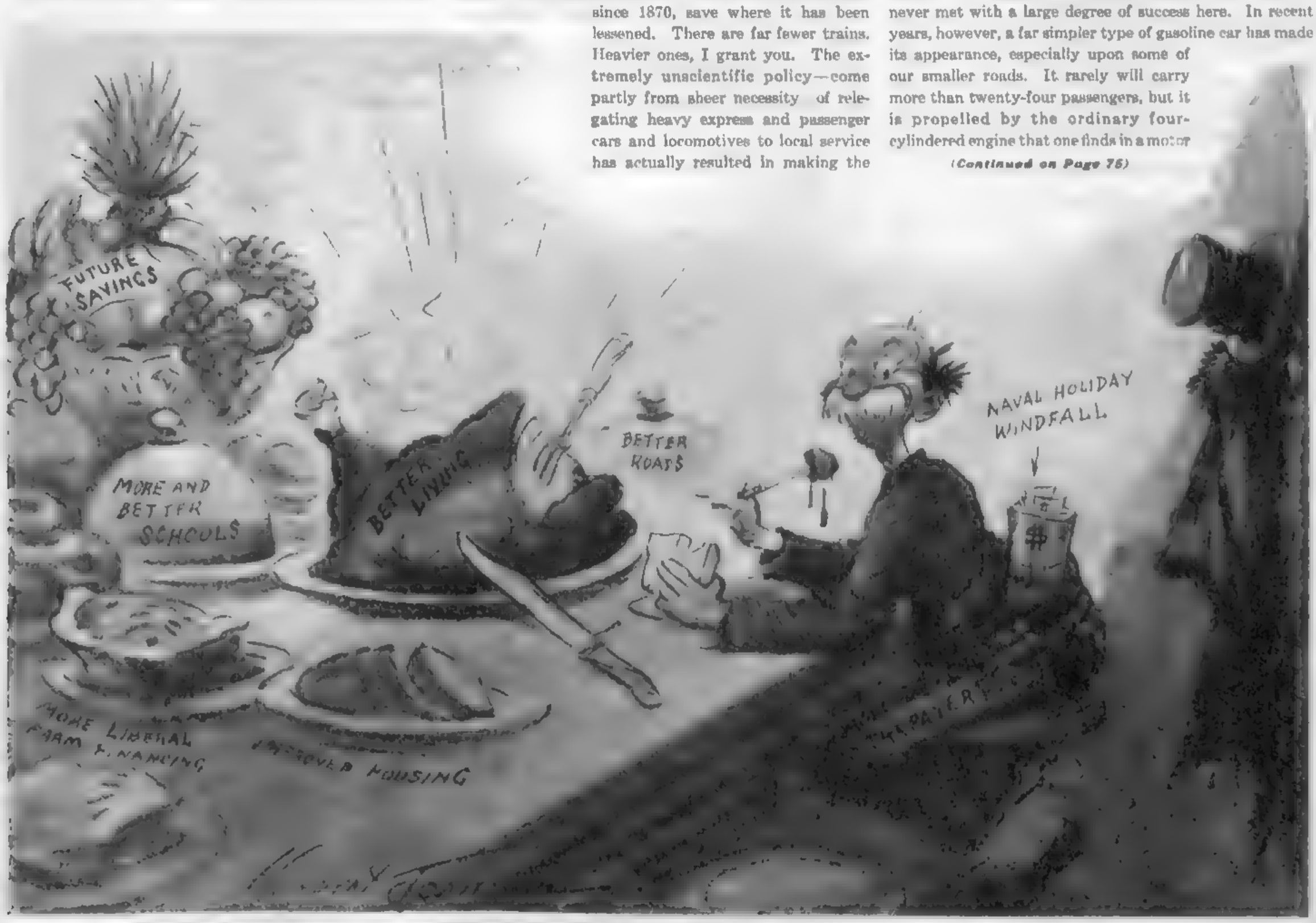
Not quite so rapidly, gentlemen. It may not be necessary, after all, for you to add trains in order really to improve your local passenger service, and so in turn your revenues.

The Gasoline Milk Route

SUPPOSE that we do try the flivver on the milk route. Translate flivver literally into a car propelled by a gasoline engine and you will begin one solution of the problem. It is one that has not been entirely overlooked by the operating executives of some of our roads. The gasoline unit car first made its appearance upon our railroads about fifteen years ago. At the outset it was not entirely successful. It was particularly liable to breakdowns which presented new complications to men schooled in the ailments of steam locomotives. The element of prejudice was another factor against it. The ironclad rules of the brotherhoods which necessitated as large a staff for its movement as for a full-sized train was a third.

So it was that the original type of self-propelled unit—locomotive, baggage car and day coach all in one—has never met with a large degree of success here. In recent years, however, a far simpler type of gasoline car has made its appearance, especially upon some of our smaller roads. It rarely will carry more than twenty-four passengers, but it is propelled by the ordinary four-cylindered engine that one finds in a motor

(Continued on Page 75)



COMING HIS WAY

THE DRIVER

(Continued from Page 21)

There was a formal pause. The official stenographer leaned toward Galt, speaking quietly, and took his name, age, address and occupation. The chairman said, "Proceed."

Goldfuss poised himself for theatrical effect. He was a body-conscious man with a coarse, loose skin, very close shaven, powdered, sagging at the jowls, unblinking eyes, and a voice like the sound of a file in the teeth of a rusty saw.

"So this is the great Galt," he said sardonically, slowly bobbing his head.

"And you," said Galt, "are the Goldfuss who once tried to trim me for a million dollars."

Oh, famous beginning! The crowd was tense with delight.

Goldfuss, looking aggrieved and disgusted, turned to the chairman, saying, "Will the committee admonish the witness?"

The chairman took his leg down, carefully relighted a people's cigar and said, "Strike that off the record. I will inform the witness that this is a committee of Congress, with power to punish contumacious and disrespectful conduct. The witness is warned to answer questions without any irrelevant remarks of his own."

"I beg your pardon," said Galt. "What was the question?"

The official stenographer read from his notes: "So this is the great Galt."

"That ain't a question," said Galt.

The round was his. The audience tittered. The chairman put his leg back and glared wearily into space.

"I withdraw it," said Goldfuss. "Start the record new from here. Mr. Galt, you were directed to produce before this committee all your books and papers. Have you brought them?"

"No."

"No? Why not, please?"

"They would fill this whole room," said Galt.

Mr. Goldfuss started again.

"Your occupation, Mr. Galt—you said it was what?"

"Farmer," said Galt.

"Yes? What do you farm?"

"The country," said Galt.

"Do you consider that a nice expression?"

"Nicest I know, depending on how you take it," said Galt.

"Well, now tell this committee, please, how you farm the country, using your own expression."

"I fertilize it," said Galt. "I sow and reap, improve the soil and keep adding new machinery and buildings."

"What do you fertilize it with, Mr. Galt?"

"Money."

"What do you sow, Mr. Galt?"

"More money."

"And what do you reap?"

"Profit."

"A great deal of that?"

"Plenty," said Galt.

"And what do you do with the profit, Mr. Galt?"

"Sow it again."

"A lovely parable, Mr. Galt. Is it not true, however, that you are also a speculator?"

"Yes, that's true," said Galt.

"To put it plainly, is it not true that you are a gambler?"

"That's part of my trade," said Galt. "Every farmer is a gambler. He gambles in weather, worms, bugs, acts of Congress and the price of his produce."

"You gamble in securities?"

"Yes."

"In the securities of the railroad properties you control?"

"Heavily."

"If, for example, you are going to increase the dividend on Great Midwestern stock you first go into the market and buy it for a rise—buy it before the public knows that you are going to increase the dividend?"

"That's the case," said Galt.

"As a matter of fact, you did some time ago increase the dividend on Great Midwestern from 4 to 8 per cent, and the stock had a big rise for that reason. Tell this committee, please, when and how and at what prices you bought the stock in anticipation of that event?"

"In anticipation of that 8 per cent dividend," said Galt reminiscently, "I began to buy Great Midwestern stock—let me see—nine years ago at ten dollars a share. It went down, and I bought it at five dollars a share, at two dollars, at a dollar and a half. The road went into the hands of a receiver, and I stuck to it. I bought it all the way up again, at fifteen dollars a share, at fifty dollars, at a hundred and fifty, and I'm buying still."

Goldfuss was bored. He seemed to be saying to the audience, "Well, so much for fun. Now we get down to the hard stuff." He produced a certain document.

"Mr. Galt, I show you a certified list of the investments of the Security Life Insurance Company. You are a director of that institution, are you not?"

"Yes."

"You used some of your farming profits to buy a large interest in the Security Life Insurance Company?"

"Yes."

"You are chairman of its finance committee?"

"Yes."

"In fact, Mr. Galt, you control the investments of the Security Life. You recommend what securities the policyholders' money shall be invested in?"

"Something like that," said Galt.

"Now, Mr. Galt, look at this certified statement, please. The investments amount to more than four hundred millions. I call your attention to the fact that nearly one-quarter of that enormous total consists of what are known as Galt securities—that is, the stocks and bonds of railroad companies controlled by Henry M. Galt. Is that correct?"

"Substantially," said Galt.

"Did you, as chairman of the finance committee of the Security Life, recommend the purchase of those securities?"

"Yes."

"And at the same time, as head of the Great Midwestern Railway System, you were interested in selling those securities, were you not?"

"We need a great deal of capital," said Galt. "We are selling new securities all the time. We sell all we can and wish we could sell more. There is always more work to do than we can find the money for."

"So, Mr. Galt, it comes to this: As head of a great railroad system you create securities which you are anxious to sell. In that rôle you are a seller. Then as chairman of the finance committee of the Security Life Insurance Company, acting as trustee for the policyholders, you are a buyer of securities. In that position of trust, with power to say how the policyholders' money shall be invested, you recommend the purchase of securities in which you are interested as a seller. Is that true?"

"I don't like the way you put it, but let it stand," said Galt.

"How can you justify that, Mr. Galt? Is it right, do you think, that a trustee should buy with one hand what he sells with the other?"

Galt leaned over, beating the table slowly with his fist.

"I justify it this way," he said. "I know all about the securities of the Great Midwestern. I don't know of anything better for the Security Life to put its money into. If you can tell me of anything better I will advise the finance committee at its next meeting to sell all its Great Midwestern stuff and buy that, whatever it is. I'll do more. If you can tell me of anything better I will sell all my own Great Midwestern stocks and bonds and buy that instead. I have my own money in Great Midwestern. There's another Galt you left out. As head of a great railway system I am a seller of securities to investors all over the world. That is how we find the capital to build our things. But as an individual I am a buyer of those same securities. I sell to everybody with one hand and buy for myself all that I can with the other hand. Do you see the point? I buy them because I know what they are worth. I recommend them to the Security Life because I know what they are worth. That is how I justify it, sir."

Enough of that. Goldfuss had meant to go from the Security Life to each of the other financial institutions controlled by Galt, meaning to show how he had been unloading Galt securities upon them. But what was the use? What could he do with an answer like that? He passed instead to the Orient & Pacific matter. Galt admitted that he had used the power of majority stockholder to make the property subservient to the Great Midwestern because that was the efficient thing to do.

"And that, you think, is a fair way to treat minority stockholders?" Goldfuss asked.

"We were willing at any time to buy them out at the market price," said Galt. "However, that's now an academic matter. The Great Midwestern has acquired all that minority interest in Orient & Pacific."

This was news. There was a stir at the reporters' table. Several rose and went out to telegraph Galt's statement to Wall Street, where nobody yet knew how Bullguard & Co. had made peace with him. So they went from one thing to another. They came to that notorious land transaction on account of which he had been sued.

"We needed that land for an important piece of railroad development," said Galt. "Some land traders got wind of our plans, formed a syndicate, bought up all the ground around, and then tried to make us buy it through the nose. We simply sat tight until they went broke. Then we took it off their hands. There was more than the Great Midwestern needed, because they were hogs. The Great Midwestern took what it wanted and I took the rest. The directors knew all about it."

"And it was very profitable to you personally, this outcome?"

"Incidentally it was," said Galt. "Somebody would get it. It fell into my hands. What would you have done?"

"Strike that off the record—'What would you have done?'" said Goldfuss. "Counsel is not being examined."

After lunch he took a new line.

"Mr. Galt," he asked, "what are you worth?"

"I don't know," said Galt.

(Continued on Page 26)

"So This Is the Great Galt," He Said Sardonically. "And You," Said Galt, "are the Goldfuss Who Once Tried to Trim Me for a Million Dollars"

Good pea soup—just taste it!

Pea soup is a favorite round the world. Just dip your spoon tonight into a savory, creamy plateful of Campbell's. You'll say you never tasted such a pea soup—so mellow, so delicious, so rich in quality and satisfaction.

Campbell's Pea Soup is made from dainty tender peas blended, according to Campbell's own recipe, with pure country milk and fresh creamery butter, delicately spiced. How you will like it!

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Your grocer can supply any of these soups

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Simply by adding an equal quantity of milk or cream to Campbell's Pea Soup just before serving you have a velvety, smooth, heavy Cream of Pea which will be one of your prize dishes. Even more attractive served in bouillon cups topped with whipped cream.

12 cents a can

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 24)

"You don't know how rich you are?"

"No."

Goldfuss lay back in his chair with an air of feigned astonishment.

"But you will admit you are very rich?" he said, having recovered slowly.

"Yes," said Galt. "I suppose I am."

"Well, as briefly as possible, will you tell this committee how you made it?"

"Now you've asked me something," said Galt, leaning forward again.

"I'll tell you. I made it buying things nobody else wanted. I bought Great Midwestern when it was bankrupt and people thought no railroad was worth its weight as junk.

"When I took charge of the property I bought equipment when it was cheap because nobody else wanted it and the equipment makers were hungry; and rails and ties and materials and labor to improve the road, until everybody thought I was crazy. When the business came we had a railroad to handle it. I've done that same thing with every property I have taken up. No railroad I've ever touched has depreciated in value. I'm doing it still. You may know there has been an upset in Wall Street recently—a panic, in fact. Everybody is uneasy and business is worried because a financial disturbance has always been followed by commercial depression. There are signs of that already. But we'll stop it. In the next twelve months the Great Midwestern properties will spend five hundred million dollars for double tracking, grade reductions, new equipment and larger terminals."

This was news. Again there was a stir at the reporters' table as several rose to go out and flash Galt's statement to Wall Street.

"Mr. Galt," said Goldfuss, "do you realize what it means for one man to say he will spend five hundred millions in a year? That is half the national debt."

"I know exactly what it means," said Galt. "It means for once a Wall Street panic won't be followed by unemployment and industrial depression. Our orders for materials and labor now going out will start everything up again at full speed. Others will act on our example. You'll see."

"You will draw upon the financial institutions you control, the Security Life and others, for a good deal of that money—the five hundred millions?"

"You get the idea," said Galt. "That's what financial institutions are for. There's no better use for their money."

"You have great power, Mr. Galt."

"Some," he said.

"If it goes on increasing at this rate you will soon be the economic dictator of the country."

No answer

"I say you will be the economic dictator of the whole country."

"I heard you say it," said Galt. "It ain't a question."

"But do you think it desirable that one man should have so much power—that one man should run the country?"

"Somebody ought to run it," said Galt.

"Is it your ambition to run it?"

"It is my idea," said Galt, "that the financial institutions of the country—I mean the insurance companies and the banks—instead of lending themselves out of funds in times of high prosperity ought then to build up great reserves of capital to be loaned out in hard times. That would keep people from going crazy with prosperity at one time and committing suicide at another time. But they won't do it by themselves. Somebody has to see to it—somebody who knows not only how not to spend money when everybody is wild to buy, but how to spend it courageously when there is a surplus of things that nobody else wants. Every financial institution that I have anything to do with will be governed by that idea, and the Great Midwestern properties, while I run them, will decrease their capital expenditures as prices rise and increase them as prices fall. When we show them the whole trick and how it pays, everybody will do it. We won't have any more depressions and Coxey's armies. We won't have any more unemployment. In a country like this unemployment is economic lunacy."

The hearing continued for three days. The newspapers printed almost nothing else on their first three pages. Galt's testimony produced everywhere a monumental effect. Public opinion went over by a somersault.

He denied nothing. He admitted everything. He was invincible because he believed in himself.

"Mr. Galt," said Goldfuss, rising, "that will be all. You are the most remarkable witness I have ever examined."

They shook hands all around.

XXIX

AS WE were going down the Capitol steps Galt stumbled and clutched my arm. The sustaining excitement was at an end and the reaction was sudden. Solicitude made him peevish. He insisted irritably, and we went on walking, though it was above his strength.

When we were halfway back to the hotel, a mile yet to go, he stopped and said: "You're right, Coxey. Ain't it hot? Let's call a cab."

He wouldn't rest. A strange uneasiness was upon him. We took the next train for New York.

"I want to go to Moonstool," he said. The idea seized him after we were aboard the train.

"Fine. Let's take a holiday to-morrow and go all over it," I said.

"Now. I want to go there now," he said.

"Directly there—and not go home?"

"That's home, ain't it?" he said, becoming irritable. "Let's go straight there."

He had a fixation upon it.

From Baltimore I got off an urgent telegram to Mrs. Galt, telling her Galt was very tired and insisted on going directly to the country place. Could she meet us at Newark with a motor car? That would be the easiest way.

Automobiles were just then coming into general use. Galt with his ardent interest in all means of mechanical locomotion was enthusiastic about them. The family had four, besides Natalie's, which was her own. She drove it herself.

Mrs. Galt met us at Newark. Galt greeted her with no sign of surprise. He could not have been expecting her. I had told him nothing about the arrangements. He slept all the way up from Washington and did not know where we were when we got off the train. She helped him into the car. When they were seated he took her hand and went to sleep again.

There was a second motor behind us, with a cook, three servants, some luggage and provisions. Mrs. Galt was a very efficient woman. She had thought of everything the situation required.

It was nearly midnight when we arrived at Moonstool and stopped in front of the iron gates. They were closed and locked. And there was Natalie, who had been sent ahead to announce our coming. She drove out alone, got lost on the way, and had not yet succeeded in raising anybody when we came up. The place was dark, except for red lanterns here and there on piles of construction material. The outside watchmen were shirking duty, and those inside, if not doing likewise, were beyond hearing.

Near by was the railroad station of Galt, a black little pile with not a light anywhere. It had not yet been opened for use. We could hear the water spilling over the private Galt dam in the river. There was enough electricity in the Galt power house to illuminate a town. On the mountain top, half a mile distant, the Galt castle stood in massive silhouette against the starry sky. And here was Galt, in the dark, an unwelcome nighttime stranger, forbidden at the gate. He was still asleep. We were careful not to wake him.

A watchman with a bull's-eye lantern and a billy stick exuded from the darkness.

"Wha'd'ye want?"

We wanted to go in.

"Y'can't go in," he said. "Can't y' see it's private? Nobody lives there."

It is very difficult to account for the improbable on the plane of a night watchman's intelligence. First he stoutly disbelieved us. Then he took refuge in limited responsibility.

"M'orders is t'let nobody in," he said. "D'ye know anybody aroun' here?"

It seemed quite possible that no human being around here would know us. By an inspiration Natalie remembered the superintendent of construction. He lived not far away. She knew where. Once when she was spending a day on the job he had taken her home with him to lunch. It was not more than ten minutes' drive, she said.

It was farther than she thought. We were more than three-quarters of an hour returning with the superintendent. It took twenty minutes more to wake the crew at the power house and get the electricity turned on. Then we drove slowly up the main concrete road, now lighted on each side by clusters of three ground-glass globes on fluted columns fifty feet apart. Although it was finished the road was still cluttered with heaps of sand and débris.

Galt all this time was fast asleep, his head resting on Mrs. Galt's shoulder. We could scarcely wake him when we tried. He seemed drunk with weariness. As we helped him out he opened his eyes once and startled us by saying to the superintendent "Fire that watchman down below," as if he had been conscious of everything that happened. His eyes closed again, he tottered and we caught him. The superintendent supported him on one side, I on the other, and so he entered, dragging his feet.

Natalie knew more about the house than anyone else. She led the way to the apartment that was Galt's, and then left us to place the servants and show them their way around. I helped Mrs. Galt undress him and get him to bed. I was amazed to see how thin and shrunken his body was. He was inert, like a child asleep. Mrs. Galt, very pale, was strong and deft.

"We must have a doctor at once," she said. "I thought of bringing one and then didn't because he minds so awfully to have a doctor in."

Still we were not really alarmed.

The telephone system had been installed. Natalie knew that. She knew also where the big switchboard was. I telephoned the family physician to meet us at the Hoboken ferry, and then Natalie and I set out to fetch him, a drive of nearly seventy miles there and back.

"We ought to do it in two hours," she said, as we coasted freely—very freely—down the lighted cement road and plunged through the gates into darkness.

"The doctor must be in his right mind when we deliver him."

I meant it lightly. Her reckless driving was a household topic and she was incorrigible. But she answered me thoughtfully.

"We'll make the time going."

She pulled her gloves tighter, took the time, inspected the instruments, switched off the dash light, cut out the muffler, settled herself in the seat and opened the throttle wide. It was a four-cylinder high-power engine. The sound we made was that of an endless rip through a linen sheet. Roadside trees turned white, uneasy faces to our headlights. The highway seemed to lay itself down in front of us as we needed it; and there was a feeling that it vanished or fell away into black space behind us. Giddy things such as fences, buildings and stone walls were tossed right and left in streaming glimpses. Good motor roads were yet unbuilt. There were short, sharp grades like humps on the roller coaster at the fair.

Taking them at fifty miles an hour, at night, when you cannot see the top as you start up, nor all the way down as you begin the plunge, is a wild, liberating sensation. Sense of level is lost. One's center of gravity rises and falls momentously, the heart sloshes around, and you don't care what happens, not even if you should run off the world. It doesn't matter.

Natalie was in a trancelike rapture. She never spoke. Her eyes were fixed ahead; her body was static. Only her head and arms moved, sometimes her feet to slip the clutch or apply the brake. All that pertains to the pattern of consciousness—seeing, hearing, attention, will and willing—was strained outward beyond the windshield, as if externalized, acting outside of her. What remained on the seat, besides the thrill at the core of her, was her automatic self controlling this lunging, roaring mechanism without the slightest effort of thought. The restrained impulses of her nature apparently found their escapement in this form of excitement. It was one thing she could do better than anyone else. She did it superbly and adored doing it. I could not help thinking how Vera would drive, if she drove at all.

There was no traffic at that hour of night until we fell in with the milk and truck wagons crossing the Hackensack Meadows toward the Hudson River ferries. Natalie cut in and out of that rumbling procession with skill and ease. Her calculations were tight and daring, but never foolhardy.

"Very accomplished driving," I said as she pulled up at the ferry with the engine idling softly.

"Fifty minutes," she said, a little down on looking at her watch. "I thought we should have done it in forty-five. Don't you love it at night?"

Dawn was breaking when we returned. It gave us a start of apprehension to see the lights still burning in Galt's apartment. We found Mrs. Galt sitting at the side of his bed. Her face was distorted with horror and anxiety. Galt lay just as I had seen him last.

"He hasn't moved," said Mrs. Galt. "I can't arouse him. I'm not sure he is breathing."

Neither was the doctor. The pulse was imperceptible. A glass held at his nostrils showed no trace of moisture. All the bodily functions were in a state of suspense. The only presumption of life lay in the general arbitrary fact that he was not dead. The doctor had never seen anything like this before. He was afraid to act without a consultation. Motors were sent off for four other doctors, two in New Jersey and two in New York. They would bring nurses with them.

Mrs. Galt could not be moved from the bedside.

Natalie telephoned Vera to come. I telephoned Mordecai. Then we walked up and down the eastern terrace and watched the sun come up. She stopped and leaned over the parapet, looking down. Her eyes were dry; her body shook with convulsive movements. My heart went forth. I put my arm around her. She stood up, gazed at me with a stricken expression, then dropped her head on my shoulder and wept, whispering, "Coxey, Coxey, oh, what shall we do? What shall we do?"

Gangs of workmen were appearing below. The day of labor was about to begin. I left her to get the superintendent on the telephone and tell him to suspend work.

XXX

THE consultation began at nine o'clock. Mordecai arrived while it was taking place. Somehow on the way he had picked up Vera. They came together. We waited in the library room of Galt's apartment. At the end of an hour the five doctors came to us, looking very grave. The Galts' family doctor announced the consensus. It was a stroke, with some very unusual aspects. Life persisted; the thread of it was extremely fine, almost invisible. It might snap at any moment, and they wouldn't know it until some time afterward. Thin as it was, however, it might pull him back. There was a bare possibility that he would recover consciousness. Meanwhile there was very little that could be done.

Mordecai rose from his chair with a colossal, awful gesture. His eyes were staring. His face was like a mask. His head turned slowly right and left through half a circle with a weird, mechanical movement, as a thing turning on a pivot in a fixed plane.

"Zey haf kilt him!" he whispered. "All ov you I call upon to vitness, zey haf kilt him. Zey could nod ruin him. Zat zey tried to do. But—zey haf kilt him! Ve are vonce more in ze Dark Ages."

The physicians were astonished and ill at ease. They did not know what he was talking about. They did not know who he was. I was the only one who could know what he meant, and for a minute I was bewildered. Then it broke upon me.

The combat reconstructed itself in my mind. I recalled those days of strain and anguish when all the forces of Wall Street were acting to destroy him and he fought alone. He withstood them. In the might of his own strength, in that moment which it had been torture almost unendurable to bide the coming of, he smote his enemies "with the fist of wickedness" and scattered them away. Yes, all that. He had won the fight. Yet there he lay. His death would leave them in possession of the field, with a victory unawares. They meant only to break his power, to unloose his hands, to overthrow him as an upstart dynast. But the blood weapon which we think is put away, which they never meant and would not have dared to use—it had done its work in spite of them. They could not break him. They had only killed him.

That was what Mordecai meant.

Well, we had to wait. Life must wait upon death because it can. There was much to think about. Mordecai spent two hours with me making precise arrangements against any contingency. It was very important that Wall Street should know nothing about Galt's condition. The news might cause a panic. I was to call him up at regular intervals by a direct telephone wire on which no one could listen in. If any rumor got out it should be met with blank silence.

(Continued on Page 28)

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The deep and widespread satisfaction of the public in the substantially-reduced prices of the New Type 61, confirms us in the belief that the Cadillac sets an entirely new standard of motor car value.

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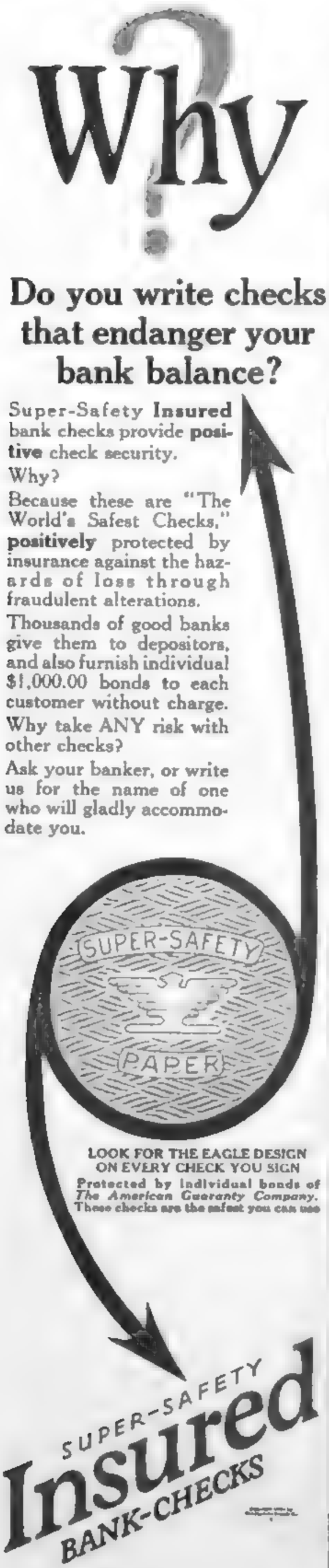
C A D I L L A C

The Standard of the World


Why
Do you write checks that endanger your bank balance?
Super-Safety Insured bank checks provide positive check security.
Why?
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(Continued from Page 26)

"Zey vill vind id zoon oud no matter," he said.

What he needed was a little time to prepare the financial structure for the imminent shock. He would inform his associates and such others as were entitled to know, and together they would agree upon protective measures. Galt's death was bound to produce a terrific convulsion. There is no line of succession in Wall Street, no hereditary prince to receive the crown. When the monarch falls the wail is, "The king is dead! There is no king!"

About ten o'clock in the morning of the second day Galt opened his eyes. He could neither move nor speak, but he was vividly conscious. Mrs. Galt came to the room where I had established a work station, to tell me this.

"He wants something," she said. "He says so with his eyes. I think it is you he wants."

His eyes expressed pleasure at seeing me. Not a muscle moved. He could see and hear and think, and that was all. He did want something. I guessed a number of things and he looked them all away. It wasn't Mordecai. It wasn't anything in relation to business. In this dilemma I remembered a game we played in childhood. It was for one of the players to hold in his mind any object on earth and for the other to identify it by asking questions up to twenty that had to be answered yes or no. Galt's eyes could say yes and no and he could hear; therefore anything he was thinking of could be found out. I explained the game to him; he instantly understood, and we began. Was the thing a mineral substance? He did not answer. Was it vegetable? He did not answer. Was it animal then? Still no answer, but a bothered look in his eyes. I stopped to wonder why he hadn't answered yes or no to one of the three. Was it perhaps something mineral, vegetable and animal combined? His eyes lighted, saying yes. Was it in this room? No. Was it far away? No. Was it just outside? Yes.

I went to the window and looked out. In every direction below the level of the finished terrace was the sight of construction work in a state of suspense, heaps of materials, tools where they had fallen, power machinery idle. A thought occurred to me. I went back and looked in his eyes.

"We've had all the work stopped because of the noise. Do you wish it to go on? Is that what you want?"

"Yes," he answered with a flash of his eyes.

Two hours later the air was vibrant with the clank-clank of many steam drills, the screech of taut hoisting cables, the throb of donkey engines, the roar of rock blasting, and he was happy.

Incidentally the resumption of work served Mordecai's purpose in an unexpected way. Rumor of Galt's illness did get out. The newspapers began to telephone. Unable to get information in that way they thought it must be serious and sent reporters out in haste. They returned to their offices saying they couldn't get a word out of us, but Galt couldn't be very ill so long as all that uproar was permitted to go on.

A week passed in this way. One evening on my return from an urgent trip to New York, Natalie came racing down the great hall to meet me, with a flying slide at the end, as in the old days she was wont to meet Galt; and whether she meant it quite or miscalculated the distance, I do not know; but anyhow I had either to let her go by off her balance or catch her, and she landed in my arms.

"Oh, Coxey, he's asking for you," she said, getting her feet and dragging me along at a run. "He's better all at once. He can talk."

The faculty of speech was gradually restored. When he could talk freely he told us that he had been conscious all the while, day and night. He heard every word that was spoken at the consultation. Therefore he had more expert opinion on his condition than we had. He had kept count of time. He knew what day it was when he first opened his eyes, and since then in his sleep he had been continuously conscious. He felt no pain.

XXXI

AND now began the last phase of his career. Lying there in that state, unable so much as to raise his hand, with a mind all but disembodied, he intended his thoughts to the passion that ruled him still. The doctors warned him that it would be extremely dangerous to exercise his mind. It would cause the thread of life to part. That made no difference. What was the thread of life for?

Three times a week Mordecai came to talk with him. These visits, beginning naturally as between friends, soon became conferences of a consequential character between principal and banker. They examined problems, discussed measures, evolved policies and spent hours, sometimes whole days, together. Mordecai became Galt's self objectified. He executed his will, promulgated his ideas, represented him in all situations. He sat for him at board meetings and in general Wall Street councils. This became soon an institutional fact. No business of a high nature proceeded far in Wall Street until Mordecai was asked "What does Mr. Galt say?" or "What would Mr. Galt think?"

A paralyzed hand ruled the world of finance.

Galt's mind was clear and insatiable. It comprehended both details and principles. He directed minutely the expenditure of that five hundred millions and verified his own prophecy. The outlay of this vast sum upon railroad works averted a period of industrial depression.

I remained permanently at Moonstool. The room in which at first I had established merely a point of contact with the outside world to meet such emergencies as might arise became a regular office. We installed news-printing machines and direct telephones. Stock Exchange quotations were received by a private telegraph wire. We had presently a staff of clerks, typists and statisticians, all living in the house and keeping hours.

The personnel of this singular organization included one fresco painter. More than anything else Galt missed his maps and charts. A map of any portion of the earth's surface enthralled him. The act of gazing at it stimulated his thoughts. And statistical charts—those diagrams in which quantities and ratios are symbolized by lines that rise and fall in curves—these were to him what mathematical symbols are to an astronomer. He could not think easily without them. We had tried various devices for getting maps and charts before him, and they were all unsatisfactory.

One day he said: "I can look at the ceiling and walls without effort. Why not put them there?"

But we could not get maps large enough to show from the ceiling, and there was a similar difficulty about charts, even though we drew them ourselves. Then we thought of painting them. We found a fresco painter possessing the rudiments of the peculiar kind of intelligence required for such work and then trained him to it.

We painted a map of the world in two hemispheres on the ceiling. The United States had to be carefully put in, with the Great Midwestern system showing in bold red lines. On the walls we painted statistical charts to the number of eight. Several were permanent, such as the one showing the combined earnings of the Galt railroad properties, and another the state of general business. They had only to be touched up from time to time as new statistics came in. Others were ephemeral, serving to illustrate some problem his mind was working on. They were frequently painted out and new ones put in their place.

Under these conditions, gazing for hours at the world map, he conceived a project which was destined to survive him in the form of an idea. If he had lived it might have been realized. This was a pan-American railroad—a vertical system of land transportation articulating the North and South American continents. It was painted there on the ceiling. Mordecai saw it and wept.

How easily the mind accommodates itself to any situation! In a short time all this seemed quite natural, because it was taking place. Having accepted Galt as a dynast in the flesh, Wall Street now accepted him as an invisible force pervading all its affairs, as if it might go on that way forever. Through Mordecai it solicited his advice and opinion on matters that were not his. Once Mordecai brought him the problem of a railroad that was in trouble; he bought the railroad to save it from bankruptcy. People, seeing this, began to think he was not ill at all but preferred to work in a mysterious manner. Great Midwestern stock meanwhile was rising, always rising, and touched at last the fabulous price of three hundred dollars a share. Faith in it now was as unreasoning as distrust of it had once been.

Galt entertained no thought of malice toward his old enemies. Proof of this was dramatic and unexpected. A servant came up one afternoon with the name of Bullguard. I could hardly believe it. I found him standing in the middle of the hall, just inside the door, a large impenetrable figure, giving one the impression of immovable purpose. I had never seen him before.

"I wish to see Mr. Galt," he said in a voice like a tempered north wind.

"Nobody sees him, you know."

"I must see him," he replied.

"I will ask him. Is it a matter of business?"

"It is very personal," he said.

The way he said this gave me suddenly a glimpse of his hidden character. Beneath that terrifying aspect, back of that glowering under which strong men quailed, lay more shy, human gentleness than would be easily imagined.

Galt received him. They were alone together for a full hour. What passed between them will never be known. I waited in the library room, one removed from Galt's bedchamber, and saw Bullguard leave. He passed me unawares, looking straight ahead of him as one in a hypnotic trance. Outside he forgot his car and went stalking down the drive in that same unseeing manner, grasping a great thick walking stick at the middle and waving it slowly before his face. His car followed and picked him up somewhere out of sight.

One of the minor triumphs of this time was the collapse of the social feud. Mrs. Valentine's subjects began to revolt. Society made definite overtures to the Galt women. But nobody now cared. Mrs. Galt and Natalie lived only for Galt, and they were the two who would in any case be interested. Mrs. Galt was his silent companion. Natalie was his Mercury, going errands swiftly between his bedchamber and the office. She was absorbed in what went on, and a good deal of it she understood in an imaginative manner.

Coming with a message from Galt, perhaps a request for information or data, she would often sit at my desk to hear or see the results, saying, "I feel so stupid when I don't know what it means." In the evening, as we might be walking or driving together, she would review the transactions of the day and get them all explained.

Vera lived in New York at her studio, but came often to Moonstool. Her engagement to Lord Porteous was renewed. She spoke to me about it one evening on the west terrace, after sunset.

"You were right about Lord Porteous," she said. "He refused from the beginning to consider our engagement broken."

"Of course," I said.

That was evidently not what she expected me to say. She gave me a slow, sidewise look.

"I'm very glad," I added, making it worse.

We took several turns in silence.

"Why are you glad?" she asked in a tone she seldom used.

"Isn't that what I should say? I was thinking —— I don't know what I was thinking—nor why I am glad."

We stood for a long time a little apart, watching the afterglow. She shivered.

"I am cold," she said. "Let's go in, please."

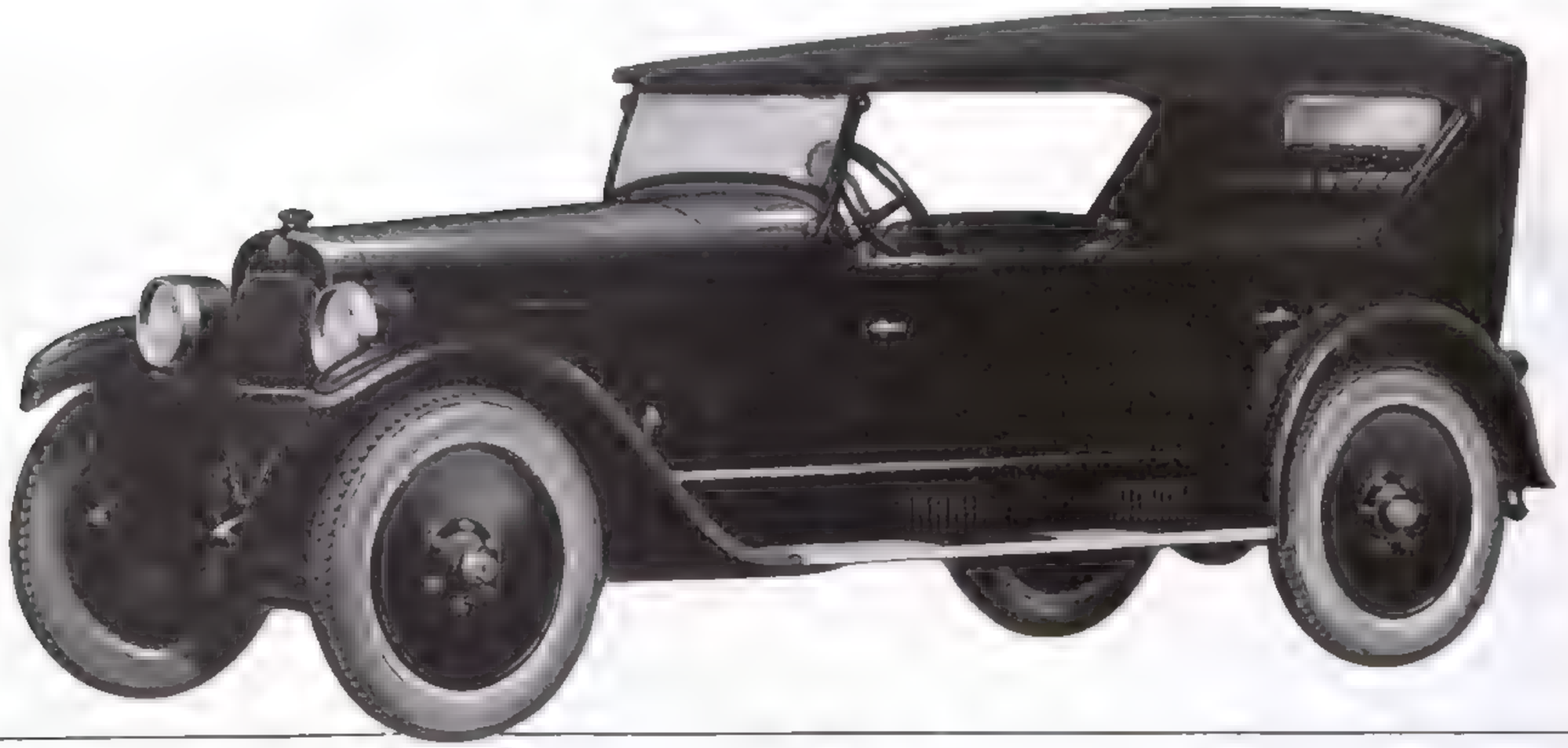
XXXII

THE next day, in the midst of a conference with Mordecai, Galt's eyes closed. The doctor was in the house. He shook his head knowingly.

There followed a fortnight of horrible suspense. Most of the time we did not know at a given moment whether he was alive or dead. Once for three days he did not open his eyes and we thought it was over. Then he looked at us again and we knew he had been conscious all the time. The faculty of speech never returned. There would be a rumor that he was dead, and prices would fall on the Stock Exchange; then a rumor that he wasn't, and prices would rise again. The newspapers established a death watch in the private Galt station and kept reporters there day and night to flash the news away. To keep them from the house I had to promise them solemnly that I would send word down promptly if the fatality happened.

Mrs. Galt and Natalie watched alternately. One or the other sat at his bedside all the time. One evening about eight o'clock I was sharing the vigil with Natalie, when Galt opened his eyes. We were sitting on opposite sides of his bed. He looked

(Continued on Page 30)



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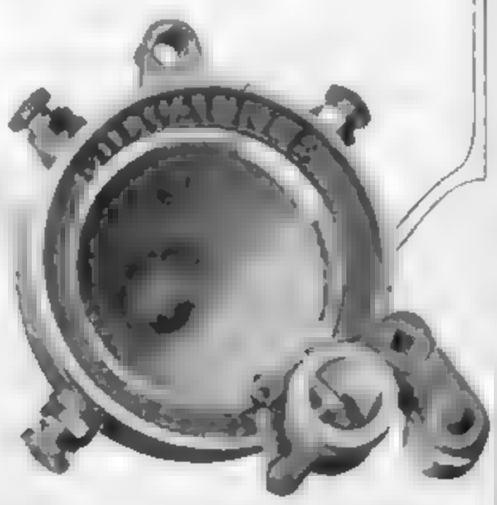


A special method of sealing and anchoring the contact points in their machine cut grooves makes this timer short circuit proof"

(Continued from Page 28)

from one of us to the other slowly, several times, and then fixed a wanting expression on me.

I knew what he wanted without asking. Natalie knew also. It concerned us deeply, uniting our lives, yet at that moment we were hardly conscious of ourselves. What thrilled us was the thought of something we should do for him because he wanted it.

I put out my hand to her across the bed. She clasped it firmly.

"This is what you mean?" I said.

"Yes," he answered.

A flood of recollection swept through me. I saw Natalie all the way back to girlhood, to that night of our first meeting in her father's house. I could not remember when I had not loved her. I saw everything that had happened between us, saw it in sunlight, and wondered how I could have been so unaware. Trifling incidents, almost forgotten, became suddenly luminous, precious and significant. And this instant had been from the beginning appointed!

Natalie, still clasping my hand, leaned far over and gazed intently into his eyes.

"You want me to marry Coxey?" she asked in a tone of caressing anxiety, which seemed wholly unconscious of me, almost excluding.

"Yes," he answered, repeating it several times, if that may be understood. The answer lingered in his eyes. Then they closed, as ponderous gates swing to, against his utmost will, and they never opened again.

He was buried in the side of Moonstool. All his great enemies came to assist at the obsequies. Bullguard was one of the pallbearers.

After the funeral the family returned to the Fifth Avenue house. Though I took up a permanent abode elsewhere, my apartment was still there and I came and went almost as one of the household.

The more I saw of Natalie the stranger and more distant she was. Her behavior was incomprehensible. She was friendly, often tender, always solicitous, but kept a wall of constraint between us. She positively refused to talk of our engagement and came to the point where she denied there was any such thing. When I proposed to cure that difficulty in a very obvious way she took refuge in fits of perverse and willful unreasonableness. She would spend a whole evening in some inaccessible mood and become herself only for an instant at the last.

Suddenly they resolved to travel. She persuaded her mother to it.

"Then we won't see Coxey for a long, long time," she said one evening at dinner; "and maybe he will miss us."

They went around the world. Her letters were friendly, sprightly, teasing, and very unsatisfactory. She would not be serious.

At last Galt's posthumous affairs began to settle so that I could leave them, and I immediately set out in a westerly direction, intending to meet Mrs. Galt and Natalie in the Orient on surprise.

I missed them in China, because they had revised their schedule and gone to Japan.

In Japan I missed them again because they were suddenly homesick and cut their sojourn short. We crossed the Pacific a week apart. They stopped only four days in San Francisco, so I missed them there. Then I telegraphed Natalie what I had been doing. Four months had passed without a word of news between us.

On arriving in New York I went directly to the Fifth Avenue house. As I rang the bell a feeling of desolation assailed me. The absurd thought rose that she somehow knew of my pursuit and had purposely defeated it.

She was downstairs, sitting alone before the fireplace in the reception hall, reading. She dropped her book and ran toward me, rather at me, slid the last ten feet of it with her head down, her arms flung wide, and welcomed me with a hearty hug.

"Are we?" I asked, holding her.

"Coxey, silly dear! All this time we have been."

(THE END)

THE HEAVIER WEIGHT

(Continued from Page 13)

imported collies come to him; and the object of his bellowings had merely yawned in most insolent fashion and had strolled away. Collies as a breed have reduced insolence to a fine art, for the benefit of those whom they do not care for.

It is true, the Beldencroft dogs obeyed Roke, and obeyed him with suspicious promptitude. But as they came at the kennel manager's call they had a way of flattening themselves on their stomachs and of crawling thus the last few steps of the journey to his feet. There was, too, a look in their eyes at such times that would have sickened the best type of collie fancier and would have made such a fancier's fist itch to come in contact with the whip-and-toe-wielding kennel manager's jaw.

Belden leaned forward, snapping his fleshy fingers at the collie, saying at the same time with loud cordiality, "Come here, old boy! Come along!"

Bobby had thrust his nose affectionately into Jamie's cupped hand. Now, at the booming call of Belden, the dog lifted his classic head toward the visitor, surveyed him with coldly inquiring eyes, then deliberately turned his back on him and sat down.

"He's—he's what they call a one-man dog, sir," explained Mackellar, in wriggling excuse for his chum's rudeness. "He don't take up much with strangers. Bobby boy! Go over to the gentleman, and stand there!"

At the order Bobby got to his feet, though without the eager speed that had accompanied his first reply to Jamie's call. With lofty reluctance he paced slowly across the room and came to a halt in front of Belden.

There he stood, statuelike, the mellow radiance of the table lamp bringing out every tiniest detail of his magnificent body and head.

Gazing, Rufus G. Belden drew in a quick breath of admiration. For more than a year, in off hours, he had been making a close study of collie show points. And he was already enough of a connoisseur to realize that this dog posing in front of him was one of the really great collies of America, if not of the world.

There was a majestic beauty and symmetry about Bobby that seemed to go beyond mere points. From the perfectly chiseled muzzle and expression-filled eyes and small tulip ears, to the heavily plumed brush, there was not an inch of him that did not spell superperfection.

For perhaps a full minute Rufus G. surveyed the dog, his fat and florid face a poker mask. Then he inquired tersely, "How much?"

Jamie blinked questioningly. Recalling tales of Scotch shrewdness in bargaining Belden misread the look.

"I am asking you," he explained with elaborate simplicity, "how much you want for the dog. I like him. And I'll pay you a fair price for him. How much?"

"Lochinvar Bobby is not for sale, sir," said Jamie, steadying his voice. "Lochinvar Bobby is my chum. He's no more for sale than one of my children would be. But I thank you for the compliment, none the less."

"Come, come!" laughed Rufus G., stretching out lazily in his chair and making as if to stroke Bobby's ruff—an attention from which the collie drew away in dignified haste. "Come, come, man! Just forget for a minute that your folks hailed from Scotland, and stop haggling. Name a price. Of course it will be an exorbitant price. Everyone stings a rich man. If the post office wasn't run by Uncle Sam its clerks would charge me half a dollar apiece for every two-cent stamp I buy. So I'm braced to hear you put a national-debt figure on the tike. And the chances are that I won't pay it. But name a sum anyhow. Then we'll have a starting point. How much?"

Meantime Jamie had once more mastered himself, and was saying mildly: "I'm not haggling, Mr. Belden. I am glad the dog pleases you. But he is not for sale. He and I are chums. If I can't make you believe that, and if I can't make you understand that I'm in earnest, I'm sorry."

There was gentleness in the soft tones, but there was also finality. Nor was there a tinge of awe or of favor currying for the city's mightiest man. And Rufus G.—so long accustomed to servility that it affected him somewhat as might a fourth helping of ice cream—was almost as pleased by the novelty as he was piqued by this balking of one of his seldom-balked whims.

"Just as you say," he assented with unshaken joviality. "There are as many ways of buying what I want as there are ways of cooking eggs. Because the simplest of those ways won't get across—well, let it go at that. I was interested in the dog because of what Roke has told me about him and because he won against such a stiff field at Westminster. And now that I've seen him he's twice as good as I expected. But we'll come back to him another time. What ought dog feed to cost?"

Jamie's worried lack of comprehension as to his guest's awkwardly cryptic words about Bobby melted in the interest of this new theme.

"Why, sir," he said, "you can spend a fortune in feeding a kennel of collies. Or you can do it for a bottom price and still keep your dogs in A 1 condition. More die from overfeeding than from underfeeding. Just like folks. You can get plate meat, at wholesale, for three or four cents the pound, sometimes for much less. You can buy butcher scraps for almost nothing, and stale broken bread for little more. There are other parts of meat and bone that cost a song, by wholesale. Then, with skim milk, and odds and ends of vegetables, and perhaps a little patent food now and then, and a knack for cooking up your combination—why, each of your dogs oughtn't to cost you as much as a dollar a week; at very most. Maybe not much more'n a half of that. Especially if you own a cow. And ——"

"H'm!" cut in Belden, as if dismissing a subject that did not interest him. "Roke is a thrifty young man. It won't be his fault if he starves. I always enjoy auditing his bills. I'll enjoy it more after this. It's a real delight to be rich. I make everyone around me so happy—whether I want to or not. Ever see my Beldencroft Chieftain? Big rangy young sable. Plain face. True Hector-Stirling blend. Bred him myself. Eleven months old now. Best pup I've been able to breed, so far. By my imported Seedley Sabbatical, out of ——"

"I know the pup you mean, sir. I've never seen him. But didn't he get Winners' last month at Akron? A nice pup, from all accounts."

"You've said it," approved Belden. "Took Winners' at Akron. And good enough to take Winners' at the big Midwestburg Show next week."

He spoke carelessly; nor did he seem to note the sudden ramrod stiffness that came into Jamie's backbone and features.

"Yep," prattled on Rufus G. "He's easy good for Winners' at Midwestburg next week."

"Excuse me, sir," interposed Jamie with an odd iciness in his low voice. "Excuse me. But you perhaps don't know I am to judge collies at the Midwestburg. So, of course, I can't discuss ——"

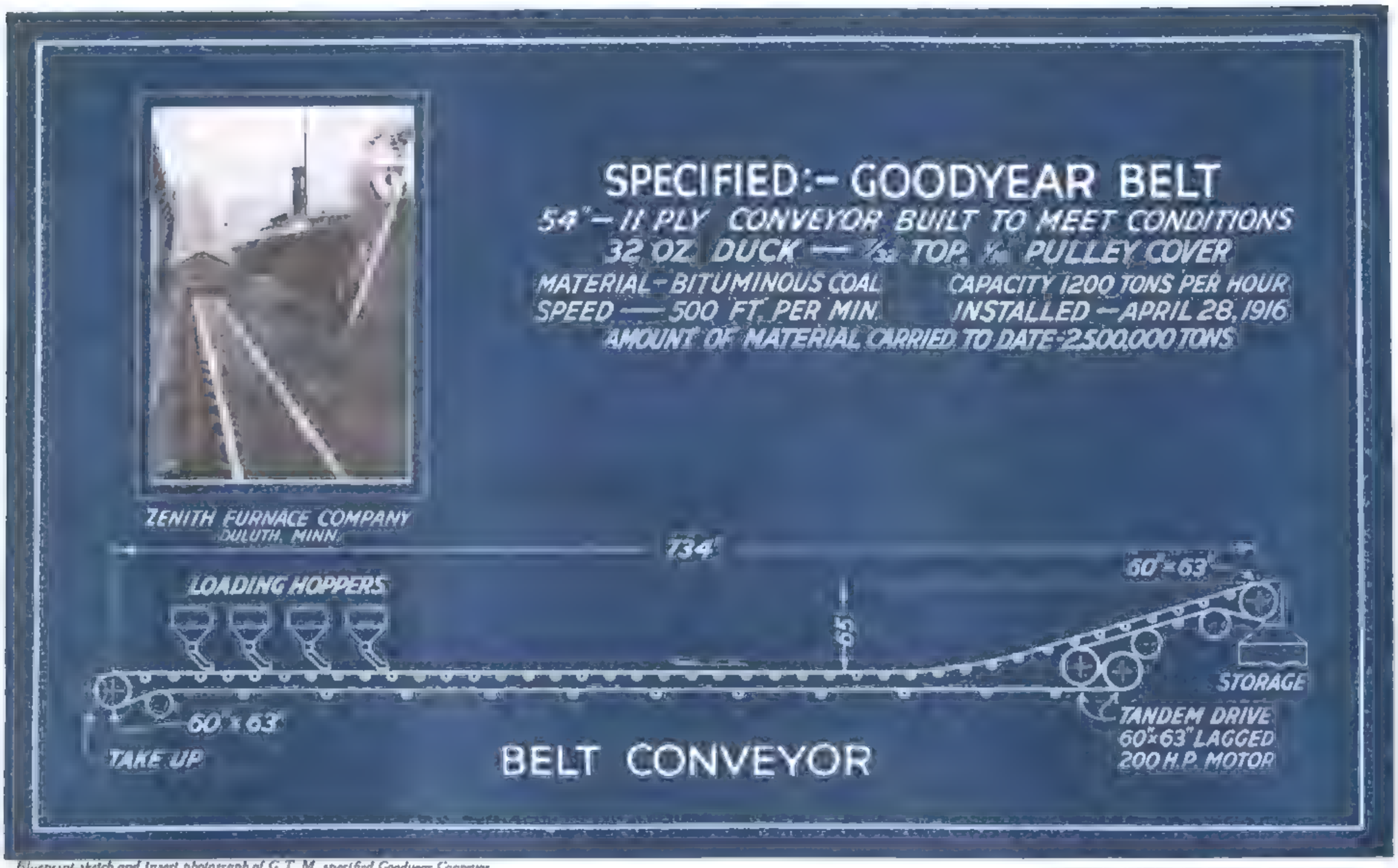
"That dog, now," pursued Belden, totally ignoring the hint; "there's a funny bit of history about him. At least not about him at all, but about a dog he's due to meet there. Ever hear of Willard Ulrich's new imported collie, Greencourt Golden Boy?"

"Yes, sir," said Jamie, the ice still in his voice and his eyes. "I've read about him. I never saw him."

"No? Well, you will next week. He's entered for the Midwestburg. I tried to buy Golden Boy as soon as I heard how he cleaned up at the Crystal Palace Show in London. I cabled his owner as soon as I read it. Offered him six thousand dollars for the dog. And what does Ulrich do but cable him, three days later than I did, and offer sixty-four hundred dollars. Ulrich got him. He got him over my head. Outbid me. Got the best of Rufus G. Belden—the little New York shrimp! No man ever yet did that and got away with it. I hear he's joking about it; laughing at me for losing out, after I cabled first! That isn't on the free list."

He paused, his eyes clouding like some cranky child's, his fat lips twisting peevishly. Then he went on: "I'm going to beat Golden Boy at every show he goes to if I've

(Continued on Page 33)



Blueprint sketch and insert photograph of G. T. M. specified Goodyear Conveyor Belt in service at the dock of the Zenith Furnace Company, Duluth, Minnesota

Copyright 1922, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

Six Years of Service—and the G. T. M.

One of the best examples of the sincere service which is furnished on Goodyear Belts before, during and after application is offered in the story of the Goodyear Conveyor Belt of the Zenith Furnace Company, of Duluth, Minnesota. In making its present record for both age and tonnage, under the severe climatic conditions it is called on to endure, this great belt has had the benefit of a scientific service that is exclusively Goodyear in kind and quality.

The first service given on this belt was provided before the belt itself was built. The G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—began it with his study of the Zenith Furnace Company's conveying problem and operating conditions. He noted the requirement for speed in the unloading of coal from the ships arriving at the Company's dock—ships that value their time on a demurrage basis of $1,000 per 8-hour day! He calculated the effect of the sudden atmospheric changes to which the belt would be exposed, together with the cold of the Northern winter through which it must lie idle.

His original recommendation called for a specially constructed Goodyear Conveyor Belt that would cut the unloading time in half, withstand the severe weather conditions, stand up under the abrasive action of the coal, save time, save labor, save money.

Goodyear Service attended the application of this belt. Goodyear engineers were present with the G. T. M. during the installation, seeing to it that everything was properly arranged for its most efficient operation.

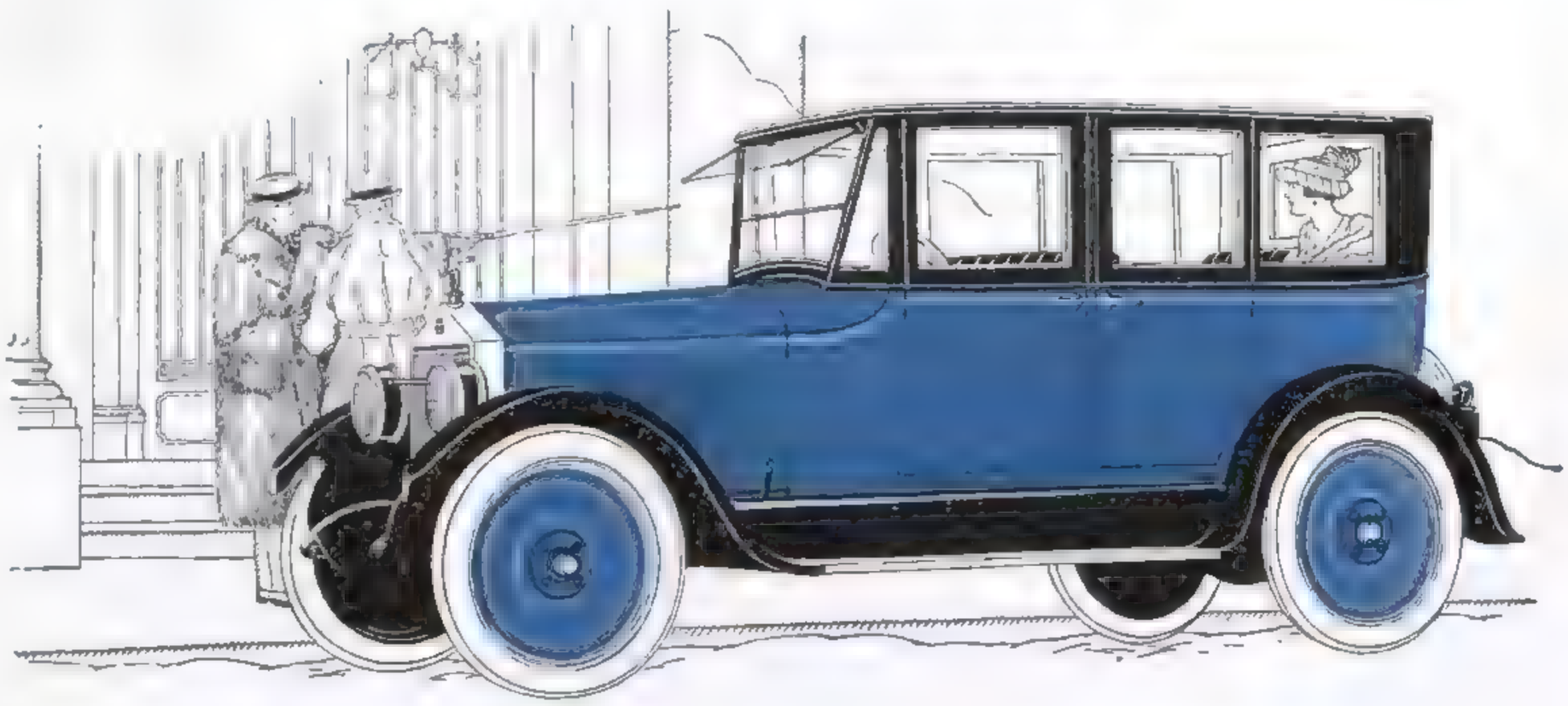
Now this belt has served through six seasons. It has carried 2,500,000 tons of coal. Superintendent Collins and Dock Manager Applehagen of the Zenith Furnace Company say it has returned its first cost many times over in the money it has saved. They believe it is good for several seasons to come. Its condition today is such that its cover stock, taking the brunt of the abrasive action, shows less than 15% of wear.

To the watchful and capable service of the G. T. M. must be given a large share of the credit for the belt's performance. He has inspected it regularly, at frequent intervals. In co-operation with Supt. Collins he has worked out one suggestion after another for its care and operation, to prolong its life and to increase its efficiency. The total result of his vigilant effort has been to get out of this belt for its owners all the value built into it.

The service on this belt is typical of the service Goodyear furnishes on every Goodyear Conveyor or Transmission Belt. This Goodyear Service is available for your plant. For further information about it, write to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

GOODYEAR

850



Advanced style and mechanical excellence happily combined in an exceptionally fine car

Here's a car for lovers of outdoors—for those of luxurious habit—for those who covet distinction.

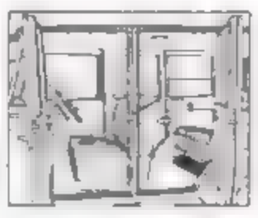
Resplendent in royal Versailles blue—grace in every line—wearing its shining silver lamps and gleaming radiator like a queen's tiara.

Such patient care and thought are expressed in every little refinement—such complete mastery of engineering fundamentals. A half century ago Moon craftsmen began to learn fine coach-building—for fifteen years Moon engineers have been studying automobile design and practice—American and foreign.

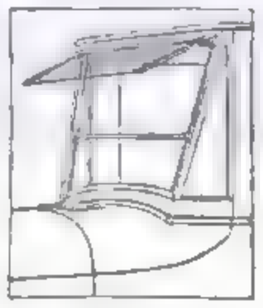
Luxurious! Silk-finished, imported broadcloth upholstery and trimming in soft blue tones that harmonize perfectly with the body color. Carpeted in blue wool—thick, soft Wilton type. Cozy blue silk curtains. All mouldings of hardwood beautifully satin ebonized. Hardware of special design.

Home comfort in the seats—those deep, soft lounges. A dome light and two reading lamps sound the home note again. A perfect heater, too—an adjustable foot-rest—what more could the coziest corner of your sitting room give you? And your dressing table can travel with you in the dainty vanity cases.

All doors are exceptionally wide. They invite you in—discharge you gracefully. The windows are a joy in their quick, effortless responsiveness to any adjustment. English-Mersicks heavy bolt locks eliminate noise and rattle.



Now give a thought to the driver—supreme master of his car. The telltales on the instrument board beneath his eyes are shining sentinels over every function of the mechanism. And at last a really rain-proof windshield—an exclusive Moon design with no blind angles to obstruct vision—and a sun visor as standard equipment.



Lamps—the newest snare-drum type, easily adjusted to any desired angle.

A final word to the wise. Avoid the obvious—shun the commonplace—seek to know more about the Moon Sedan.

Fully equipped, the 5-passenger Touring Car and the 3-passenger Sport Roadster are priced at $1785. The 4-passenger Coupé, the 5-passenger Petite Sport Sedan and the 5-passenger Sedan at $2785, f. o. b. St. Louis. The standard body color of all models is Versailles blue. You can get true yet wonderful pictures of them all in the photographic brochure if you'll just write for it

The MOON Sedan

Built by Moon Motor Car Company, St. Louis, U. S. A. Founded 1907 by Joseph W. Moon

(Continued from Page 30)

got to buy up the whole collie output of both continents to do it. I'm going to keep him from getting his American championship. I'll have at least one collie better than he is at every show he goes to. I'm going to make that New York butter-in think he has blown sixty-four hundred dollars on a piece of cheese. I'm going to do it if it costs me a half million dollars. I can do it too. I've got a collie in mind that can win over anything else I've ever seen. I'm going to get him. But I can't get him just yet. And, anyhow, it'd be too late to transfer ownership in time for the Midwestburg. The best I can put against Golden Boy, there, is my Beldencroft Chieftain. Chieftain is the better dog—far and away the better dog."

He spoke with truculent authority. Jamie made no reply.

"I'm saying," growled Belden with hot arrogance, "that my Chieftain is the better dog."

"I heard you," responded Mackellar frigidly. "And I'm hoping you also heard me when I said I am to judge collies at that show, and that I can't discuss the entries beforehand with anyone."

"Rot!" scoffed Belden, forcing a return to his former joviality. "D'you know how I made my pile? I didn't try finesse and diplomacy and all that sort of piffle. When I wanted a thing I went and got it. I went at it with my head down and both fists working overtime. And I smashed through to the thing I was after. That's still my way, till somebody can show me a better."

He laughed very loudly indeed, and stared hard at Jamie. But Mackellar might have been carved out of rough stone. Leaning toward his little host Belden laid one ample forefinger on the Scot's wizened chest.

"Get this!" said he with a sudden authority that somehow impressed the deeply offended Mackellar and turned his grimness to perturbation. "Get this! It's nearer to diplomacy than I generally bother to try for. If I wanted to make sure of a dog of mine winning, d'you know what I'd do? First of all I'd find out who was to judge. Then I'd find out all I could about that judge. If he had a weakness or a black spot in him I'd find it. If he had the name of being square and I couldn't reach him any other way I'd look into his finances. Money is a big thing, but the lack of it is a hell of a sight bigger."

Jamie sat speechless, his brain in a whirl. Through the mists of his astonishment boomed the big voice of Rufus G.

"If I found he was down and out, and had mortgages plastered over everything, and had big expenses and hard luck—well, first of all I'd stick him deeper into debt. Into debt to me. So deep he couldn't climb out. So deep that he couldn't pay for the keep of his sick wife and kid without the money he owed. So deep that he'd be turned inside out and smashed flat if his debts were called in. So deep that his chattel mortgage would include every stick and wheel and every item of livestock he owned. Then I'd say to a certain lawyer: 'Well done, Ellis, my friend!' Then I'd have Scally tie the man up with a forfeit clause in a contract he couldn't keep without his mortgaged truck. And then I'd go to this judge and I'd say to him ——"

Jamie Mackellar leaped to his feet with a force that upset his rickety chair and brought the drowsing Bobby to his side with a bound. Scrambling at top speed to the front door the little man flung it wide with a bang.

Wheeling on the placidly observing Belden, he shrilled in wild Gaelic fury: "Get out of here! Get out, I'm telling you!"

In no way impressed, Rufus G. lolled back in his chair and fingered a cigar.

"As soon as you get all that honest indignation out of your system," he soothed, "we'll come down to brass tacks. I've no wish to foreclose on you, man. Do the right thing by me at the Midwestburg and at other shows, and I'll do the right thing by you. But I have you in a very tidy little hole. And 'chattel mortgage' means Lochinvar Bobby, you know, along with the rest. The dog I'm going to block Golden Boy with at later shows. Now suppose we talk like grown men and not like two ——"

"I've told you twice to get out of here!" foamed Mackellar, his shrill voice at last breaking through the rumbling volume of Belden's speech. "Go now while you can go safe. If I use force on you ——"

The big man's laugh broke in on his sputterings. Rising in leisurely fashion to his full six feet of broad-shouldered height Rufus G. drawled, "By force, eh? Son, do you want your sample-sized body squashed as flat as your finances?"

Jamie was dead-white with a wrath that made him shake as with a hard chill. Turning to the excited dog at his side he whispered pantingly, "Bobby! Bobby lad! *Take* him!"

Before the command was fairly voiced a tawny streak hurtled through mid-air like a flung spear. Before Rufus G. Belden could step aside, almost before his right arm could be raised instinctively to defend his throat, Lochinvar Bobby's seventy pounds of whalebone muscle crashed against his broad chest.

Aiming for the fat throat, and encountering the instinctively upflung forearm, the dog's terrible fangs sheared their way through the fur sleeve of the overcoat, through the sleeves of coat and silken shirt beneath, and to the pudgy flesh itself.

Under the impact Belden reeled backward, shouting and gobbling in terror. Catching his heel on a rung of the chair from which he had so lazily arisen he toppled crashingly to the floor, bringing the chair down under him.

Bobby, in wild-beast fashion, ravened for the thick throat of his victim.

Then through the din came again that panted whisper, "Enough, Bobby boy! But *watch* him!"

Reluctantly the splendid dog drew back from his writhing and bellowing prey. He stood over the man in tense eagerness, but made no move to attack. Belden lay asprawl, his reddened little eyes now on the giant dog above him, now on the puny man who still held wide the door.

"Are ye going?" demanded Jamie.

"I'm going," gurgled Rufus G.

"Let him up, Bobby!" ordered Mackellar.

Belden gathered himself together. His nerve returned at the let-up of the peril. In his wonted voice he said, "But if I know men you'll give Winners' and Best-of-Breed to Chieftain at the Midwestburg next week. If not—well, if you think I've been bluffing, call me."

He made for the door. At the threshold he paused, letting his eyes rest on the eagerly watching dog.

"Bobby," he mouthed, "when you belong to me we'll have a little settlement for to-night's fun. A little settlement, Bobby. Ever see a rawhide when it's running red with blood? No? Well, you're going to."

He was gone. Jamie stood staring after him, paralyzed and spent from his own emotion. Long Mackellar stood there, while the night wind chilled him and set the lamp to flickering dangerously. And close to his side stood the great dog, looking appealingly up into his master's palsied face and longing for a word or a glance to reassure him that Mackellar's momentary trouble was past.

But no word or glance was forthcoming. After a while Jamie shut the door and wandered back into the room. Mechanically he righted the overturned chair. Then he let himself down into it, slumping very low, with his hands hanging limp at his sides and his jaw adroop.

Lochinvar Bobby lay close beside him. Once or twice he thrust his nose against the unresponsive hand. Once or twice he whimpered softly. And never did his deep-set, sorrowful eyes shift from his god's blank face.

The fire died down. The lamp began to sputter. The silence lay heavy as a shroud. Steadily increasing cold crept through the room. And still Mackellar sat there. Still the big bronze-and-snow collie kept his moveless vigil.

At last Jamie stirred ever so slightly. Bobby arose and stood facing him, mutely expectant. The man's eyes fell on the dog, and into the dull face came back a trace of expression.

"Bobby!" groaned Mackellar. "You heard it. You heard it all. You heard what he said. And—and you heard what he said to you about the rawhide, Bobby. When he said that I could 'a' cursed myself for calling you off him before you'd finished him. He—he shan't have you, Bobby! He shan't have our house, either. He shan't get the truck and make me forfeit to Scally. And he shan't make Elspeth and mistress come home only half cured, to get sick all over again from living in one wee room somewhere, and eating one meal a day till I get work enough to keep 'em. He shan't, Bobby! It'd mean the death of them. Just as it'd be the breaking of all I've built up; and the loss of you, Bobby. He—he shan't!"

The dog whimpered and laid his beautiful head on his master's knee. The stark misery in Jamie's voice went through Bobby like hot steel. And he longed in vain to comfort the heart-crushed little man. Presently Mackellar spoke again; and, head on one side, Bobby listened as though he could understand.

"It's to be weighed, Bobby," muttered Jamie. "It's to be weighed. Like everything else in this kittle-kattle life of ours. And, Bobby, I've been weighing it. Careful and close I've been weighing it this past hour. Weighing it to the last grain. And here's what it comes to: I can play square—oh, but it's fine to be able to play square, Bobby; and I never knew it till now!—I can play square; and yon swine can get you and the house here and the truck and everything else; and still leave me with a hantle of debt that'll take me years to lift. He can strip me of everything worth while. Elspeth and mistress are sick, Bobby; and they need lots of things if they're to be well again. Things that cost money. And I'll have no money. I'll not even have you to maunder to when I'm in the dumps, Bobby. And I'm like to kill him, besides, if he does what he says about—about the rawhide. Why, Bobby, you've never had a blow! You'd not understand it. It'd ruin you. It'd turn my sonsy big chum into a wild brute. All that if I play square, Bobby lad!"

The dog licked one of Mackellar's clenched hands and whined under his breath.

Then the droning voice continued: "All that to salvage a wee, whimperin' trifle called 'self-respect,' Bobby. And it's not worth the price. Not even if my battered old soul was to be tossed in along with it. If I'll say 'yes' to parting with that ilk rag of self-respect, then we'll all go on nice and comfy, same as we are now, till I have time to turn around and find a safe way out of debt. It means I keep you and the house and the truck; and that Elspeth and mistress will get well, and Don can keep on at his fine school, Bobby. All of that weighs too much. We've got to knuckle under and do like he says, and try not to make a bad face over the mouthful. We've got to, Bobby. And that's all there is to it. He reads men easy. And he read that I'd do as he says, even while I was ramping at him. He wins. And —— Oh, but he'd look fair grand roasting in hell! Just the same—he wins. He owns us, Bobby!"

It was a haggard-faced Jamie Mackellar who stalked into Ring Number 5 a week later to judge the collie division of the Midwestburg Kennel Club's annual show.

Class after class came up for judging—Male Puppy, Novice, Limit, American-bred—and over each he wrought with machinelike accuracy in which there was no semblance of personal interest. He was dreading the Open, Sable-and-White Class.

Contrary to all his tenets he had peeped into a catalogue before entering the ring. And he had found that, though Beldencroft Chieftain was entered for Puppy and Americanbred, the Ulrich collie, Golden Boy, was entered only for Open, Sable-and-White.

Thus the two could not clash, at earliest, until Winners' Class should be called—the ordeal in which the best dog in each regular class is brought into the ring to compete for the crowning prize of best collie of his sex, or Winner.

In Puppy and in Americanbred the Beldencroft dog was shown by Rufus G. himself; this to the surprise of Mackellar, who supposed Roke would handle Belden's dogs for the contest, as usual.

"Wants to keep his eye on me himself, in case I might forget to obey orders," mused the wretched Jamie.

But the sight of Belden's collie gave the judge's aching conscience a moment of surcease. Chieftain was a slashing dark sable, in quality well above the rank and file of show dogs. He was easily the best entrant in both his regular classes. With no loss, thus far, of self-respect, Jamie awarded him the blue ribbon in each class.

If only the Ulrich dog should prove inferior to Chieftain! Mackellar allowed himself to hope, even while he sickened at the proprietary grin of perfect understanding wherewith Belden favored him on receiving the two blue ribbons.

Into the ring, after an eternity, came the Open, Sable-and-White Class. There were five dogs here, two of them champions. But at first glance Mackellar's expert eye settled upon one exquisite pale-gold youngster that he would have known from his pictures even if he had not been led in by

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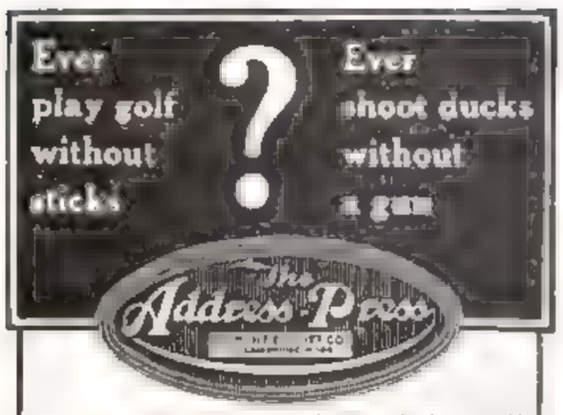

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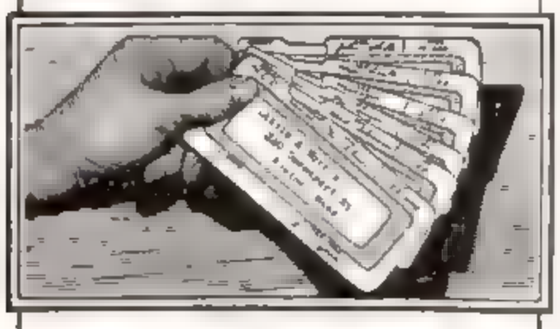

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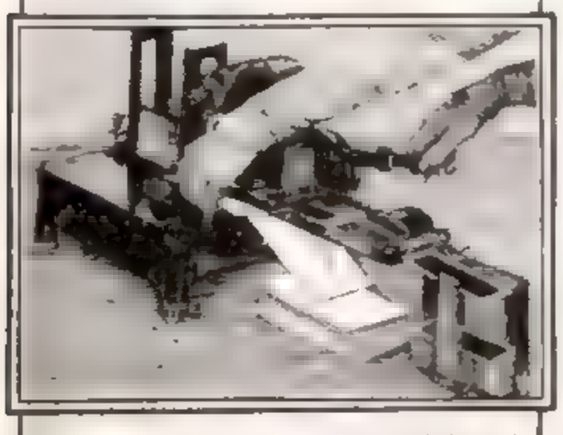

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Ulrich's kennel manager. This was Golden Boy. And his owner had made little error in paying such a price for him. Not once in three shows did Jamie encounter such a perfect type.

In another five minutes Golden Boy strode out of the ring, winner of the blue ribbon for his class.

Then, in pitiably short time, the Winners' Class was called, and the victors of the preceding classes were brought in. The veriest tyro could have told that the final decision lay between Chieftain and Golden Boy, and three experts out of four, among the rail birds, knew that Golden Boy was the better dog.

Jamie Mackellar drew a long breath as he watched his steward lay the purple Winners' rosette and the purple-and-white Reserve Winners' strip of ribbon side by side on the open judging book. Then shutting his lips into a white line he turned to the filthy task of selling his professional honor.

Perfunctorily he went over the several lesser candidates, then motioned Chieftain and Golden Boy to the block.

Shoulder to shoulder stood the two splendid collies and from between puckered lids Jamie surveyed them. Then he went over them with his sensitive fingers, testing, feeling, appraising. In turn, he made them walk and come back to their places on the block.

Unduly long he squatted in front of the two collies, studying them. Ulrich's manager fidgeted at the prolonged strain to which his dog was put. But Belden smiled with a perfect happiness. His man was doing some really creditable acting.

Mackellar rose wearily to his feet and slouched over to the judging book. Picking up the book and the two bits of silk he returned to the block.

"What's your dog's number?" he asked Belden.

At the query a buzz ran through the quadruple line of rail birds, for nineteen times out of twenty a judge asks this question first of the man to whose dog he intends to give the first prize, before asking it of the next exhibitor.

Mackellar, jotting down the two numbers in his book, heard the rail birds' hum. And he read it aright. In it he read surprise, even disappointment. But there was no hint of contempt, as at an unjust decision. The crowd might not agree with him, but it trusted him.

It trusted him!

Catching his breath in almost a sob Jamie thrust the Winners' rosette into the hand of the amazed Ulrich manager. Then wheeling wrathfully upon the chapfallen Belden he proffered him the purple-and-white Reserve Winners' ribbon.

"Take it, and be damned to you!" he snarled under his breath. "Golden Boy's the better dog. Now go ahead and squash me!"

Early winter dusk was filtering down as Jamie Mackellar plodded up his own front walk and let himself into his cottage. As always, Lochinvar Bobby greeted him rapturously.

Instead of giving the dog a friendly pat and passing on into the living room Mackellar shut the door behind him. Then he knelt down and took the collie's classic head and shaggy ruff into his arms with a hug that strangled Bobby almost as much as it delighted him.

Getting up, Jamie walked very fast into the kitchen. From the ice box he drew a sirloin steak.

"Bobby," he said, "I was going to eat this myself to-night. I got it to—to celebrate. But there isn't anything to celebrate, Bobby. And I'm giving it to you. Eat hearty. Enjoy it a whole lot. Because—because —— Anyhow, fall to; and get a staving good supper; before ——"

The sentence stopped with a choke. Leaving his chum avidly devouring the unaccustomed feast Mackellar stumped into the bedroom and began to rummage in a chest of drawers. By the time the steak was wolfed down Jamie had found what he sought in the chest, and had hidden the thing in one of his pockets. Now he came again and stood looking down in silence on Bobby. Twice the man swallowed hard and his lips trembled oddly. He sat down in the nearest chair and called Bobby to him. Holding the dog's head between quivering hands he began to speak:

"Bobby lad, I thought I could go through with it to-day. I thought sure I could. I was all ready to. But—but they—they trusted me, Bobby. And—you'll remember what I said the other night about weighing things? All at once I knew that the earth and the kingdoms thereof didn't weigh one-billionth as much as the thing that makes folks trust a chap. Whatever that thing is I don't rightly know, Bobby. Not by name. But I had it. I've always had it. And there I was just on the edge of throwing it away. I couldn't. It weighed too much. So I ——"

He choked, cleared his throat impatiently and resumed:

"Our kind of honor, yours and mine, isn't on the free list, Bobby boy. It's due to cost all we got—and more. But mistress will understand when I tell her; and she'll say I done right. She'll help me fight back to luck, like she always has. And I've got a hunch that, soon or late, square folks is bound to win through, Bobby. I know it. So it'll be all right, somehow, somewhen, for all of us—except you."

Again he paused, trying to steady his wabbling voice.

"It won't be all right for you, Bobby," said he. "Because you're a chattel, even if you've got a soul three times too big for your body. He'll be here any time for you, Bobby. And he'll bring the law to take you away from me. And I could stand that if it'd be a happy home you was going to, even if it cut out the heart of me to lose you. But—you heard what he said about that—that rawhide, Bobby!"

The dog, unmoving, stood looking up into his master's face, the dark eyes alight with loving sympathy at Jamie's tone of distress.

"Bobby," said Mackellar, speaking slowly, "he's not going to have you. He's not going to beat you and torture you. No one ever is. And, Bobby, there's just one way I can keep it from happening. Just one way. Lord, but I wish I had the right to use that same way on myself, to-night!"

He drew forth what he had taken from the chest of drawers. Bobby sniffed at its strange odor with interest.

"You'll stand looking up at me, all friendly, Bobby," went on the slow, even tone, "and loving me and believing in me. Then there'll maybe be just a second of—of hurt. And then, before you get a chance to know I've harmed you, you'll—you'll be fast asleep. There's worse things, Bobby, than being asleep; asleep for always. Aiblins one day you'll come galloping to meet me, Bobby lad; to lead me Home. There's that to hope for. It don't cost anything to hope. It's the only thing, besides worry, that don't cost."

Jamie, aware of a draft from the threshold, guiltily lowered the half-raised pistol and hid it under his coat. At the same time he caught Bobby by the ruff. For the dog, with bent head, was making for the doorway, wherein stood Rufus G. Belden.

"Well, well!" exclaimed Belden as Jamie eyed him dumbly. "Pretty picture, eh? Bidding the faithful hound good-by, just as the new boss comes for him! He ——"

"No!" rasped Jamie. "Bidding him good-by and godspeed before he goes beyond your dirty reach for good. Clear out of here, unless you want to see something die that's worth a hundred of you! Chase!"

Rufus G. had caught a glimpse of the pistol's bright barrel. His small eyes widened.

"The execution can wait a minute," he said quietly. "Perhaps it can wait forever. That's up to you. I came here to say something, and I'm not in the habit of leaving any place till I've had my say."

Jamie made no reply. He was fighting with a crazy yearning to let Bobby end his career by ending Belden's.

"I fired Roke day before yesterday," observed Belden conversationally. "I'd been watching him for the best part of a year. But he was too clever for me, till he got careless. They all get careless. And I found he'd been clearing up something like twenty-eight hundred dollars a year, over and above his five thousand dollars salary, on dog-food graft and traveling expenses. If he'd fed the collies on filet mignon and hired special trains, the bills couldn't have been as high. He stood in with butcher and baker and all."

He waited. No answer. Belden continued:

"As soon as I had the proof I canned him. His job is empty. Want it? There's a good little house goes with it, back of the kennels. A bigger house than this. Same pay as Roke got. It's a highway-robbery salary; or at least it used to be. But I've a notion a square man who understands the feeding-and-traveling game can save more than half of it for me in other expenses. Besides, it'll be kind of funny to have a fellow working for me who isn't afraid of me and can't be bullied or bribed.

"By the way, I got the news yesterday, through an agency I'd sicked onto Roke, that it was he who tipped off Ulrich, by wire, about the offer I'd cabled for Golden Boy. Got a hundred dollars for the tip. A sweet soul. Want that job?"

"No!" flamed Jamie, finding his tongue in a rush of words. "No! I don't. You can't clean me out and steal my dog and try to make a crook of me—and then settle the bill by offering me a fat job. I don't want it. I'm going to put Bobby out of your reach; and then work like a slave till my debt's paid and I'm on my feet again. Those are all of my plans that concern you. I ——"

"Maybe so," agreed Belden, unruffled. "Maybe so. And maybe not. When you threw me down to-day I was for getting a city marshal and a dispossess gang, and turning you into the street before sunset; and then beating your dog to death where you could see me do it. Oh, I had a swell program laid out! Then I got to thinking. The biggest railroad deal I ever put across was by turning an honest enemy into an honest friend. And I got to thinking of that while I was cooling down to-day. About that and about—you, Mackellar. I didn't think there was a man alive who'd throw away everything he had, and more, just for the sake of a fool notion of squareness. And I figured I could use such a man better for my own interests than by breaking him. So I came around here. Want that job?"

Again Jamie did not speak, this time because he was watching Lochinvar Bobby. One of Belden's hamlike hands had come to rest on the collie's head. And not only was Bobby failing to resent it but he was actually standing passively under the caress and gazing up at the intruder with a grave friendliness.

"I'm not back-tracking on anything I did," said Rufus G. with a tinge of defiance in his big voice. "It was finance. But—there seems to be something in this game of sportsmanship that's outside of finance. I don't quite understand it. But it's there. And you've got it. And I mean to have you. I'm in this sport for keeps. And I'm surrounded by a bunch of crooks. If ever I'm to get anywhere in the game I've got to have a kennel manager who is working for his own honesty and whiteness, before he's even working for Rufus G. Belden. I ——"

He paused and looked a shade less cocksure than was his habit. Then, as ever, he branched off on a new tack.

"Lochinvar Bobby will still be yours," said he. "For shows he'll be a Mackellar-Belden dog, independent of the kennels. We are going to show him as partners, each standing half the expense and splitting the profits the same way. And ——"

"Bobby lad!" exclaimed Jamie with sudden noisy enthusiasm as he flung the pistol out into the road and shook the collie with loving roughness by one shaggy shoulder. "Bobby, I'll bet a year's pay the Mackellar-Belden entry will keep Ulrich's dog from getting his championship till he's so old they'll have to ship him to shows in sections. I—I wish I hadn't given you all that fine steak. Lord, but I'm hungry!"

PEERLESS

JANUARY 1922

Humanizing the Motor Car

A really fine motor car attracts an eager and an appreciative market in America as surely as a magnet attracts steel.

Of all the conveniences and commodities of modern civilization, it is still the one most desired.

But it must be truly fine, in the strict and literal meaning of the word—and that fineness is the fruit of a combination of elements rarely attained.

Engineering genius is not enough, nor metallurgical skill, nor mastery of design, nor scrupulous choice of materials, nor fine manufacturing equipment, nor unlimited financial strength.

After all these have been supplied, the history of the past twenty-five years has proven time and again that something else must be superadded which spells the difference between the ordinary and the exceptional.

That something else is almost like a transmutation of the lifeless metals which enter into the construction of the car.

It endows the completed product with an entity as much its own as the personality of a human being.

Neither technical skill, nor scientific accuracy, nor soundness of theory, nor all of them combined, *necessarily* confers this peculiar identity upon a motor car.

Motor cars are built for human beings, who re-act to them continuously, in brain and body, with every pulse of the motor and every turn of the wheel.

It is important, therefore, that engineer, and designer, and metallurgist, and manufacturer, alike, shall warm the cold processes of theory and practise, with constant remembrance of flesh and blood.

When such a car is achieved, it is not merely mobile in the highest sense of that word, but instantly obedient to every demand of human ease and enjoyment.

It is only achieved when the individual craftsman submerges the ego of his genius and unites with his fellows in harmonious group-action under intelligent direction.

When such group-action and direction are assured, and when the hard mechanical processes are mellowed, and softened, and humanized—then, and only then, does a motor car become the perfect personal servant.

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depends to a large degree on the UNIFORMITY of ACCURATE workmanship in the construction of the carcass or foundation.

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Belts of *Ropes* come to this machine, cut to the correct length for building the size of tire required. Strips of fabric on the under side of the belts mark the *precise* places where the ropes must pass around the bead wires. This flat carcass is shaped by an air process.

The building of a Carlisle tire is practically *mechanical*. The human variable is reduced to almost nothing.

Carlisle *ropes* will deliver unusual mileage — *consistently* — because they are built with machine-like accuracy — every tire exactly the same.

Consistency of performance is but one of the seven fundamental features of tire construction that makes

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"Destined to Revolutionize the Industry"

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CARLISLE TIRE CORPORATION
Stamford, Conn

EIGHT MILLION BUBBLES

(Continued from Page 10)

that even his blackest suspicions seemed fair compared to the reality. All that morning he had been pounding on his typewriter, oblivious of his surroundings, for when he started he had a gift for concentration.

Abstractedly he had gone out for lunch in a near-by cellar, and had returned shortly with his heavy eyebrows still twisted, his coat still awry. Immediately on his return he reached, as was his wont, for his corncob pipe, lighted it and returned to his work, pausing now and then to blow clouds of smoke against the keyboard of his typewriter.

It was three o'clock when Marianne interrupted him. She was obliged to speak twice before he looked up. Marianne was smiling her little timid smile and resting her chin on the palm of her hand. It occurred to him as he swung around in his chair that she looked less like a business woman than ever.

"Do they advertise the brand of tobacco you're smoking?" asked Marianne.

William moved apprehensively in his chair.

"Why, no," he said; "I don't believe they do."

Marianne still looked at him thoughtfully, and he became aware of a certain diplomatic tenseness. Casting a hasty glance to one side, he found that Charley and George and Ed had paused in their labors, and were looking also.

"I'm glad they don't," said Marianne. "I should hate to lose my faith in advertising."

She must have thought it was funny, for she laughed, a merry little laugh. Strangely enough Charley and George and Ed must have thought it was funny, too, for they laughed also.

"Sometime," said William, smiling faintly, "I hope to be able to afford some milder, advertised brand, though I don't see any immediate prospect."

"You don't mind if I hope so too?" inquired Marianne.

There was a certain chill satisfaction in finding how true his prediction was ringing. With a patient sigh he laid down his pipe. He knew what he should say, and it was rather to his credit that he said it nicely.

"I'm terribly sorry," he said. "Why didn't you tell me it bothered you before?"

"It doesn't exactly bother me," Marianne explained. "It blows over me. You see, with the window beside you open and the draft—I don't really mind, but ——"

William looked at Charley and George and Ed, and smiled sourly. After all, he was not the only one who would fall in the ruin.

"Well," he said with something of old Grimm's courtesy, "all I can say is that it was awfully thoughtless of us not to have noticed. I suppose we've been doing it so long that we didn't think. I know we'll all be glad to stop. Why, I was just reading last night ——"

He paused and looked maliciously at his companions.

"I was just reading that if you take a strong, vigorous young mouse—or maybe it was a rat or a guinea pig or something—and put him in an air-tight box, and keep the box full of tobacco smoke, why, he loses his appetite and finally pines away. That's what tobacco does to you."

"Oh," cried Marianne, "I was afraid you'd think I was silly."

"Silly?" said William. "Not at all. You're the only one in the room who has any sense. It's a fine thing you came. We'll all be glad to stop."

He raised his voice in oratorical appeal.

"We were hoping you'd stop us. Weren't we, Ed?"

Ed was staring gloomily before him, when Marianne said something that caused William to grasp the arm of his chair, that almost stunned him by its unexpectedness.

"I don't mind how much the others smoke," said Marianne.

"That's the stuff!" said Ed enthusiastically. "That's the spirit, Miss Wright!"

"You mean they can keep right on smoking?" demanded William. "But why—why should they?"

"I'm awfully glad you don't mind giving it up," said Marianne to William. "It's such a relief to know how you feel, because I was rather afraid you depended on it. Of course I don't mind it, but it gets in my clothes and bothers mother."

They all looked at William and smiled broadly, but he made no reply. Without the slightest trace of petulance he opened the top drawer of his desk and tossed his pipe inside it. The very best in his nature seemed to stand forth just then. Even when he saw Ed and Charley openly nudge each other he continued to smile graciously. If only she hadn't said that about her mother. Why couldn't they be frank about things? Why did they always blame it on someone else?

"You're not angry?" asked Marianne, surprisingly contrite and anxious. "You don't think I'm silly?"

But William only shook his head, the passive martyr to a great principle. Why hadn't she made them all stop? The injustice of it still rankled. Why had he been singled out to face alone the full shock of emancipated womanhood?

Of course everyone had heard about it by the next morning. When he went into the mechanical department everyone was joyously agog. Down in the shipping room the news was making the day bright. They asked him of it politely in the art department; and even old Grimm, whom he met in the hall, chuckled when he saw William.

"Hear you've given up smoking, my boy," Mr. Grimm remarked.

William felt more awkward than he ever had beneath old Grimm's mocking gaze, but he kept his presence of mind.

"I've got to economize somehow," replied William.

"Hear you've given up smoking," said Ed, following him into the copy room.

"Go to the devil!" snapped William.

"I was always afraid you might get tobacco heart," replied Ed, skipping nimbly to his desk.

But William scarcely heard him. His eyes were held riveted by another sight. On the blotter, right where the morning sun struck it, was a tumbler of water, and in the tumbler was a rose. The unexpectedness of the sight made him pause and pass his hand across his brow.

It even made him forget about Marianne. As he turned hastily toward his three companions his voice rumbled like distant thunder.

"Which one of you sapheads did this?" he demanded.

Charley tittered and George ran hastily to the door.

"I did," said Marianne timidly, and William blushed in his confusion.

He felt a little as though he were rolling about in eider down. The whole thing was so hard to grasp, so entirely beyond the reaches of his experience. What was there to say when someone did a thing like that? He couldn't explain that a rose had never appeared in the copy room before, and that in his rough world every flower was a badge of derision. Instead, he would have to leave it on his desk, while crowds tiptoed in to look at it. And there was Marianne with the same frightened look she had worn when she first entered the copy room, and in her glance there was entreaty and almost surprise.

"It—it's a peace offering," stammered Marianne. "They told me you liked flowers."

"A peace offering for what?" he asked stupidly.

She must have read some of the mixed feelings he was experiencing, for she looked a little startled.

"Because I asked you not to smoke," she almost whispered.

"Good Lord!" murmured William. "Well—isn't it lovely?"

Feeling that his remark was inadequate he felt constrained to continue.

"How pink the petals look in the sunlight!" he added.

Even then William might have become used to Marianne if she had only stopped right there, but as the days went on she didn't seem to feel that the rose was enough. A week later she gave him some fudge in a shoe-box, and the day after that just before lunch she spoke to him again.

"You've had that button off your coat for a week," said Marianne.

"Good Lord!" said William. "Have I?"

Again he felt as though he had come against some intangible and yielding force that nevertheless was terrible in its strength.

"Yes," said Marianne; "and if you come over here I'll sew it on for you."

Was everything he had predicted about Marianne going to happen? William felt as though something were tickling the back of his neck. Was it possible that someone in the copy room of the Hans Andersen was actually suggesting sewing on one of his buttons? Of course it could only be a joke.

"I wish you would, of course," he replied in hopeful raillery, "but I've lost the blooming button. Careless of me, wasn't it?"

"Of course you would lose it," said Marianne. "So I bought one just like it yesterday afternoon. Now bring your chair over here."

"Now, come," he remonstrated feebly, "you musn't take so much trouble."

"Don't be silly," said Marianne. "Move your chair over."

"Look here," said William hastily, "I'll get that button fixed to-night. I'll go right out now and get it fixed."

"If you don't move your chair over," said Marianne, "I'll pull it over myself."

Could a man be in a more embarrassing position?

Already she was pulling at his jacket. Already she had opened a little purse and had shaken out a key, a powder puff, a piece of candy, a stamp and a thimble, and now she was leaning forward with her head just under his nose. There was nothing left but to sit passively and glare savagely at his companions.

"There," said Marianne, patting his coat.

"It's awfully good of you," said William hoarsely.

"And you're not angry any more?" said Marianne more gently.

"Angry?" echoed William.

"About the tobacco," said Marianne, "and not smoking."

"Good Lord!" said William. "I'd forgotten all about that."

And he had, for through the partition which divided off the copy room he could hear Charley's voice in a new narration, and between the pauses joyous shouts of laughter.

"It's funny how helpless men are," said William.

If there was any irony in his words she could not have noticed it, for she patted his coat again and looked at him more brightly than ever.

"Yes, isn't it?" said Marianne.

How could anyone get used to Marianne when she did things like that?

IV

YET perhaps he was getting used to Marianne after all, because he was sorry when she stopped. Perhaps it was because they quarreled that he was sorry, for he hated quarrels, and this one was quite absurd and childish. Moreover, what made it worse, he couldn't help but feel that he was to blame.

It was after five o'clock on a sultry afternoon towards the end of April when it happened. William remembered afterwards that he was feeling tired and moody. With his hands in his pockets and his hat over his eyes he had wandered dreamily over to Third Avenue. He had grown to like Third Avenue better than any other street in that seething, hurried town. Its simplicity and frankness made it a pleasant place. He liked to look into the dingy shop windows, and to hear the shrill voices of the children; and the very noise of the Elevated trains above his head formed a pleasant background for his thoughts. On that particular day, however, William recalled that he felt more tired than usual, that his head ached and that the life he led seemed unusually vain and hollow. He had stopped at a shop window, and was staring at it listlessly, wondering, he remembered, whether there was any particular use in anything, when someone spoke to him; and there was Marianne, smiling in the same superior way she had after she had sewed the button on his coat.

"When I was three blocks away," said Marianne, "I could see you looking at those cardboard suitcases. You're not going to buy one, are you?"

"Not if I can help it," said William doubtfully. "But you never can tell. I didn't use to believe it, but you can't tell exactly what may happen to-morrow."

"Of course you can't," said Marianne. "That's the nice part about it."

(Continued on Page 38

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Freshness is the essence of smoking tobacco quality. It takes time—and lots of it—to cure tobacco properly. Nothing can hurry it—but once it is properly aged, blended, cut and packed for smoking, the sooner you smoke it the better it is.

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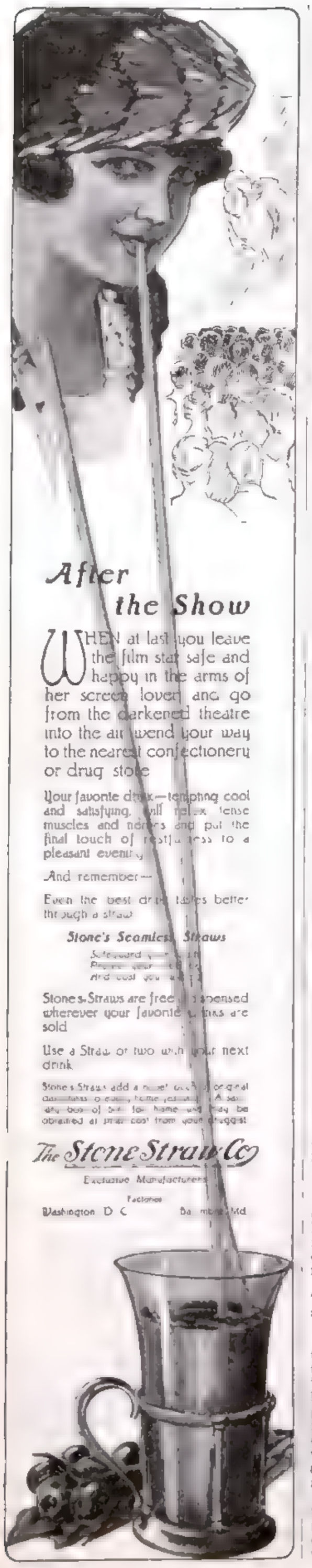
After the Show
WHEN at last you leave the film star safe and happy in the arms of her screen lover and go from the darkened theatre into the air you wend your way to the nearest confectionery or drug store
Your favorite drink—tempting cool and satisfying. It will relax tense muscles and nerves and put the final touch of restfulness to a pleasant evening.
And remember—
Even the best drink tastes better through a straw
Stone's Seamless Straws
Stone's Straws are freely dispensed wherever your favorite drinks are sold
Use a Straw or two with your next drink
The Stone Straw Co
Exclusive Manufacturers
Factories
Washington D C
Baltimore Md

(Continued from Page 36)

A moment later he found that he was walking beside her, and that he had forgotten about his headache. He found even that he was glad he had encountered Marianne.

"I don't think it's very nice," said William. "I don't think it's nice at all."

"That's because you're a pessimist," said Marianne, and laughed. "Oh, I know you are—dreadfully pessimistic! I've watched you scowling there at your desk, and I've heard the things you've said."

William looked down at her a little guiltily. Again he had his old conviction that she did not belong there at all, that she was a being completely out of place on that drab avenue. As he thought of it his brow clouded at the injustice of the system that had brought her between the millstones. How could a girl like that cope with the world in which he lived, a girl who wore ruffles around her wrist and put fudge in a shoe box?

"A pessimist," he said, "is hardly the word. I'm a cynic—that's all."

"There really isn't any difference," said Marianne.

"Oh, yes there is," said William. "Not much, but some. A pessimist would say these suitcases were all cardboard. A cynic would admit there was a slight outer covering of leather."

"How silly!" said Marianne. "Do you think everything's cardboard?"

The expression pleased his innate love for glittering phrases.

"That's it," he answered more enthusiastically. "Peel off the leather, and that's what almost everything is—cardboard, second grade."

"Well, I don't think so," said Marianne. "I think everything's perfectly lovely."

William stubbed his toe against a crack in the sidewalk, muttered something beneath his breath, and stared down at her with increased interest.

"By Christmas!" he exclaimed gently. "Now imagine anyone saying that in cold blood! Well, I guess there aren't any male Pollyannas."

"That's because men are so silly," said Marianne.

"Not silly," replied William, in defense of his sex. "Not silly—just sensible."

Marianne quickened her steps.

"They're not sensible!" she answered sharply. "They never take anything in the right spirit. Now take the office. I hear you all grumbling, and there isn't anything to grumble at at all."

"Perhaps you haven't been there long enough," William suggested. "There's always something to grumble at in every office."

"Well," said Marianne, "I think our office is splendid. It's so nice to be doing something real."

William laughed in lofty patronage.

"Just wait till old Grimm erupts," he said, "and maybe you'll think differently. He's due to break out any minute now, and when he does—why, the last days of Pompeii are nothing to old Grimm. I know. I know he's up to something. Have you seen him scratching the back of his head? Well, you watch!"

"I think he's a perfect dear!" said Marianne.

William did not answer except with another laugh, louder and harsher than before, and walked along stiffly and in silence.

"I don't care what you say," said Marianne, "it's lovely at the office."

As he looked back on it later he concluded there must have been something in her tone that roused his resentment. It might have been her aggressive assurance or perhaps her blindness which made his retort unnecessarily sharp and discourteous.

"Did you ever think," he inquired, "that perhaps women don't know anything about men?"

"Oh ——" began Marianne.

"The trouble with women," he continued, regardless of her interruption, "is that they're sentimental maniacs. I've seen 'em start in downtown. They always begin by thinking everything's a sort of romantic game. If the modern business women ever figured anything out, if they had any sense of humor, they might know what they were up against, and then maybe they'd stay at home. Maybe they wouldn't be so anxious to get emancipated."

He paused. He hadn't meant to say all that, and he couldn't understand what had made him. Marianne had stopped dead on the sidewalk and was looking at him with wide-eyed disillusion.

"Oh!" she cried. "I didn't know you thought that about me!"

"Look here," said William, unconsciously voicing the eternal plaint of man. "Look here—I wasn't talking about you. I was just talking about women in general. How was I to know you'd take it personally?"

"Well, then," said Marianne icily, "what did you say it for?"

"Good Lord!" remonstrated William. "I don't know why I said it. I guess maybe I thought it might interest you."

Now why should anything he said have made her so angry? She was angry; there was no doubt about it. Even he could see she was getting angrier every moment.

"I have got a sense of humor!" said Marianne.

"But I didn't say you hadn't," objected William.

"And I'm not a business woman," she continued, "and I don't see why you ever thought so. I'm just a poor girl who has to earn her living."

"Now look here, Marianne ——" began William.

"Don't call me that!" cried Marianne. "I don't know why I ever said you could. I don't know why I ever thought it was worth while to say anything to you. I'm going home now. Let go of my arm!"

"But you can't cross the street now," William remonstrated. "You're not even looking in front of you. You've got to wait till those trucks go by. Now listen! I'm awfully sorry. I never meant ——"

"I don't care what you meant," said Marianne, and she was gone, while William stared after her as she vanished in the crowd on the opposite sidewalk.

He stared after her, and little lines of weariness began to pull at the corners of his mouth. Could anything have been sillier than the whole business? Imagine a girl like that trying to earn her living, and not even being able to keep her temper—not even being able to join in an equable debate! Why, she wasn't even grown up, and he hadn't meant anything at all, except to be interesting.

It never occurred to him that evening as he sat in his room alone, staring through the open window at the lights of the side street, that the events in his life were becoming crowded, and that he was faced with a new manifestation of the world's history. He never knew that he was playing already in a modern drama, the like of which had never been played before his time. But even if he had known he would probably have called it the same old stuff, as in a way it was. Not even when old Grimm called him into his office the next morning did he see that the plot was thickening. Perhaps if he had there might never have been any plot at all.

"Oh, well," said William, shaking his alarm clock, "she'll forget it in the morning."

But Marianne didn't forget it. That was the first thing which started the morning wrong.

BY ALL the signs that William knew best it was certain that Mr. Grimm could not go much longer without breaking out. It had been three months now since the last occurrence, when Tommy Rooney went by the board, and no man of Mr. Grimm's vivid temperament could be expected to remain quiescent much longer. So William was not much surprised when Mr. Grimm broke out that next morning. Nor was he surprised that the attack was so severe, for three months was a long time for Mr. Grimm to hold himself in leash.

Almost the first thing that morning Mr. Grimm called William into his office. Once when William had first come to the Hans Andersen he had been afraid of that office of Mr. Grimm's. Once its austere grandeur in contrast with the simplicity of the Hans Andersen copy room filled him with reluctant awe, but he knew better now. It had not taken William long to suspect that Mr. Grimm set his office much the way he would a stage, watching each detail with a studied scrutiny. But even now as William walked firmly across the red carpet, oblivious of the elegance of the modern period furniture, he had a little of his old feeling. Try as he might he could not entirely shake off the illusion that he was approaching a great presence. Nor was it entirely an illusion, for Mr. Grimm was great in his way—a great artist who was conscientious about his art.

He was sitting in his characteristic attitude in his high-backed armchair. His fingers were stretched in a clawlike grip about the memorandum pad on his bare Jacobean desk. He was chewing a match stick and was looking out over the harbor, while he carefully balanced his chair on two legs. Once there had been a time when William momentarily hoped Mr. Grimm would fall over backward in that chair, but he knew better now. Mr. Grimm was not the man to lose his balance or forget what he was doing.

Still tipping back in his chair Mr. Grimm removed the match from his mouth when he saw William, and pointed with a slow dramatic gesture to the desk in front of him.

William's brows contracted. There in the exact center of the desk was a green oval cake of soap, and stamped on its glossy surface was a single word, bold and protuberant—Latherol.

"Jenks," said Mr. Grimm, "I've landed it. Yes, b'gad! I pulled it out of their mouths!"

At another time William might have laughed, but he knew too well it wasn't a laughing matter. Would the gods never have pity? Was Mr. Grimm going to launch another advertising campaign for a soap?

"Yes," said Mr. Grimm, seemingly awed by his own achievement, "the Kauffman crowd almost had that Latherol account, and I pulled it out of their mouths. I guess I showed 'em I was still on deck!"

"Congratulations, sir!" cried William with forced enthusiasm. "Splendid!"

"And it isn't any piker's game either," said Mr. Grimm. "They're going to spend two million dollars. Now sit down. I suppose you know why you're here?"

"Not exactly," said William hopefully.

"Don't be a fool, Jenks," returned Mr. Grimm. "Of course you know why you're here. It's something of an honor you are here, Jenks. It isn't everybody I care to talk to about soap."

William moved uneasily in his chair. So he was going to write another soap campaign for Mr. Grimm. Perhaps a year ago he would have been flattered, but he knew better now. He had seen too many good men go by the board in soap campaigns at the Hans Andersen. He knew that almost anything might happen when Mr. Grimm got started with soap. And now William watched him with a sinking heart. In Mr. Grimm's eye was a glow of holy zeal, like that of a crusader who sees before him the gates of the sacred city.

"Jenks," said Mr. Grimm in a strangely hushed voice, "I'm getting to be a pretty old man. I wouldn't wonder if the time was coming when I'll be too old to do this sort of thing. Right now I sometimes wonder if my mind works as quick as it used to."

He paused, and looked at William sharply as though his mind were still in perfect working order, and William's heart felt still more leaden than before. Yes, Mr. Grimm was going to begin another soap campaign. That was the way Mr. Grimm always started.

"Sometimes, Jenks," continued Mr. Grimm, "as I look back on my life, I wonder if I've been a damned fool."

William knotted his eyebrows slightly and moved uneasily in his chair.

"I may not have done much," Mr. Grimm went on, "I may have been wasting my time, but, by gad, when I sit back and wonder, I remember I've done one thing—and done it better than any young whippersnapper you hear about."

His voice became even and solemn, with every word carefully enunciated.

"I've done more successful soap advertising than any other man in the world! That's what I've done!"

He stopped and looked again at William.

"I suppose a lot of people may think that's a pretty silly way to spend your life," he continued, "but I don't know. All I know is I've spent my best years doing it. Soap—why, selling soap is the greatest game there is! Sometimes before I go to sleep I say over the names of the soaps I've sold. They go almost like a Latin verb—Washo, Spongo, Scouro, Cleano. B'gad, I've told the world about those soaps. And now that I'm getting old, and they tell me it's time to quit, there's only one thing more I want to do! D'you know what that is?"

Again William fidgeted in his chair. Young as he was he knew better than to interrupt Mr. Grimm at a time like this. Mr. Grimm had sprung to his feet now, and

(Continued on Page 40)

"—but I always thought Asbestos Roofing too expensive"

AS a matter of fact, Asbestos Roofing is the most economical of all roofings. For actual roofing cost must be figured on a per year basis not on its initial cost—and the roofing that lasts the longest without upkeep and repair cost is the cheapest.

When you roof with Johns-Manville Asbestos—of whatever type—you have roofed *once and for all.* Your first cost is your *only* cost.

Meets every building requirement

Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing found its first market among the big industrials because the trained buyer was the first to realize its ultimate economy, not only in its reduction of fire risk but also in durability.

But the demand for those same qualities in a roofing suitable for residences and small buildings has brought about the development of Johns-Manville Roofing in roll and shingle types to meet the requirements of any building at a price consistent with the building's total cost.

Different from any other roofing

Asbestos is entirely different from any other roofing material.

An asbestos roof is a mineral roof, unaffected by time or weather, needing no paint or protecting surface, free from the danger of falling sparks, and yet rivaling in appearance the usual kinds of roofing that habit only has taught us to regard as standard.

Notice in the photographs below the types of homes that are being roofed with Johns-Manville Asbestos. Then find on the chart to the right the particular type that best meets *your* requirements.

JOHNS-MANVILLE Inc.
Madison Avenue, at 41st Street, New York City
Branches in 63 Large Cities
For Canada
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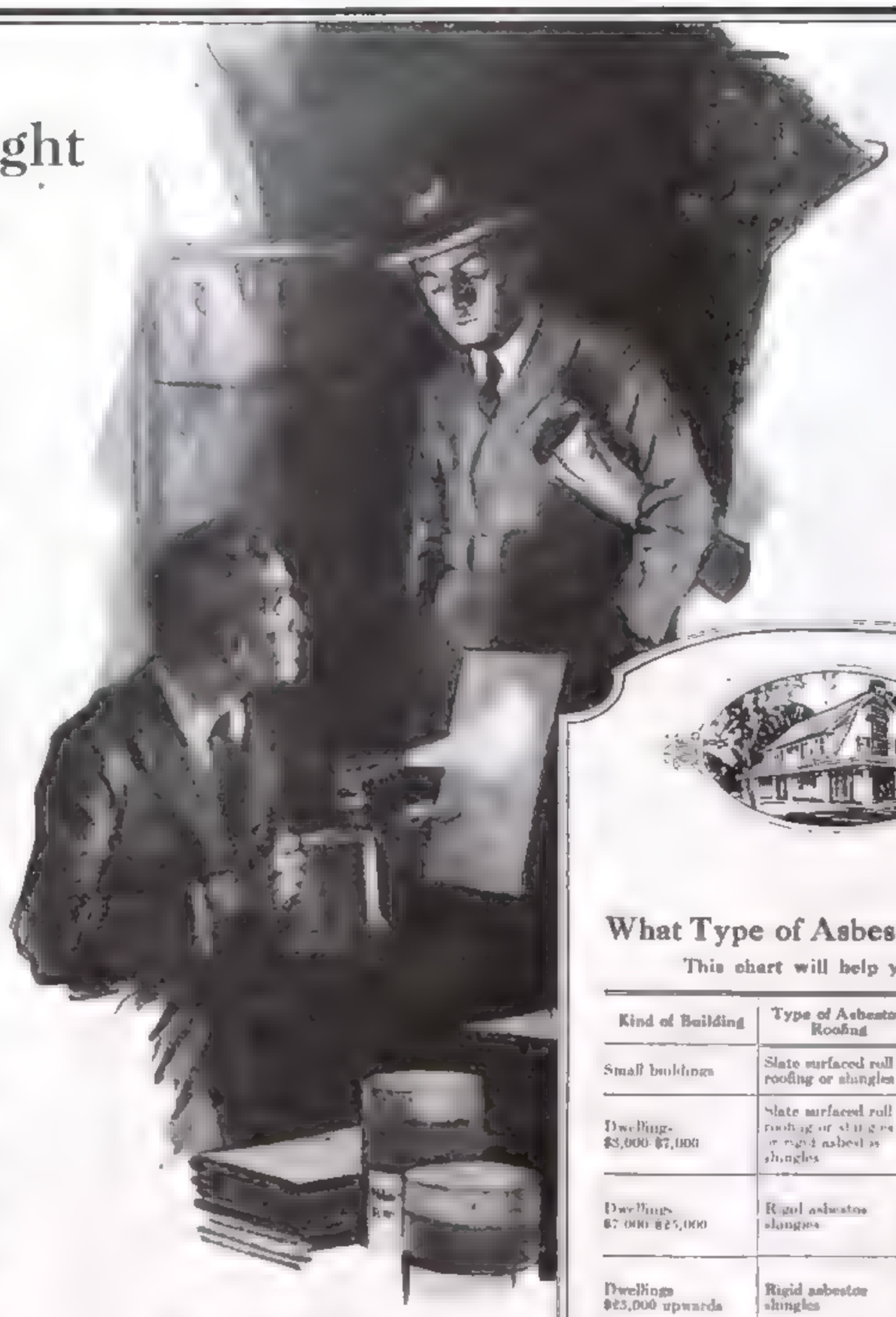

Fire-safe? Look at this.

Any one of the Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings will withstand the severe heat of the blow-torch. Have your dealer make this convincing test.

Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings are approved by Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

What Type of Asbestos Roofing?

This chart will help you decide

Kind of Building	Type of Asbestos Roofing	Brand or Trade Name
Small buildings	Slate surfaced roll roofing or shingles	Flexstone—red or green
Dwellings $5,000-$7,000	Slate surfaced roll roofing or shingles or rigid asbestos shingles	Flexstone—red or green, rigid red, brown or gray
Dwellings $7,000-$25,000	Rigid asbestos shingles	Standard or extra thick—red brown, gray or blended
Dwellings $25,000 upwards	Rigid asbestos shingles	Colorblende—five-tone, brown with or without red or gray accidentals
Factories, shops and mills. Monitor and sawtooth roofs*	Built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready Roofing or Built-up Roofing
Flat roofs—all buildings*	Built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Built-up Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings—standard conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing with steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville Corrugated Asbestos Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings—excessive temperature or condensation conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing without steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville Transite Corrugated Asbestos Wood Roofing

*Note—Industrial buildings call for expert advice. Roofing experts are at all Johns-Manville Branches.

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Asbestos Roofing

Residence of F. R. Urton
Pleasantville, N. Y.

Residence of Peter Nielsen
Galveston, Texas

Residence of Henry F. Keil
Rye, N. Y.

Through—
Asbestos
and its allied products
JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation
First Insulations, High Temperature Cements, Asbestos Roofings, Packings, Brake Linings, Fire Prevention Products

Shop With Dorothy

To learn the names of the shops where the articles in these paragraphs may be purchased phone 3000 at once or write to Dorothy's Shopping Column, Public Ledger. In either case, mention the number of the paragraph and the date of publication. Dorothy cannot undertake to act as purchasing agent

October 9, 1921

1. This Sunday I am going to begin with the men folks, bless 'em, for a change. I'm fussy about the masculine collar, and I think a good many women are. We like our men folk to wear graceful, easy looking collars that have a swagger to them. The other day I saw a man of my acquaintance, who knows dress from A to Z, and I was so entranced by his particular collar that I actually asked him its name, and he actually told me—and that collar's just a peach. You have only to persuade a man to try one to have him agree with me. It's a marvel in more ways than one, for it has the comfort of a soft collar and the appearance of a starched one, and can be washed at home as easily as a handkerchief. It is said not to shrink nor wrinkle, nor yet to wilt. It requires no starching, has no artificial stiffening and no saw edges to hurt either the neck or the shirt. There are several shapes from which to choose, but there is one in particular—the one this well dressed man wore—which is becoming to the average man, and I personally am quite mad about it. The price is fifty cents. Be sure when you call on my phone or write to my department to ask for both the name of the make and the name of the particular style of collar to which I refer. It sounds like a wild yarn, but a couple of days ago a man assured me most elaborately that he knew a man who managed with only two of these collars all his summer vacation, so easily and quickly were they laundered and so well did they wear.

Dorothy, well known columnist of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, is an authority on good taste in dress.

THE style referred to is Van Jack—the make is

VAN HEUSEN
the World's Smartest COLLAR

Nine styles and heights, quarter sizes, 13½ to 18, price fifty cents.

Retailers' orders booked as received. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us for address of one that can.

To Retailers: **For circular descriptive of the nine styles of the new VAN HEUSEN Collar, write to us.**

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PHILLIPS-JONES CORPORATION
1225 Broadway, New York

(Continued from Page 38)

was waving his fist in a sudden burst of excitement.

"I want to do another soap account, just one more before I die! I want to do a soap campaign that'll make the world sit up; and, by thunder, you and I are going to do it!"

William raised a hand to his brow and stared before him helplessly. So old Grimm was off again. William had been in the Hans Andersen long enough to know the old traditions. For the past fifteen years Mr. Grimm always started a soap campaign on that very note. For the past fifteen years he had always wanted to do just one more before he died. Stockings, hose supporters, overalls—they were nothing; Mr. Grimm could always take them calmly. But when it came to soap —— The years had made it almost a part of his being. No wonder William felt the perspiration on his forehead.

"And now I've got Latherol," Mr. Grimm was saying. "As fine a soap as there is on the market, and I only wish I had the time to write the campaign myself. I only wish I was young again, but I'm not. You're going to dig up the idea, my boy! And I'm going to tell you when you've got the right one, and it's got to be a pretty big idea to get by me. I know about soap."

"But don't you think," William began hastily, "don't you think it would be better to get somebody with more ——"

"Oh, you've got enough experience," interrupted Mr. Grimm. "Don't be so modest, Jenks. You can put Latherol on the map if you'll only concentrate. Look at that little green cake of soap. Gad, I wish I was doing it! Think of all the soap advertisements that have been written. Think of the thousands of soaps on the market, almost the same color, almost as good, all clean, beautiful soaps! Think of them, and just remember this—you've got to think of some idea that will make Latherol different from all the rest—different and better. There's a problem for a real man! Gad, I wish I had the time! I envy you, my boy. Some idea to advertise that soap, some idea that'll make 'em run to the store for it, that'll make 'em all say Latherol. Now take off your coat and start, and don't try to put any silly stuff over on me. Remember, I know a soap idea when I see it. Here!"

And Mr. Grimm thrust the green cake into William's reluctant hands.

"Don't give this to any girls, Jenks. It's time to put away childish things! Keep it right in your pocket. Put it under your pillow. Think it! Live it! Breathe it! Soap—that's what your life will be till this is over! And by the way, Jenks, Miss Wright will be working with you."

For just a moment William forgot the vista of grueling days and sleepless nights that were stretching before him.

"Look here," he said, obeying an impulse he could not explain, "I can get along all right. She doesn't need to be in on this!"

"Why, Jenks," said Mr Grimm, "you're not jealous, are you?"

"No," said William, "it isn't that. It's because the thing's too hard for her. You ought not to make her do it, Mr. Grimm."

Mr. Grimm shrugged his shoulders.

"Too hard for her, nothing!" he snorted. "She knows her job. Take care she doesn't know it better than you, Jenks."

The day was hot, and William was mopping his brow when he stopped beside Marianne's desk.

"Well," he said, "I was right. Grimm's started, and we're going to do this Latherol thing together. I'm awfully sorry."

Marianne looked up at him coldly.

"If it will console you to know it," she replied, "the sentiment is perfectly mutual. Mr. Grimm told me you needed someone with common sense to hold you down."

"I didn't mean I was sorry we were going to do this thing together," said William hastily; "I'm just sorry we're going to work on it. That's all."

"But isn't that just the same thing?" Marianne demanded.

"You don't understand," said William patiently. "You don't know Grimm. When he gets like this you can't do anything with him. He wants something, and he doesn't know what he wants. He's one of these people who pull everything to pieces. No matter what you do it isn't any good when Mr. Grimm's like this. I just thought I'd tell you, because we may lose our jobs if we aren't careful."

"I wish you wouldn't bother me," said Marianne. "Can't you see I'm busy?"

VI

SO MARIANNE did not see at all, and what more could William do after that? Besides, he had his own work to do. Perhaps you have to have written advertising copy on a new campaign really to understand it, really to grasp the difficulties of groping blindly for something intangible, with nothing but a wayward intellect to help. And Mr. Grimm was right about soap. How was it possible to think of anything new, when every billboard, every street car, every magazine had been displaying soap advertisements for over a generation? What was his ingenuity to turn to in such a task? And what if he did think of a good idea? Would it appeal to Mr. Grimm? He knew well enough it wouldn't. Nothing would be good enough when Mr. Grimm was laboring under such exaltation. Yes, he had troubles enough of his own without thinking of Marianne at all, and he was right in his estimate of Mr. Grimm. On these occasions no one knew what Mr. Grimm wanted, and Mr. Grimm never bothered to say even if he knew himself.

But he did bother about Marianne, because she needn't have been so disagreeable about it, and she needn't have continued being disagreeable. It seemed that she still remembered what he had said about women, for she hardly spoke to him at all. While he sat knitting his brows, worried by the problem which confronted him, she went about her work with an annoying confidence, reading books on soap, reading piles of soap advertisements, and pausing now and then to jot down sentences on a piece of paper.

Once toward the end of the week William out of the kindness of his heart broke through the barrier of silence.

"How are you getting on?" he asked politely. "Is there anything I can do?"

Marianne answered his questions crisply and concisely in two words.

"Splendidly. Nothing," she said.

"Oh, well, I just thought I'd ask," said William. "No offense, I'm sure, but you know we're expected to cooperate on this thing."

Marianne tapped on her desk with the point of her pencil.

"Perhaps," she replied, "we would get along better if you minded your own business. Perhaps when this thing's over you won't think women are so stupid. Perhaps I don't need any help. Perhaps I may have an idea that Mr. Grimm will like better than yours. Did you ever think of that?"

William drew a deep breath of astonishment, shocked by her trustful ignorance.

"Do you mean to say," he demanded, "that you think he's going to take anything we do this week? Why, you act as if you were in a fairy story. Old Grimm's going to turn down every idea this week, next week and the next, if I know him. Didn't I tell you that's what old Grimm always does?"

"Nonsense!" snapped Marianne.

He hadn't suspected it before, but she actually did believe that Mr. Grimm would be content with a week's work—a week on a soap campaign! Why, in a week's time, if you had given him a Shakspere play he would have said it was rotten just on general principles. It was hardly credible, but when the poor girl entered Grimm's office on the appointed day she actually thought that the worst was over, and that he would seize enthusiastically upon one of her sheets of paper. William could read her thought in her confident step and in the tilt of her head. Could anything have been more ridiculous? Could anything have been more pathetic? As he looked back on it later he decided that day was the first time he felt sorry for Marianne, really, actively sorry.

Old Grimm was tilting his chair as usual, and chewing his match, but when he saw them he rubbed his hands, and William could see that his eye had its accustomed glitter.

"Well, Jenks," he said cheerily, "bring 'em on. What have you got to-day? How are we going to put Latherol up with the leaders?"

Instinctively William assumed an attitude of cheerful enthusiasm.

"I've thought of several ways, sir," he replied, "several very good ways."

"Ha!" chortled old Grimm, and stopped an instant to chew his match in pleased anticipation. "I bet they're all rotten!"

"Well," said William, "what do you think of this one?"

In his way William was a very skillful diplomat. It was hard to tell from his voice that he knew he was leading a lamb to the slaughter.

"Now Latherol is made of coconut oil," he continued. "Here are some sketches I had them make in the art department, telling the story of where Latherol comes from—palm trees, genial breezes, the tropics, and so on. Rather picturesque, don't you think?"

Mr. Grimm removed his match, and his face became masklike. For a moment there was a cold, threatening silence.

"Now why in the name of Hades," said Mr. Grimm at last, "did you waste our artists' time with this puerile effervescence? You ought to know better by this time, Jenks. Rotten! The rottenest things I ever saw. What else?"

"Well," said William, "if you don't like that, what do you think of this?"

"Rotten!" said Mr. Grimm.

"Well," said William, "how about this one? I thought when I was doing it you'd like it."

"Rotten!" said Mr. Grimm. "Rotten as hell!"

And he tilted back his chair with satisfied finality, like a man who has finished the first course of a pleasant meal.

"They're all rotten," said Mr. Grimm. "You're not concentrating, Jenks. Why, I could do better myself in two minutes if I put my mind to it. I wish to heaven I had the time. What's the matter, Jenks? You've been here long enough to do some real thinking. Let's see you pull the traces. Snap into it! Dig something out!"

As he ceased his exhortation he glanced at William coolly, and selected another match. They often wondered at the Hans Andersen whether Mr. Grimm realized how close he drove people to physical violence in times like this. Sometimes William thought that Mr. Grimm knew very well, and derived from his knowledge a sort of mild enjoyment. William looked at Marianne. She was watching him with a faint, contemptuous smile. He looked back at Mr. Grimm, half rose from his chair, and then slowly relapsed.

"What's the matter, Jenks?" Mr. Grimm inquired with elaborate solicitude. "Are you feeling sick?"

"No!" said William.

"Well, Miss Wright," said Mr. Grimm, "I have hopes of you. Let's have something with a little common sense. What contributions have you to add to this blazing pyre of genius?"

Like the dread Sultan in the Arabian Nights, he leaned back in his chair and half closed his eyes, as though waiting to hear the faltering story of some poor maiden whom he had already doomed. Before Marianne had said two words he began to chew his match stick rapidly. Before she had time to finish he interrupted her with a loud snort.

"Rotten!" snapped Mr. Grimm. "Oh, Hades, how rotten!"

Marianne caught her breath and dropped her little bundle of papers to the carpet. And as she did so William's thoughts underwent a curious change. Perhaps it was lack of tobacco that set his nerves on edge. A moment before he had been hoping that Mr. Grimm would say that to Marianne, but now that he had said it he felt a sudden rush of anger, as though he had drunk deep of some elixir, which made him forget caution and common sense, which made him even forget to use diplomatic speech.

"Mr. Grimm," said William, "do you think you're still talking to me?"

Mr. Grimm was still tilting back in his chair, but at William's speech he was obliged to kick out his legs to recover his balance.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he gasped. "Well, I'll be damned!"

Then above the beating of his pulses William heard Marianne speaking with clear incisiveness.

"If I don't like what people say," observed Marianne, "I am quite capable of telling them myself; and I feel perfectly sure," she continued with a smile, which caused Mr. Grimm to drop his match on the floor, "that Mr. Grimm is entirely right."

Slowly William rubbed his hand across his forehead. Over him was stealing the chill and inevitable reaction of his piece of folly. Into his benumbed senses was creeping the conviction of what an idiotic thing

(Continued on Page 42)

Of 800,000 Overlands

The Easiest Riding—the Longest Serving
The Most Economical—the Most Popular

Overland's achievement—the manufacture of a dependable, economical, *comfortable* closed car for $895, f. o. b. Toledo—makes it possible for American families everywhere to afford a good car without sacrifice.

For 14 years, John N. Willys and the great Willys-Overland organization have labored to achieve this end. And now, at the peak of success, the Overland is a better car than ever and its price is the lowest in Overland history.

You, men and women of America, who look for value in the car you buy, *this is your opportunity.* By every test of value, Overland leads today. There is no greater motor car value on the market.

The new series Overland Four-Door Sedan is *completely equipped* including electric lights, starter, horn, speedometer, ammeter, dash-light and detachable wire wheels. *No extras of any kind to buy.*

It is economical of fuel and tires, recording 25-35 miles to the gallon of gasoline in owners' service. It is *comfortable,* Triplex Springs making it easy-riding everywhere. It is *dependable* and *long-lasting.*

See the Overland dealer in your town and investigate Overland quality. Ride in this car! Compare its value! You will be satisfied, even surprised, with the positively remarkable value for the money.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO
CANADIAN FACTORY: WILLYS-OVERLAND, LTD., WEST TORONTO, CANADA

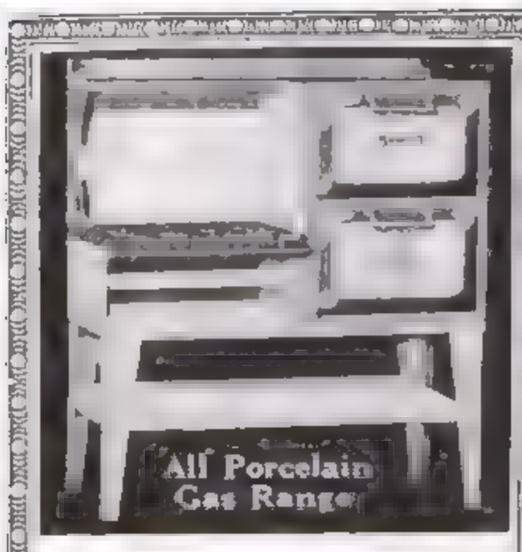
New Series

Overland

Sedan $895
f. o. b. Toledo

Touring - - $595
Roadster - - 595
Coupé - - - 850

Opportunities for dealers in a number of towns



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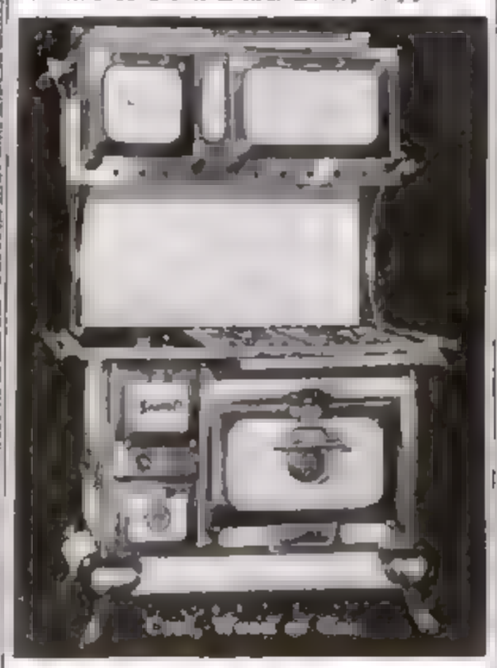
The RUST-PROOF PORCELAIN RANGE

$48.50 And Up

SANISTAT Patent Automatic Oven Heat Control furnished at moderate cost

SANICO Porcelain Gas Ranges Are Selling At The Lowest Prices Known For Such High Quality Ranges.

Better than ever—Metallic, elastic porcelain that heat cannot injure inside and out—no bare metal to rust. As easy to clean as a china dish. A beauty, SNOW White, Azure or Rich Dark Blue, stippled.



25 YEAR GUARANTEE

Select The Style You Want

SANICO Porcelain ranges are made in a large variety of styles, and sizes all standardized, to burn coal and wood, coal, wood and gas, or gas only. The SANICO Dealer can supply you. Write for his name.

Look for Red Price Tags

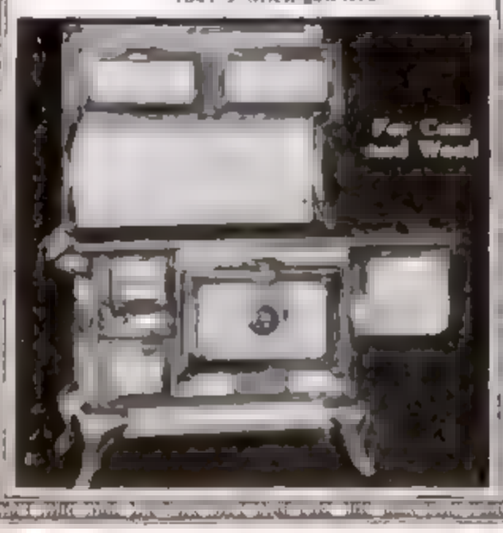
Wired to every SANICO Range we ship. They give the proper, reasonable retail price and protect you against high prices.

See the SANICO Dealer, or write us for catalog and prices

AMERICAN RANGE & FOUNDRY COMPANY

World's Largest Mfrs. of Porcelain Ranges

Minneapolis 509 Marquette Ave. Chicago 190 N. State St. East St. Louis 2000 State St 1341 S. Michigan Ave.



(Continued from Page 40)

he had done, and what a fool he stood branded before them both. He could feel a dull red mounting toward his eyes as Mr. Grimm sat grinning at him across the desk.

"Why, Jenks!" exclaimed Mr. Grimm sweetly. "Now this is most remarkable! I wouldn't have thought it of you, Jenks—not at all. Pardon my astonishment, Miss Wright, but it's something of a shock this morning to hear him ask a sensible question."

William still felt overheated as he and Marianne left Mr. Grimm's office.

"You're an awful fool!" sniffed Marianne.

"Perhaps," said William in savage parody, "you'll be glad to know that the feeling is entirely mutual!"

So that's what came these days of trying to be chivalrous. William walked to his desk without even looking back at her, and for the first time he was angry, really angry at Marianne.

VII

AS THE days went by it became increasingly evident why no one had ever been able to guess what Mr. Grimm really wanted when he got started, because there wasn't anything he wanted at all. But why go into detail over the painful repetitions which ensued during the following weeks? Ask anyone who has done creative work, and he will tell you what it means. Ask anyone who has written advertising for a man who wants something, but doesn't know what. Even William, hardened by previous encounters with Mr. Grimm's captious moods, began to feel the strain. Even his gaunt face became haggard during those ensuing weeks. The whole affair seemed to run like the course of some high fever; and, like some fever, there was naturally a crisis. Yet all this would not really have mattered. He had been through it before, and even at the beginning he knew what the end would be, for though William was still young he possessed enough experience to estimate a situation. The only thing that really troubled him was why he was angry with Marianne, and why Marianne was angry with him. Sometimes he almost felt like saying something kind to Marianne, for he could easily see that she didn't think it was lovely any longer.

Like a good advertising man William was ready when the crisis came. Like a mariner on a charted sea he read the first sign of storm, that ominous signal of trouble before which Hans Andersen had often trembled.

Mr. Grimm was beginning to drum on the table.

It didn't mean anything to poor Marianne, but William knew, for he had seen Mr. Grimm drum his fingers on the table before. It meant that somebody was going to leave the Hans Andersen—either he or Marianne, and William knew pretty well which one it would be. Six months ago, when he and Tommy Rooney were writing just such another soap campaign, Mr. Grimm had drummed his fingers in exactly a similar manner. By some freak William had thought of an idea just in time, and Tommy Rooney had not. Not that Mr. Grimm fired Tommy. Mr. Grimm was too clever a man for that. He had simply put him to taking the wrappers off newspapers, and Tommy had done the rest.

"What I want is results," Mr. Grimm would say. "That's what I'm paying for—results. And if I don't get them ——"

He would leave his sentence unfinished and drum on his desk.

It was the fourth time that William and Marianne had been summoned to his office that Mr. Grimm began drumming again.

"We don't seem to be getting very far," said Mr. Grimm. "You're not giving results, either of you," and he began drumming on his desk. "The point is," he went on, "you haven't thought of anything that's interesting enough to sell that soap. I'm beginning to believe I'll have to write this campaign myself."

William shrugged his shoulders as the interview concluded. For some reason he seemed undisturbed by its ominous aspects, almost relieved, indeed, that the turn had come. Only when he saw Marianne gather up her papers and her notebook did his face cloud. Marianne was looking very tired and pale, so tired that any resentment he felt toward her died just then; and again he felt sorry for Marianne, sorrier than he had ever felt before; so sorry that he wondered if that hadn't been the way he had felt all the time, even when he was angry.

It was after five o'clock when he and Marianne returned to the copy room. Already the sounds of activity in the office were dwindling, and already Ed and Charley and George, free from the curse of Latherol, had gone. William walked over to the window and looked out at the bridges and the ships and at the shadows on the tall buildings. Then he heard Marianne's voice beside him.

"You know," Marianne was saying in a strangely timid voice, "I don't think I've been very nice to you lately."

William turned slowly from the window, and for the first time in weeks his smile was pleasant and friendly.

"Now that's awfully nice of you to say that," he said, "because there hasn't been any reason for you to be nice, you know. I guess maybe I haven't been very nice to you, either, Marianne."

"Oh," said Marianne, "isn't it perfectly dreadful!"

"I thought you'd come around to that point of view," said William. "Do you still think old Grimm's a dear old man?"

"No," said Marianne, "I think he's perfectly horrid! Did you see the way he looked at us?"

"He's got a wicked eye," said William, and paused in uncustomary charity.

"Do you know what I think?" inquired Marianne in a hushed voice.

William shook his head.

"I think he's going to fire us," said Marianne.

"He certainly has it on his mind," said William.

There was something quite pleasant about William just then, something that was restfully solid and dependable. Though he was faced with losing his job he seemed as calm as he had in those quiet days before Latherol had loomed on the horizon. He was even smiling at her with undisturbed assurance.

"Now don't you worry about losing your job," he went on suddenly. "I've been through this before. It's going to be all right."

"Now, how do you know that?" asked Marianne.

William looked at her curiously, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Why, you don't think I'm through with old Grimm yet, do you?" he asked. "Why, I haven't even started with him. I've just been sparring for an opening. That's all! You wait till to-morrow."

He made a slight supercilious gesture of triumph.

"Did you really think I've been worried?" he demanded. "Did you really think I expected he'd take any of these ideas? Why, Grimm always tears everything to pieces for the first month of any soap campaign. There's only one thing to do, and that is—look worried. Then batten down the hatches and feed him all the ideas you can think of that aren't any good—and save the others. He's got to have something to jump on until he's tired, and then it's time to start. That's why I'm ready to start now. The old boy's drumming with his fingers."

"Why," said Marianne, "I think that's awfully clever of you to have thought of that."

William made a modest gesture of denial.

"Not clever," he said; "just bitter experience, that's all. I'd have told you about this long ago, except you wouldn't have believed me. I've felt awfully sorry, really I have, to see you get so tired and worried, and now you mustn't worry any more. Just you go along home, Marianne, and remember I'm running this show, and that men are useful sometimes when it comes to a real show-down. Just you remember it's going to be all right in the morning. Go home and get a good night's sleep. All this stuff about losing your job is rot—just remember that."

"But—but what are you going to do to-morrow?" asked Marianne.

William laughed, but his laugh seemed rather forced and mirthless. Now that he was speaking, William seemed a little tired, after all. And why should he not? For William knew just then that he had reached a crossing of the ways with sacrifice on one path and glory on the other.

"What any man would do," he said. "The very first day this thing started I thought of the right idea for advertising this soap. Well, to-morrow morning I'm going to tell it to him. He's all ready for it now. I'm sorry it took so long, but there's no use telling him anything until he begins to drum on his desk. Just remember that, Marianne. It's worth knowing if you're going to stay in this office."

A sort of gravity in his words made Marianne look at him apprehensively. Even though he said it was all right they sounded almost like a farewell speech.

"And just remember one thing more, Marianne," said William, still more gravely. "I may look foolish but I know what I'm doing sometimes. You have to know what you're doing if you want to live in this town. Now run along home. You're all worn out. You ought not to be doing this sort of stuff, anyway; but don't worry. That's the main thing. Never worry. It's going to be all right."

"But why shouldn't I worry?" Marianne demanded. "Just because you're going to tell him an idea you thought of, what's that to do with me?"

For a moment William's eye wavered under her gaze, and he turned almost guiltily to look out of the window again.

"You wouldn't understand it if I told you," he said shortly. "It's the sort of thing that no woman would understand, and it doesn't make any difference, anyway, as long as you remember that I have a little sense. Good night, Marianne."

He smiled rather wanly as he watched her close the door of the copy room, and then stared at it for half a minute with knitted brows. There was only one thing he was sure of just then, and that was that Grimm mustn't fire Marianne. He stood perplexed at the strangeness of his decision. After all, what difference did it make? But it did make a difference.

Slowly he opened the top drawer of his desk, groped for his pipe, and lighted it. Now that he had decided what to do he could take his own time. The office was very still as he sank languidly into his chair, cheered by the fumes of the tobacco. With a luxurious sigh he placed his feet on the blotter before him and reached for the morning paper. Slowly he turned over page after page, until he reached the want advertisements. Now that he had made up his mind what to do, the first thing was to look for a new job. Slowly he ran his finger down the column in such rapt concentration that he did not hear the door open behind him. But suddenly he gave a guilty start and thrust the paper into the wastebasket. Marianne had come back, and of all the people in the world the one he wanted to see least just then was Marianne.

"It's awfully late," began Marianne.

"Yes," said William; "it's getting later every minute."

"And I was wondering if you'd mind seeing me home," said Marianne. "Not that I mind myself, but it bothers mother when I'm out so late."

"The trouble with women is," said William, reaching for his hat, "they're always running around alone."

"And I wanted to ask you something," said Marianne as they waited for the elevator. "Do you remember—long ago, when I came here first—how angry Mr. Grimm was because you gave away a cake of soap?"

"You bet I do!" said William with a sigh of relief. So she couldn't have seen the significance of his reading the want advertisements, after all. "You bet I do! What of it?"

"Well," said Marianne, and paused to look at the pointed toe of her low shoe. "well—I don't know. I was just wondering."

"What were you wondering?" he asked.

"I was just wondering," said Marianne, "whether the girl you gave that cake of soap to was a business woman."

VIII

PERHAPS, in spite of his most vigorous protestations, in some latent recess of William's mind there was a romantic strain, which existed unsuspected by the crude, hard-fisted comrades of his toil. There seems no other adequate way to explain his conduct that next morning. William prepared himself for his ordeal with a *beau geste* that an aristocrat facing the Paris guillotine might have been proud to call his own. At the Hans Andersen, where little things are apt to assume large proportions, they still remember with a mild surprise his changed appearance as he entered the office at nine o'clock. He had on a new suit of a quiet hue, which they had never seen before, a suit so faultlessly pressed that it gave almost the appearance of armor plate. A stiff white collar incased his neck, giving his head a bold and jaunty erectness. The knot in his tie had the symmetry of fine design. His shoes reflected the morning sunshine. For William knew how one should look when the ax was about to fall.

(Continued on Page 44)

THE LIVING YESTERDAY

"SOLDIERS," said Napoleon, "from the summit of yonder pyramids forty centuries behold you!"

There is a familiar witticism which says that tomorrow never comes. It is more truthful, if less witty, to say that yesterday never dies. Napoleon failed in Egypt because he could not conquer the past.

Hovering over today is the living spirit of a million yesterdays. Heredity in history is as easily traceable as heredity in character. We may forget the past, but it does not forget us. These truths operate from day to day and year to year in business with the same sureness that they manifest from century to century in history.

The war has left us, but it has not forgotten us. In many industries its effects are still distressing. How much of this distress might have been avoided, is a matter for thought. This is certain: many a dollar was lightly spent and many a policy lightly adopted, because things came so easily; many a market was ignored and its trade connections neglected because they were not needed; many an advertising campaign was successful because it met no real test.

How many business executives there are who wish they might go back to do again and do differently the things that were done in that period! For business has had a demonstration, the like of which it never had before, of the ancient truth that the past lives in the present, that the time to think of today was yesterday.

And what of tomorrow? Now, if ever, business must remember that in a little while today will pass into the living yesterdays, and the things that are done now will assert themselves for good or ill. There is no place for superficiality in the making of policies; *experienced* ingenuity must be employed on markets and trade connections; and associates in production, selling and advertising must be chosen for their *proved* ability.

Tomorrow will be the product of today—the harvest of the future is the seed of the present.

N. W. AYER & SON, *ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS*

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO

Help nature to keep your skin clear, fresh, lovely.

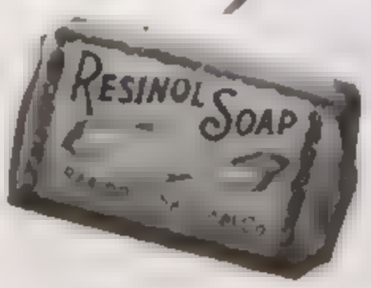
YOU can't be indifferent to the needs of your skin, and expect it to retain its youthful softness and beauty. Nature demands daily assistance if she is to make a healthy, rose-like complexion.

Let Resinol Soap be the assistant. Massage its copious, non-irritating lather gently into the pores. It rinses easily and takes with it the bits of dead skin and other impurities, so often the root of complexion troubles.

Now see how *really clean* your skin feels. Note the softness, smoothness and delicate glow. Adopt the use of Resinol Soap and begin today to keep the charm of youth!

At all drug and toilet goods counters. *Send for a free trial size cake. Dept. 1-O, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.*

Resinol Soap



(Continued from Page 42)

A more timid man might have hesitated at the ordeal before him. William himself could not understand just then what was urging him on. Surely it could not be the spirit of chivalry, for chivalry in an advertising agency was an absurd, a crass impossibility. But why else would he have done what he was going to do? William himself could not answer that; and what was stranger still, he did not bother to answer.

When William finally reached Mr. Grimm's office his first glance detected ominous signs. Mr. Grimm's chair was on all four legs, and not even a match reposed between his thin lips. Before William was halfway across the carpet Mr. Grimm was giving him his full attention, looking at him with a chill, passionless intensity which concealed so well the lightning and the storm.

"Well?" said Mr. Grimm.

"If you've got time," said William, "I wanted to speak to you for a minute."

Mr. Grimm's lips curved into a chill, unwholesome smile.

"How odd!" he remarked. "I wanted to speak to you, too, Jenks. I was just going to have you called in here."

"I thought you would," said William. "That's why I got here first. I wanted to tell you before you told me."

Mr. Grimm drummed softly on his desk.

"What did you want to tell me?" he asked curiously.

"I wanted to tell you," said William, "that I was through with this place. I wanted to tell you so before you had time to say this place was through with me."

"Ah," said Mr. Grimm. "And may I ask why you thought I'd tell you that?"

"Look here," said William impatiently, "what's the use of asking that? Because I haven't given any results in this soap campaign, and because I don't want to take wrappers off papers. That's why. Here! Take your damned old cake of soap!"

And upon Mr. Grimm's desk he tossed a green oval cake which fell with a sort of thudding slap upon the dark shining wood. There was a savage dignity in William's gesture, something consummate in his lofty contempt. For even then, in that last hour, William knew how to handle Mr. Grimm. He did not attempt to conceal his pleasure as he watched Mr. Grimm's figure stiffen and his eyes narrow.

"And is that all you've got to say?" Mr. Grimm inquired.

"No," said William more loudly, "it isn't. Before I get out of here—and I'll be damned glad to go ——"

"Look here," said Mr. Grimm, "has that Kauffman crowd been running after you?"

"Never mind where I'm going," said William; "I'm on my way; and wherever I end up, it's going to be somewhere where there isn't a slave driver like you."

"Ah," said Mr. Grimm, "is that what you wanted to tell me? Because if it is, you've said it very nicely; better than anyone has said it."

William shook his head.

"No," he said, "that isn't all. Before I go, Mr. Grimm, I want to speak to you about that girl—Miss Wright. Mr. Grimm, you've frightened that poor girl to death."

"Ah," said Mr. Grimm, and William raised his voice.

"You've frightened her so," he continued, "that she doesn't dare come in here. You've frightened her so that she doesn't dare tell you the biggest idea for advertising soap that anyone's ever thought of. That's what you've done, Mr. Grimm."

Mr. Grimm did not speak, but reached slowly toward a pile of matches, which was placed strategically at his side. How well William knew the man! There he was, on the defensive. There he was, just waiting for some idea—any idea. William knew well enough that old Grimm didn't want to write that soap campaign himself.

"Mr. Grimm," William continued, his words ringing with a sudden inspired enthusiasm, "did you ever realize that the pores of the skin open and shut, regulate the temperature of the body? It's the skin that keeps you from taking cold! Do you get the idea? Every one of those millions, those countless millions, of little pores must be in proper working order if you can hope to withstand the ravages of the American climate. Each one must be properly lubricated, vigorous, healthy. Do you get it? Let them get clogged up, let them get sluggish—and your system's in danger! You're running a risk every time you use the wrong kind of soap. Tell 'em that story, and then tell 'em about Latherol—its soothing oils, its antiseptic qualities. Do you get it? Just the bare idea connected with the soap. Can you beat it? I ask you: Can you beat it? And that poor girl was so frightened that she didn't dare tell you; and that's why I'm telling you myself."

He had said it now. He had struck his blow as a brave man should. He waited. Mr. Grimm had tilted his chair and was looking out over the shipping in the harbor. Finally he turned and brought his chair to rest as its maker had intended.

"So Miss Wright thought of that!" he murmured wonderingly. "I always knew there was something in that girl."

Suddenly he pulled himself out of his chair. He was walking toward William. His hand was on his shoulder. He was slapping William affectionately on the back! Was the old man going mad?

"But I know an idea that can beat it," he was saying. "Yes, b'gad, I do! Your idea, my boy! I knew you'd come across! You always do in a pinch!"

Now what was there wrong with his little speech? Was the old man slipping backward down the soapy way?

"I only wish it was my idea," William lied soothingly; "but I told you it was Miss Wright's, and that she was afraid to come in here with it. That girl's a wonder, Mr. Grimm! That's what she is!"

"No, no," said Mr. Grimm with a paternal smile. "What's the use of beating round the bush? Your idea, my boy. I knew, Jenks, just as soon as I saw you that you'd be a great man in the advertising world."

William could only stare at him blankly. Could it be that he had heard aright? Mr. Grimm had paused. He was clearing his throat diffidently and rubbing his bony fingers over his long chin.

"I'm afraid I've been a bit brusque at times, my boy. But you'll forgive an old man, won't you—an old man who loves his work? It would have been a big loss to all of us if Miss Wright hadn't pulled that scheme of yours out of the wastebasket. I ought to have told you long ago that I'm always glad to listen to any idea of yours."

"Look here!" cried William. "Are you crazy or am I?"

But Mr. Grimm did not heed him. His eyes were shining, as they always did when he got started on his favorite theme, and his voice was ringing with poetic fervor.

"'Eight Million Bubbles'!" he was saying. "Gad! The audacity of it! 'And Every Bubble a Sphere of Health'! Jenks, I couldn't have done better myself. It scans! It scans! And that isn't all. There's the cold practicality of it!"

"Look here ——" began William, but what could one man do when Mr. Grimm got like that?

"Oh, I looked!" cried Mr. Grimm. "I looked when she told me! Why, it made me dizzy. There's not a soul that won't be convinced. It was a real stroke, my boy, to prove that Latherol lathers quicker and better than any other toilet soap on the market. It's genius and figures mixed together. And the slogan! It's poetry, I tell you! 'Eight Million Bubbles to Every Cubic Inch'! Who says there isn't poetry in advertising?"

Then something in William's face made him stop.

"Look here!" said William. "I didn't do this! Do you understand? I didn't do it at all. It's Miss Wright's idea."

But old Grimm only slapped him on the back again.

"Ha!" he roared. "That's what she said you'd say! She said you were a modest violet! As though you didn't have the whole thing tested in the laboratory! As though millions of men and women everywhere aren't going to test it in their homes two months from now! But what beats me, my boy, is why you gave the whole thing up and never told us. But never mind that now!"

"Look here!" cried William desperately. "You've got this all wrong!"

But he might as well have told it to a dervish then.

"Not another word!" said Mr. Grimm. "Not another word! You need the afternoon off, and I want to talk to you. The car's outside. I'm going to take you to the club and get a white man's meal."

It was after five when he got back to the office. Over everything was that tired after-five sort of feeling, and William felt tired too; tired, uneasy and conscience-stricken.

He didn't exactly know why, but he stepped into the copy room for a moment before he left, and there was Marianne, bending over her desk, looking at a dull green object before her. It was a piece of Latherol.

"Marianne!" said William rather hoarsely.

She started to her feet and stood there looking at him, and for a moment he couldn't think of anything to say.

"Marianne," he said at last, "why did you do it?"

"I—I don't exactly know," said Marianne. "Except—I guess you're right. I guess women are sort of foolish."

Now what was there to say after that?

It was just what William asked George the next day over the lunch table in the little crowded restaurant where they often ate.

It was towards the end of the meal, and George had ceased to eat his éclair as William told him the story.

"And that's all," William was saying, "except—I want to ask you something. You're a married man. You understand women."

"See here!" exclaimed George. "That doesn't follow at all."

"Well, anyway," said William, knotting his eyebrows, "what I want to know is—if you were I, what would you have done under the circumstances?"

And George told him.

"You always did have a romantic disposition," said William. "Well," he went on more loudly as George attempted to interrupt, "I thought I'd tell you. I'm no good at this romantic stuff, you know, and maybe you can tell the rest of 'em, because"—he moved uneasily in his chair—"because that's exactly what I did."

THE THEATER AND THE LAW

(Continued from Page 7)

rule, and, all things considered, a proper one, that the police do not take the initiative in making complaints against plays, although at most times there are one or two officers detailed specially for that work. The machinery of the police department does not start unless some citizen makes a complaint or the adverse criticism in the newspapers is so emphatic as to demand recognition at its hands.

A complaint once being made to the police commissioner the custom hitherto has been to send, say, two officers who have been detailed for that purpose to witness the play and to make a written report thereon to the chief inspector. If they find the complaint is substantiated and that the play is as alleged they are further instructed to bring the matter to the attention of this office.

And thus it has fallen to me for the last ten or eleven years to pass on most of these complaints and, well within our law, to pass into a sort of censorship. When such a case is presented here the management are at once called upon to furnish us with the book of the play, which I make it a rule to read very carefully. If, taking into account the complaint of the police officers as to what they saw on the stage, and the reading of the book, I conclude that with certain features omitted the play might be brought within the law and avoid the objections which have been raised against it on the point of morality, indecency or obscenity, I point out to the management in the text of the play the words and actions which in my judgment should be entirely omitted

In nearly all cases without process being issued the management have at once acquiesced in these changes and have expressed themselves as willing to meet the objections thus raised and to eliminate the parts deemed offensively illegal. In one or two instances the management insisted I should see the play, and agreed that if

(Continued on Page 47)

Westinghouse

STARTING, LIGHTING & IGNITION EQUIPMENT

Some Plain Facts For Car Owners

When a man buys a car he assumes that the builder, in selecting the electrical equipment on that car, has considered the stability of the company manufacturing it.

But that is only one of many reasons for the manufacturer's choice.

One of the considerations that influence the car builder is the ability of the manufacturer of electrical equipment to serve the car owner wherever he may be and whenever he may need it.

To meet these requirements Westinghouse has established two hundred and fifty service stations throughout the United States. Each of these stations employs Westinghouse trained men and has genuine Westinghouse Parts available, assuring the car owner of the service to which he is entitled.

The man who owns a car equipped with Westinghouse Starting, Lighting and Ignition Units can be confident that the builder of that car has selected the electrical apparatus not only for the maintenance service available but also for the service *built into* the apparatus itself.

This Built-In Service is processed into Westinghouse Equipment in a plant that is devoted exclusively to the manufacture of electrical automotive apparatus. It is the natural and logical result of the years of engineering experience, of research, and of testing, that have been brought to bear to develop the best materials and methods for this purpose.

Here you have potent reasons why Westinghouse has the Ability, as well as the Will, to Serve.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Automotive Equipment Department
Sales and Service Headquarters: 82 Worthington Street, Springfield, Mass.

Service

Use Only Genuine Parts. Beware of Parasite Parts-Makers

Stop! Think!—*before you buy another quart of motor oil*

Are you *buying* lubrication, or *accepting* just "oil"? There is a vast difference—a difference infinitely greater than most motorists realize.

Look over your repair bills for last year. They will show pretty definitely how your engine is being lubricated.

Note how many are for carbon removal—valve grinding—cylinder reboring—new bearings—new pistons or piston rings—cleaning spark plugs.

Do you know why these troubles exist? Why their cost represents one-third of the upkeep on the average car?

The answer is *faulty or improper lubrication*—the use of an oil inferior in quality or a good oil of the wrong type.

And the reason for this is that 75 per cent of car owners are asking for just "oil"—accepting whatever happens to be offered.

If motorists realized what this practice was costing them in repairs, weakened engine power, low gas and oil mileages and in depreciation, they would stop asking for just "oil" at once.

It *pays* to know the type of high quality oil that fits your particular engine and then always to insist on getting it.

SUNOCO Motor Oil is your opportunity. It is not only vastly different from but far superior to ordinary motor oil.

SUNOCO is not a compound of a light oil and a heavy cylinder oil, as are ordinary oils. It is wholly-distilled, therefore free of any gummy residue to cause hard carbon deposit, dirty spark plugs, leaky valves and other troubles.

SUNOCO is made in six scientifically refined types—free-flowing in any temperature to reach all frictional surfaces, yet heavier than the average to maintain maximum compression, insure full engine power, prevent "oil pumping" and stop leakage of raw fuel into the crankcase.

Any SUNOCO dealer will tell you the SUNOCO type exactly suited for your particular engine. He follows the "Sunoco Lubrication Guide."

Try SUNOCO at once and note the immediate improvement in your engine's performance. You will be astonished also at your saving on fuel, oil and repairs.

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Producer and Refiner of Lubricating Oils, Fuel Oil, Gas Oil, Gasoline and Other Petroleum Products

More than 1,500,000 gallons of lubricating oils per week — **Philadelphia** — *Branch Offices and Warehouses in 32 Principal Cities*

SUNOCO

MOTOR OIL

(Continued from Page 44)

after that I still found it illegal and objectionable they would take it off, which they did.

In other cases it has fallen to me, as it were, to collaborate with managers and others in the revision and, you might say, sterilization of certain plays. In one play which ran for a considerable time and where the title was so misleading as to give no indication of its character, a very suggestive scene indicating sexual immorality was at once stricken from the play, and other changes were made. After this had been agreed to, at the request of the management I visited the theater and took a seat behind two very stout gentlemen who had dined liberally and well in the dampening times of old. One of them was evidently a country merchant and the other a city dealer. The city man had assured his rural friend that the play was salacious and most attractively indecent. He had seen it before the changes were made. His country friend remonstrated with him from act to act that nothing as yet had been shown which was up to the promises made, and finally, after they had slept through another act, they both went out of the theater thoroughly disgusted and disappointed.

Some of these plays, to keep within the law, are cunningly devised to meet such patrons, stimulating their anticipations as to some very erotic scenes, in which suggestive language and lack of clothing are to predominate. In one play of international repute which came to this country some years ago, objection was made to the passionate and undisguised animalism of the love-making between a man and a woman connected with the famous ballet. The explanation given to me was this couple were man and wife and the woman was very jealous of her husband, and if he didn't make very robust love to her she would conclude that he was unfaithful.

Frequently plays are offensive to large numbers of people because of their title, such as madonnas and virgins. In two cases of conspicuous plays the complaint was based upon the fact that the title gave no indication of the character of the play. Two representative women of this city complained that they had been lured to see a well-known play called Tiger, Tiger, thinking it possibly related to natural history. I made a short comment on this later on, saying among other things: "The title is misleading and deceptive, and has proved so to persons who write to me that they were attracted to the play by the well-known artistic ability of the manager in staging productions, and a title which might be suggestive of many things in nature or art. It is also inappropriate because the tiger is a monogamous animal, avoiding promiscuity, and, generally speaking, chaste and reserved in its sexual and domestic relationships."

The Puritanical Cop

In the other case a gentleman having his family here for the holidays asked the boys to elect what play they wanted to go to, and seeing a title which indicated probably a sparring match they found themselves listening to scenes in a disorderly house, which was the motive of the play.

There was a play written not long ago by a very well known dramatic critic which on investigation I concluded came within the law. An attempt to revise, reconstruct and sandpaper the objectionable features was entered upon, during which I received much encouragement in prosecuting the play from those who considered themselves the victims of the critic's pen in the theatrical world.

There was at one time a police officer detailed to the business of inspecting plays which had been complained against to the department. He was a very serious-minded man of good ability and about as far removed from a dramatic critic or an expert as could well be imagined, which in the law did not disqualify him. He took his task seriously, solemnly and zealously. He used to come here to the office with the complaint all ready to be sworn to and blank warrants to be filled up. The one great ambition and dream of his life was to back up the patrol wagon at the stage entrance and take all engaged in the play to the station house. He believed in surgery and had no faith in medicinal treatment.

The increase in the number of such plays and the brazen effrontery and defiance with which they are foisted upon the public rather incline me to view with more charity this philistinic attitude of the police officer. On the other hand it seemed to me that we should take into account the lax and unorganized public opinion, the undue advertisement of the questionable plays, and where it was at all possible with the minimum of publicity to deodorize, as it were, expurgate, sandpaper and cleanse the play, it was a more effective remedy than to resort to drastic measures, even if entirely legal.

In the cases with which I have had to deal it is only just that I should say that hitherto the management have generally been willing either to accept at once the modifications pointed out or take the play off the stage. Shows which are obviously indecent and obscene, such as occasionally erupt on Broadway, are more easily dealt with. During the hot summer months complaint was made to me by the police and citizens that certain agile dancers of international fame were performing practically without clothing. I called the management on the telephone at once and told them that in spite of the weather this must be remedied not later than that night. I was assured that the exhibition was entirely athletic, made no appeal to lascivious-minded people, and that the exercise was so violent that it could not be performed unless in an attire such as might be adopted by savage dancers in the torrid zone.

The demand for extra clothing, however, was at once complied with, much, as I have no doubt, to the disappointment of certain portions of the audience.

Differences of Opinion

As the law now stands and in its practical working in the city, the police commissioner in addition to other great responsibilities has to some extent the power of a censor of plays and exhibitions. Latterly the present commissioner has adopted somewhat the same plan as the Lord Chamberlain—that is, appointed a committee to whom he refers these matters. This committee consists of the chief inspector and two of the honorary deputies. Their reports on plays submitted to me in connection with complaints have generally been in agreement with my own conclusions; but in one conspicuous instance there was an honest difference of opinion of three plays alleged to be immoral and indecent and more or less obscene and all of them vulgar. My own opinion was that they had given immunity to the most offensive, and condemned more unsparingly the one which came least within the law. They were of course entirely honest in their opinion, because the question whether a play is obscene, immoral, impure or indecent is one in which clean-minded and honest people can differ.

Moreover, reading the book of the play and witnessing its performance create different impressions. It is always best to do both before arriving at any conclusion; or at least, after having read the book, to take the testimony of those who have witnessed the play. It must be remembered in this connection, however, that the test in England is entirely in the reading of the play in book form and it cannot be put on the stage at all without a permit from the censor. Very frequently, too, suggestive words and phrases are spoken on the stage which are missed as to their meaning by the audience in watching the actions of the players, or pass unnoticed in a ripple of laughter which may at that time go over the house; and sometimes the nasty and vile text can be more or less disguised by clever acting; a light touch and a look which give no indication that those speaking the phrases attached to them the obviously significant meaning.

Of late years a few managers have cast discredit and suspicion on the stage in this city by gross indecencies in the undressing of women on the stage in so-called bedroom farces. These plays of disrobing, and very suggestive retirements in bedrooms by women, having become, as it were, overdone, especially in the drawing power for audiences, of late they have taken to undressing men in bedrooms and women in stables and rolling them in haymows with only the slightest portion of their persons covered; and if it were not for the law I am quite sure some of these people would not hesitate to produce a play giving an exhibition of entire nudity, and carry the scenes and language to any limit.

It would be manifestly unfair to condemn all New York theaters on account of exceptions, and to arraign a profession of far-reaching influence for instruction and amusement on account of the baseness and greed of a few. Left to themselves they would bring the profession of acting back to what it was when actors were classed as rogues and vagabonds, and authors vied with one another in shameless indecencies of plot and word. No matter what they say about art, the real test with such people is the amount of money received at the box office. Now, it is quite true that the majority of the people who go to see these plays want that sort of thing, and equally true that there are sufficient of them to keep such theaters going; yet on the other hand among this mass of people are the unwary, decent people of all ages and both sexes, who, following the rather loose and vague statement in advertisements that the play is funny, go there in considerable numbers.

In a letter written by me a short time ago to a theater manager with reference to a play against which a complaint had been made, I said:

"You may say in reply, that the public wants such farces and comedies, and will point to a well-filled theater. Why, certainly, your theater is well filled, as so would all the theaters in New York, including Madison Square Garden and the Hippodrome, be filled with thousands of narcotic addicts if the law permitted one to cater to their diseased appetites by furnishing them with the drug and the facilities for taking it, and it would be an immensely profitable business. Because certain persons want to feed morbid minds and diseased bodies with poisons is one of the reasons why the law is as it is in order to save these people from themselves.

"Out of the great population of this city there will always be a percentage of perverted minds with lascivious inclinations and a low order of intelligence, and without ideals or principles, who will readily furnish an audience for such plays. But that is no reason why they should be permitted to brazenly offend the moral sentiments of decent, clean-living people who are overwhelmingly in the majority."

Should We Have a Censor?

There are certain farces on the stage in this city at the present moment to which it would be an outrage to take a decent young girl, or allow her to go there, not to speak of the young man. They have no proper warning about these farces; they read that they are a bit vulgar, but they are entertaining, and that the play is laughable but coarse. These notices contain no specific warning. They are told that it is funny, that the acting is admirable, and being ambitious to be considered men and women of the world—and not finicky and puritanical—and good sports, and of being able to boast of seeing such plays, they go there in considerable numbers. Sometimes you will see foolish parents take the whole family to witness this kind of play.

The diagnosis of a moralist is not needed to imagine the effects which frequent attendance on these plays with the approval of parents and guardians must create. It is an old and a trite quotation, but it is especially applicable to these performances:

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

And this is particularly so when the mind is young and impressionable.

Shall we have an official censor of plays, either by way of a commission or an individual, as in the case of moving pictures? There is a strong general opinion against censorship. It smacks of autocracy and tyranny, especially in connection with subjects where people so largely differ as upon questions of morality and indecency. It meets at once the bitter opposition of those who prate about art for art's sake, when really they are prostituting art for profit's sake. It seems to impinge on personal liberty and makes the stage less free than the press, which, as I said before, is far from the fact, the stage being allowed a freedom much beyond that of the press. I make bold to suggest that as the invariable custom at present is to make complaint to the police commissioner, he is at perfect liberty under the law to take advice from a committee appointed by himself, and ask them to witness the play and give him their

(Continued on Page 49)

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The scientific reinforcing ribs extending down the inside and across the head of the piston to a reinforcing ring, make DELUXE Pistons stronger where strength is needed—this construction also enables us to make DELUXE Pistons 40 to 50% lighter than ordinary stock factory cast iron pistons.

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They make old motors run like new ones, and new ones better. Nearly one million DELUXE Pistons are in satisfactory use today—a fact that is even more important to you than the tests by Ohio State University.

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All good things are imitated, but look inside for the name "DELUXE." It is there for your protection.

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(Continued from Page 47)

opinion as to whether or not it comes within the law. Such a committee should, I think, have representatives of the theater and the legal profession as well as clerics and laymen, but not be quite so large as that suggested by Mr. Chesterton, who said he thought a body something about the size of the London Council would be the proper limit.

I think on the English committee there are two playwright-managers, men of international reputation, who conduct clean theaters; in other words, a committee whose findings would be entitled to respect from the fact that it was composed of men of good intelligence, if not of culture, men of experience in the questions involved, not unreasonable, morally and spiritually in accord with the standards of morality upon which society is founded. Such a committee might ask itself whether or not it is conducive to the public welfare to permit illegal and offensive plays, which make marriage and the family tie a matter of farce and joke, and in which free love and promiscuity of sex are displayed, and every appeal made to lust and license.

Playwrights as Teachers

I do not consider a play dealing seriously with social subjects in any wise so objectionable, illegal, offensive, indecent or tending to corrupt public or private morals as some farces which are now running upon the boards of this city. After all, as Mr. Shaw says, he is seriously attacking conventional morality, because he believes it is immoral. His mode of attacking may of itself be offensively illegal, but he has a serious object in view. He is trying, so he says, to preach a lesson with wit, invective, sarcasm, which lesson may be one against the standards of decency and morality as laid down in the law. We have gotten far beyond the worst Mr. Shaw has done or can do.

Shall we look at these plays solely from the standpoint of the playwright, the managers and the actors? We hear a great deal of the trite phrases, "checking the works of genius," "repressing the artistry of the stage." It is quite true that art when directed to noble ends and an elevated idealism has been one of the most potent influences in molding civilization. But on the other hand, in the history of the world we have seen art appealing to everything which is gross and base, and note that when it was at its very zenith in Greece and Rome the morals of the people were most decadent. Cruelty and lust and disregard of human life, with women reduced to chattels, were predominant features of those times. Amid the glories of Roman architecture and statuary men for the amusement of rulers fought with wild beasts, cruel injustice and tyranny abounded, and the vast majority of mankind were reduced to a position below that of domestic animals in our day. Poetry and oratory of the highest order; great numbers of people did nothing other than attend the numerous theaters and shows; gods and goddesses were patrons and protectors of the obscene and base.

Are the producers of such plays as mentioned here, in the name of art and a licentious freedom, to lead the way back to the grossness, baseness, lust, lechery and decadence of old pagan culture? Will the managers who produce serious and purposeful plays, or those which intelligently amuse, allow this foul growth to overshadow and poison the whole theatrical world?

The laws of this state deal severely with anyone corrupting the morals of a child under sixteen years of age. What about an agency that corrupts the morals of young people, not to speak of old people, without regard to age, and does so in a wholesale way?

Scholars and travelers have judged the civilization and morals of countries by their pastimes and amusements, and especially the plays of their stage. How vividly the manners and morals of the upper classes in England are shown in the plays of the Restoration—Charles II; in the coarse eroticism in the stories and plays of the Eastern countries; in the gloomy pessimism, decadent morals and utter hopelessness of much of the literature of Northern Europe in our times. Happily for us, these plays are not the predominant features of the modern stage, although all too common. Decent and clean plays enjoy unusually long runs, and in the end must be more of a monetary success than this deliberate catering to everything that is indecent and revolting, and which makes managers not producers but panderers.

We are often told that official interference with this class of plays is to advertise them and help the managers make more money out of them. Where the prosecution ends in failure or an ineffective compromise I quite agree to that. No prosecution should be begun except with the purpose to suppress the play or make it comply with the law, and to punish the managers, authors and actors. The day when one of these managers and authors goes to the penitentiary for a substantial term of imprisonment will be the greatest possible triumph for the legitimate drama and the self-respecting members of the theatrical profession. Many people declare that any effort to check this type of filth will be ineffective because of the vast influence of the organized theaters, reaching out in so many directions. I do not share such hopelessness of view.

It will be noted in reading the English law that it prohibited plays which imperiled the preservation of decorum or the public peace. There is no reference in the law of this state to the public peace in connection with plays.

Under the rules adopted by the English censor recent plays and screen productions which, casting odium and ridicule upon foreign nations with which we are at peace and inciting hatred against them, would not have been permitted. The law and the practice, therefore, in both countries are widely separated, although in New York the police commissioner comes as close as anyone to being the censor of plays, and next to him is the license commissioner.

The power of this latter officer has been greatly overlooked. He has a very wide-ranging authority and recent decisions of the courts have enlarged this in the matter of licensing theaters or revoking the license. If a condition should arise in which the public became seriously incensed and aroused, and if a certain type of manager were determinedly bent on degrading the stage and menacing public morals, the power of this officer, with that of the police commissioner, would, I am sure, be found amply sufficient, but with a delay greater than under a censorship.

Under general law the police have summary power to arrest without warrant for offenses committed in their presence, but in the case of the theaters this power might readily be abused.

It is often said that when the police or the magistrate, as in my case, entertains a complaint against this class of plays, and the matter becomes public, we are helping them through the box office. That is distinctly not so, as far as my experience goes. Several plays were immediately driven from the stage by threat of prosecution; others were radically amended by omitting reprehensible, indecent and offensive words and actions, and others so sterilized and renovated that, their appeal to indecency being extracted, they died an early death.

Suggested Remedies

A police officer would have the same right to arrest for an indecent exposure on the stage as on the street. There is, however, undoubtedly a very strong public opinion against police officers, or representatives of incorporated societies for the suppression of vice and crime, determining for themselves on the spot whether or not certain acts and words are illegal, and taking summary action into their own hands. Out of all the cases that have been brought to me officially I have never issued a warrant but in one instance, and on the other hand I do not want to be considered as preaching compromise with these evil forces. Conditions may arise where the defendant should be shown no consideration, and where the letter as well as the spirit of the law should be promptly enforced. Unless, therefore, the emergency is very great and the evil immediately menacing, the orderly process of the law should be followed.

To sum up the situation, therefore, and consider what are the remedies for the present conditions:

First, to appeal to the enlightened self-interest, if not to a sense of shame, of the managers themselves; and to beget within their own ranks a controlling opinion as to the inadvisability of allowing such productions as are spoken of in this article to be put on the stage;

(Continued on Page 51)

Both Are Wheat

But one is steam-exploded—Puffed to 8 times normal size

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He sealed the grains in guns, then revolved them for an hour in fearful heat. This turns the moisture in each food cell into steam.

When the guns are shot, over 100 million steam explosions occur in every kernel. Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is easy and complete.

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More whole-grain food needed

His object was to make these whole grains tempting. And to fit every granule to feed.

Whole wheat contains 16 needed elements. Of some of them few children get enough.

Now children revel in Puffed Wheat. And the supper dish with millions is Puffed Wheat in milk.

Puffed Rice supplies the finest breakfast dainty children ever get. And that's a whole grain too.

By making whole-grain foods delightful he multiplied their use. You will never find a cereal food that's better for your child. You will never find one children more enjoy.

Serve them in abundance—both Puffed Grains.

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Puffed Rice

The finest cereal foods in existence

Puffed Rice is rice grains puffed to bubbles—flimsy, flavory morsels—delicious food confections.

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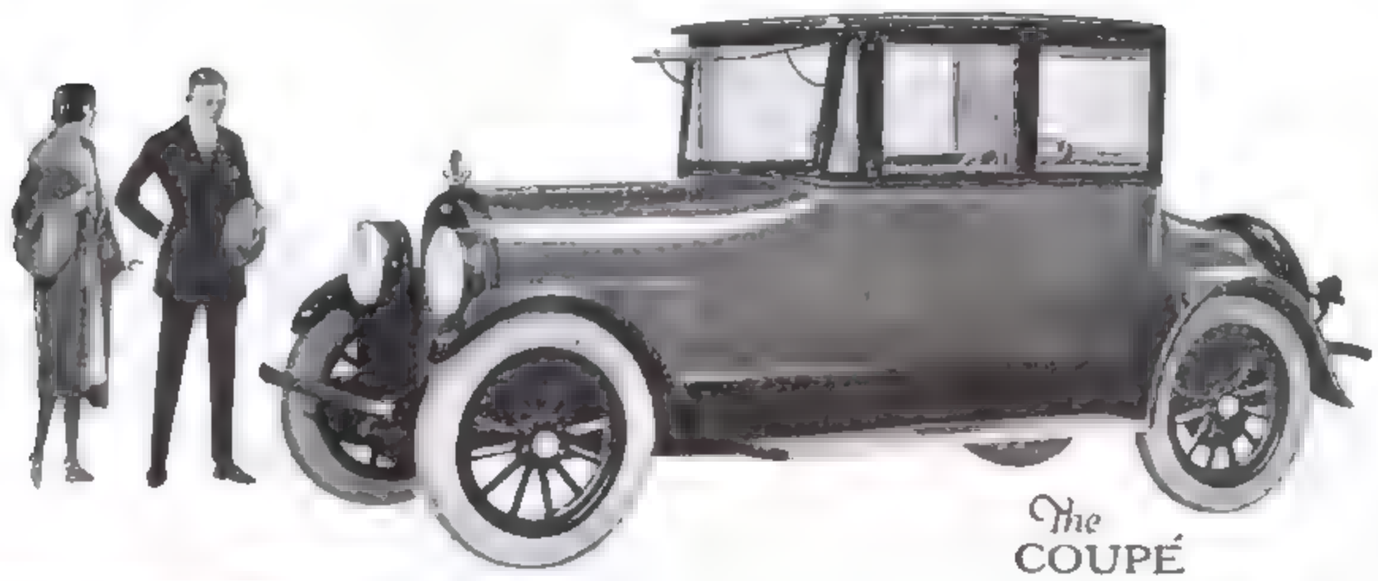

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A SMALLER SIX
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A CAR of remarkable economy, power and comfort, weighing 2500 pounds—fashioned after the present Davis Six—and establishing another wonderful value. We are ready now to give dealers all the facts on this smaller Six.

DAVIS

"BUILT OF THE BEST"

(Continued from Page 49)

Second, to arouse the self-respect of the theatrical profession; to excite a spirit of indignation in individual artists, against the prostitution of their art to the furtherance of such productions;

Third, to arouse a well-informed, thoughtful and organized public opinion with reference to the cleansing of the stage from these outbreaks of foulness on the part of certain managers. Why should the public boycott an actor on or off the screen because of alleged bestiality, and yet patronize the theaters of managers who persistently violate the law and outrage the feelings and sensibilities of the great majority of the people?

Fourth, to have the police commissioner select a representative committee of citizens outside of the department, to advise him as to whether or not a produced play is infringing the law and menacing the public morals and sense of decency; or to give at least his official sanction and help to such a disinterested committee, and to aid them in all legitimate ways. Many citizens of the highest standing who have and deserve public confidence, will, I know from letters received by me, be willing to act with such a body.

Lastly, if all this should fail, the question must and will arise, Shall the censorship of the screen be extended to the stage?

The answer to this must come from the great public whose morals are concerned and whose money supports this powerful enginery, so useful or destructive to collective or individual lives, to public morals and personal virtue.

SHUTTING THE SEA GATES

(Continued from Page 11)

into consideration the following facts: Ellis Island has been badly overcrowded during the early operation of the Three Per Cent Law because of the persistence of certain steamship lines in bringing more immigrants than the law allowed. If all steamship lines conform to the law there will be no crowding. The cleanliness of Ellis Island is not surpassed by the immigrant accommodations of any steamship line plying to New York. Sleeping quarters are thoroughly cleaned every day; all bedding is both fumigated and sterilized daily; the floors, which are tiled, are thoroughly cleaned several times a day; and the dining-room floor is cleaned before each meal. The food is certainly as good as that served to steerage passengers on any steamship. As to a lack of warning, the exact status of each country's quota is published in New York every working day at noon, and every steamship company can easily inform itself—unless it is unable to read the English language—of the exact situation, and thus, with a minimum of exertion, avoid bringing immigrants in excess of the quota.

The Battle With Dirt

The British charges, like so many of the charges concerning the evils of the Three Per Cent Law, were obviously what might be called a trifle hasty. These things are particularly unfortunate; for although they are without foundation, they irritate the British public and so tend to damage the friendly relations between England and America. This fact is recognized by the immigration commissioner at Ellis Island, Robert E. Tod, who is a wealthy man with wide experience as a banker and an executive. He has studied immigration in Europe by viewing it at first hand, and it is his contention that Ellis Island is about as good an institution of its sort as can be maintained. He has offered, therefore, to do away with regular procedure, which usually frowns on allowing representatives of other nations to mix too deeply in domestic matters, and to allow the British government to place several representatives permanently on Ellis Island in order to assure themselves that immigrants are not being treated improperly.

It should be understood that the hospitality which is offered at Ellis Island is not the same luxurious sort of bait and board that one receives from the Ritz or the Ambassador; nor does one find the same pussyfooted service and the same freedom from objectionable characters that one would find at the Union League or the Knickerbocker Club. Anybody who stepped from a quiet and well-ordered home into the smells and the turmoil which are brought to Ellis Island by present-day immigrants wouldn't like Ellis Island at all. It would make him sick, to put it bluntly, if he had to linger in it for any length of time. So, too, would the most beautiful dining room of the largest and finest hotel in the world, if it were filled with the Ellis Island set. A large number of the people who pass through Ellis Island are smelly, loud-talking, offensive-mannered individuals. Few of them have any large conception of cleanliness or neatness; and many of them are so constituted and so trained that they disregard any order that isn't shrieked at them.

In this connection two examples came to my attention in Europe which help to show why an immigrant station should not be judged too harshly by persons unfamiliar with immigrants. Shortly after I reached Rotterdam last winter the largest and finest ship of the Holland-Amerika Line sailed for New York. She had just come out of dry dock, where she had been completely overhauled and made as spotless as it is possible to make a steamship. Starting at about nine o'clock in the morning of the day of sailing, a matter of 2000 immigrants from Northeastern Europe were loaded aboard this spick-and-span vessel. At noon, when all of them had been safely stowed aboard, I went down through the immigrant quarters with representatives of the United States Public Health Service and of the Rotterdam consulate. The decks and cabins that had been spotless three hours before were littered with papers, orange peel, food scraps, empty bottles, discarded bits of clothing and various dirty-looking odds and ends. The ship was still clean, but in three hours' time its immigrant quarters had taken on the appearance of a mammoth pigpen. On another occasion I was taking a look around the town of Kaluszyn, a typical Polish town about a hundred kilometers out of Warsaw on the straight road to Brest-Litovsk. Wherever I went, hundreds of the town's population, all filthy, all ragged and all apparently determined to get to America over my dead body, crowded and jostled around me so persistently and so ardently that I could use neither my camera nor my notebook. They crowded into rooms with me; and when I put guards on the door in one large room the crowd oozed past the guards and filled the room to suffocation in less than five minutes. My interpreter, who had been loaned to me by the American Relief Administration, spoke in plaintive tones to the crowd time after time, begging it to give us room in which to work; but they continued to squeeze up against us and stare at us open-mouthed. At length I told my guide that if he didn't get the assemblage out from under my elbows and chin and legs I'd leave his town flat on its back and never return again. Thus threatened with some sort of loss, our guide was spurred to instant action. He charged into the crowd with hoarse, raucous shouts. He kicked and struck at those who were slow at retreating, and foamed at the mouth in his rage. This time the crowd got back and stayed back.

No other form of treatment seemed to make any impression on them.

Anti-Restriction Sob Stuff

An Antwerp official who handled great numbers of emigrants from Northeastern Europe each week, in telling me his troubles, said: "Four-fifths of these people must be handled in an entirely different way than you'd handle Americans or Englishmen or Belgians or Dutchmen. If you try to use quiet methods you're not going to get anywhere with them. They have always been chased and shouted at in their own countries, and they'll not move for you unless you shout at them in a most severe way."

That is why, in all immigrant centers, one usually finds evidences of untidiness and frequently hears orders given in tones a trifle more emphatic than a perfect lady would use in speaking to her butler. These things have got to be, and everybody knows it who knows anything about immigrants.

The bitter complaints against Ellis Island, however, will continue to appear so long as the United States continues to restrict immigration, the idea being to cause the world's tender-hearted citizens to burst into loud howls of protest against restrictions and so to induce the Congress of the United States to repeal the laws that are causing the howls. Editorial material protesting against the evils of immigration restriction is being supplied to many small newspapers in different parts of the country—newspapers that rely for part of their contents on the cheap syndicate material known in newspaper circles as boiler plate.

As a result of this, some peculiar things come to light. One sees, for example, small Southern newspapers that have always been ardently in favor of immigration restriction suddenly blossoming out with articles passionately decrying imaginary evils for which the present restrictive law is responsible. Sometimes when traced back to their source, these articles are found to have originated with societies which exist to further the interests of various European races. Always, too, when legislation is contemplated which shall help a little to improve the type of immigrant which America is getting, representatives of these societies hasten to Washington, appear before the House Immigration Committee and fight every change. Their arguments are so illogical and so obviously biased that a little close questioning from the members of the committee usually ties them into knots that make the celebrated Gordian knot look like a cat's cradle. The representatives of these societies, it might be remarked in passing, seem never satisfied to obtain for the races which they represent the same sort of treatment that is accorded to everyone else, but always appear to demand preferential treatment. The square deal has little or no charm for them. They want rather more than a square deal; and if they don't get it they claim wildly that they are being discriminated against.

Results of the Three Per Cent Law

The Three Per Cent Law, in the first four months of operation, resulted in the following beneficial change:

During the months of July, August, September and October, 1921, 84 per cent, or one-third, of all European immigration came from the Nordic peoples of the north and west of Europe. Prior to 1880 practically all the immigration to the United States was Nordic in character. After 1880 the Nordic immigration was overwhelmed by the more backward, unassimilable, undesirable immigration from Eastern and Southern Europe; and during the months of July, August, September and October, 1913, which was the last normal year of unrestricted immigration, only 15 per cent of our immigrants came from the Nordic peoples of the north and west of Europe. Consequently the Three Per Cent Law, in the first four months of operation, has swung the tide of immigration back toward the racial stock which founded, developed and wrote the laws of this country. The tide will swing even further back before a year has elapsed; for 57 per cent, or nearly two-thirds, of the admissible quota of immigrants from Southern and Eastern Europe were admitted in the first four months, whereas only 20 per cent, or less than one-quarter, of the admissible quota from Northern and Western Europe were admitted in the first four months. By the spring of 1922 the quotas allotted to Southern and Eastern Europe will be exhausted, and at least 75 per cent of all immigrants will be Nordic.

It is not particularly pleasant to continue to harp on the necessity of keeping the United States preponderately a nation of Nordics, for there are always a large number of sentimentally inclined readers whose belief in the whimsical fairy tale of the melting pot is stronger than their common sense, who write hectic and vitriolic replies to any remarks on the respective merits of a continued Nordic strain of people and a mixed strain. So far as I have been able to gather from the letters which frequently reach me on this subject, no mention should be made of racial differences because all people are equal in the eyes of St. Peter. This is probably true. Here on earth, however, there are certain biological laws which govern the crossing of different breeds, whether the breeds be dogs or horses or men.

These laws should be of considerable interest to a great many citizens of the United States, for so many millions of non-Nordic aliens have poured into this country since 1880 that in several of America's largest cities these foreign born and their children far outnumber the native Americans. The inevitable result of such a state of affairs, unless it is checked at once and forever, is mongrelization. There are still many millions of good Americans who hold that the person who believes in race purity is a snob, but before many years have gone by he will be a benighted American who doesn't know that race purity is the prime essential for the well-being of his children and the continued existence of the America of Washington and Franklin and Jefferson and Lincoln and Emerson and Lowell and Roosevelt.

There are two bad features of the Three Per Cent Law. One is the way in which it still permits thousands upon thousands of undesirable and parasitic aliens to be dumped on our shores for no reason except their desire to earn more money and their country's desire to be rid of them. The other is the extreme unfairness of the law in failing to provide separate quotas for countries whose population is divided into distinct racial groups.

Let us look, for example, at the situation which exists in such countries as Turkey and Rumania and Poland and Czecho-Slovakia and—when it shall be opened up—Russia. Under the Three Per Cent Law, quotas are assigned to the "country or place of birth" of the immigrants. The word "country" means next to nothing in Eastern Europe; for a large percentage of Eastern Europeans are subjected to the government of races that they hate and despise. A great many of the residents of Rumania would scream with indignation if they were called Rumanians. Similarly, large numbers of the residents of Poland absolutely refuse to admit that they are Poles. Their place of birth, however, is Rumania and Poland, so they are listed as Rumanians and Poles in our immigration records. Poland's immigrant quota is figured on the number of Poles in America, but it is used mostly by people who aren't Poles at all.

One might think that immigrants from Turkey were Turks; but by so thinking one would automatically be entitling himself to another think. July and August, 1921, saw the following people admitted to America, according to the records of the Bureau of Immigration as coming from Turkey: 668 Armenians, 314 Syrians, 210 Hebrews, 175 Greeks and 77 of other races—among whom a few Turks were possibly lurking. Any Turks who wish to go to America around next April will learn, on inquiry, that the Armenians and Greeks and Syrians and Hebrews used up the quota several months before. The Turks will find little nourishment in such a situation. The only fair way to apportion Turkey's quota is on a percentage basis; if the population of Turkey is 20 per cent Armenian and 10 per cent Greek, and so on, then let 20 per cent of Turkey's quota be Armenian and 10 per cent Greek, and no more.

Congress Still Considering

Such an arrangement would also put an end to the unfortunate custom of certain European governments of expediting the emigration of subject peoples which they have found objectionable and economically worthless—peoples which are equally objectionable and worthless to America.

The Three Per Cent Law was originally designed to remain in force until June, 1922, on which date it was to be replaced by a permanent immigration law which would take care of America's immigration problem in a comprehensive and satisfactory manner.

In mid-December the House Immigration Committee was preparing to recommend the reenactment of the Three Per Cent Law, with some modifications, when it discovered that many relatives of naturalized Americans and near-citizens could not enter the United States because the quotas of the countries from which they

(Continued on Page 54)

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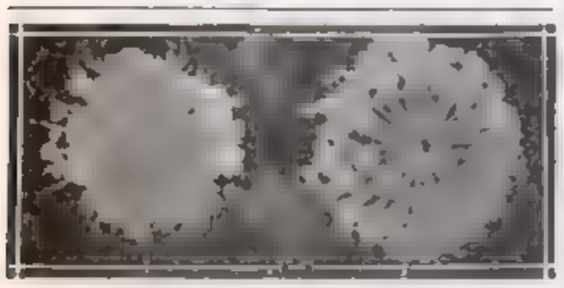

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(Continued from Page 51)

came were exhausted. This, by the way, is a condition which must inevitably obtain for many years under any genuinely restrictive immigration law. At this discovery the House Committee decided overnight to replace the percentage law, if possible and as soon as possible, with a law admitting only the blood relatives of American citizens or of aliens who have lived for three years in America.

Since the House Committee, which has been gravely considering the immigration question for many years, has no definite plan for permanent legislation, it is impossible to predict what sort of immigration law the United States will have by next June. If the House has its way the country will have a law admitting only blood relatives. If the Senate doesn't like this idea any better than it did a year ago it will throw it contemptuously in the wastebasket and reënact a percentage law.

Now a percentage law can be made pretty good, if every congressman doesn't use his influence to have people admitted in excess of the quota; and a blood-relative law can be made pretty fair if it is actually restricted to husbands, wives and minor children of citizens and near-citizens. But if it begins to include brothers and cousins and nephews, it is no restrictive law at all; for everybody in Central Europe has a relative in America. Both of these measures, however, would be purely temporary, and would eventually have to be replaced by a sensible and scientific restrictive law.

The great danger of these temporary measures, which are invariably shot full of holes by political guns who vote for them and then try to beat them, lies in the fact that if Congress keeps on reënacting them and fails to put through a scientific and permanent law which shall satisfactorily settle the immigration question for all time, the time may come when the people of America will forget the rottenness of the prewar immigration, and some legislation may slip over that will once more open America's sea gates to the old sort of immigrant inundation.

Admission by Selection

One of the quaint features of the Three Per Cent Law is its provision that an alien who has resided for a year in Canada or two years in Mexico can enter the United States without further formality as far as the immigration law is concerned. Unless this commodious loophole is removed from the law, America, at the end of another year, might as well have no law at all. Already many Canadian border towns have had their populations swelled by many immigrants from Northeastern Europe who are waiting to join their relatives in America. Already they are being bootlegged across the border by the skilled bootleggers of the Great Lakes region. Emigrants are embarking at Danzig and other northern European ports, and saying frankly that their tickets take them to Canada but that their destination is the United States.

There is only one way in which the immigration problem can be properly handled, and that is by providing that all immigration to the United States shall be immigration that is needed by the United States for definite purposes. Of all the nations in the world which have first-hand knowledge of large emigrant or immigrant movements, the United States is the one nation which has not regulated this movement of people to her own needs. Italy's emigration laws are carefully framed to suit her own needs. Hungary's emigration system was planned to build up the port of Fiume, bring wealth back to Hungary and keep Hungarians in America from being naturalized. Bulgaria, on the other hand, wishing to keep her citizens at home, forbade steamship agents in the country.

Rumania puts a secret mark on the passports of certain types of emigrants which prevents them, once they have left Rumania, from getting back into the country again. Poland facilitates the emigration of certain sorts of people, and hinders the emigration of other sorts. All foreign countries develop laws which accrue to their own benefit and meet the peculiar needs of the different countries. For the United States to delay doing so is suicidal.

Mr. W. W. Husband, the present Commissioner General of Immigration, has probably as wide a knowledge of immigration conditions in the United States as any student of the subject. He was clerk of the Senate Committee on Immigration from 1903 to 1907, executive secretary of the Roosevelt Immigration Commission from 1907 to 1911, and has made a careful and first-hand investigation of emigration and its causes in Russia, the Balkan States and Eastern Europe. In testifying before the Senate Committee on Immigration early in 1921, Mr. Husband stated:

"Undoubtedly we shall need immigrants in the future just as we have in the past, and it is entirely possible that we shall at some time need them in greater numbers than ever; but in view of past experiences and of present conditions it seems almost imperative that some means shall be found to adjust future immigration to the needs of the United States. What the present needs of the country are with respect to immigration is difficult to say. But it will probably be agreed that such knowledge is essential to an intelligent solution of the present problem."

Immigration laws admitting immigrants on a percentage basis or immigration laws which supposedly admit only blood relatives of Americans and near-Americans offer not one avenue whereby immigration can be adjusted to the needs of the United States. Such laws still admit the exact type of people which America neither needs nor wants.

In no way can the Three Per Cent Law be regarded as even approaching an intelligent solution of the problem, except as its rapid enactment shows the volume of the ear-splitting demand from the people of the nation late in 1920 and early in 1921 that some sort of intelligent legislation be enacted to relieve this country of its floods of undesirable and unassimilable aliens.

It will be a very easy matter for the Congress of the United States to pass a law which will provide for these things and for the many apparently baffling problems that go along with them as soon as the Congress wakes up to the fact that the matter of immigration must be handled from the beginning as a big-business proposition. Congress has been toying with immigration remedies that have the same impressive and permanent effect on immigration that a tissue-paper dam would have on Niagara Falls. No single bureau official will be competent to run the immigration machine that must be built up if immigration is to be properly regulated and supervised; and no single department of the Government should have control over it. It must be removed from the sphere of politics and from a position where pressure can be brought to bear by government officials to overturn the decisions resulting from the law.

A Federal Commission Needed

Just at present the Department of State, through its consuls, supervises our immigration machinery in Europe, while the Department of Labor, through the Bureau of Immigration, supervises all immigration matters in America. Neither department, in the opinion of the best-informed immigration authorities, should exercise any sort of control over the immigration question. The Department of State should be relieved of immigration matters because they clutter up American consulates with great masses of work which prevent American business interests from getting the proper attention; and because, by irritating the officials of foreign countries, they hamper American consular officers in gathering the information which is their chief reason for being. The Department of Labor should be relieved of immigration matters because it has an insufficient amount of knowledge to deal properly with them.

The leading immigration experts declare that there is only one way in which immigration can be safely and scientifically handled, and that is by means of a small Federal immigration commission composed of men whose training and achievements mark them as being competent to act as members of such an important body.

The workings of such a commission would be as follows: The law creating the commission would also define the total number of immigrants who would be allowed to enter the United States in any one year. Knowing that, the commission would undertake to find out where agricultural or manual or skilled labor was needed in the United States. If no laborers were needed anywhere there would be no immigration of laborers. But if a certain number of laborers were needed to dig a ship canal or to construct a railroad or to make pottery the commission would first assure itself that the need was genuine, then decide how many laborers should be allotted to the section of the country that was calling for them, then decide on the type of immigrants that could best do the work for which they were needed, and finally instruct the consulates in Europe of the number and type of laborers required. It would use American laborers if it could get them; but if it couldn't get them it would take the best and the most fit that Europe had to offer. When it had got them it would deliver them to the sections of the country where they were needed, instead of to the congested slums of our cities. Such a program eliminates the parasite from our immigration. Much of our immigration at present consists of middlemen who will either fatten on the community or starve on it, but who will do nothing whatever to add to it.

Under this program all persons selected as emigrants would have to prove that they had done the sort of work for which they were needed in America, and that they were willing to go on doing it in some definite part of America. Under this program the paupers and the defeated would vanish from our immigration; and it would make an end to the rushing to the big cities on the part of the majority of immigrants, and to the congestion and the slums which result.

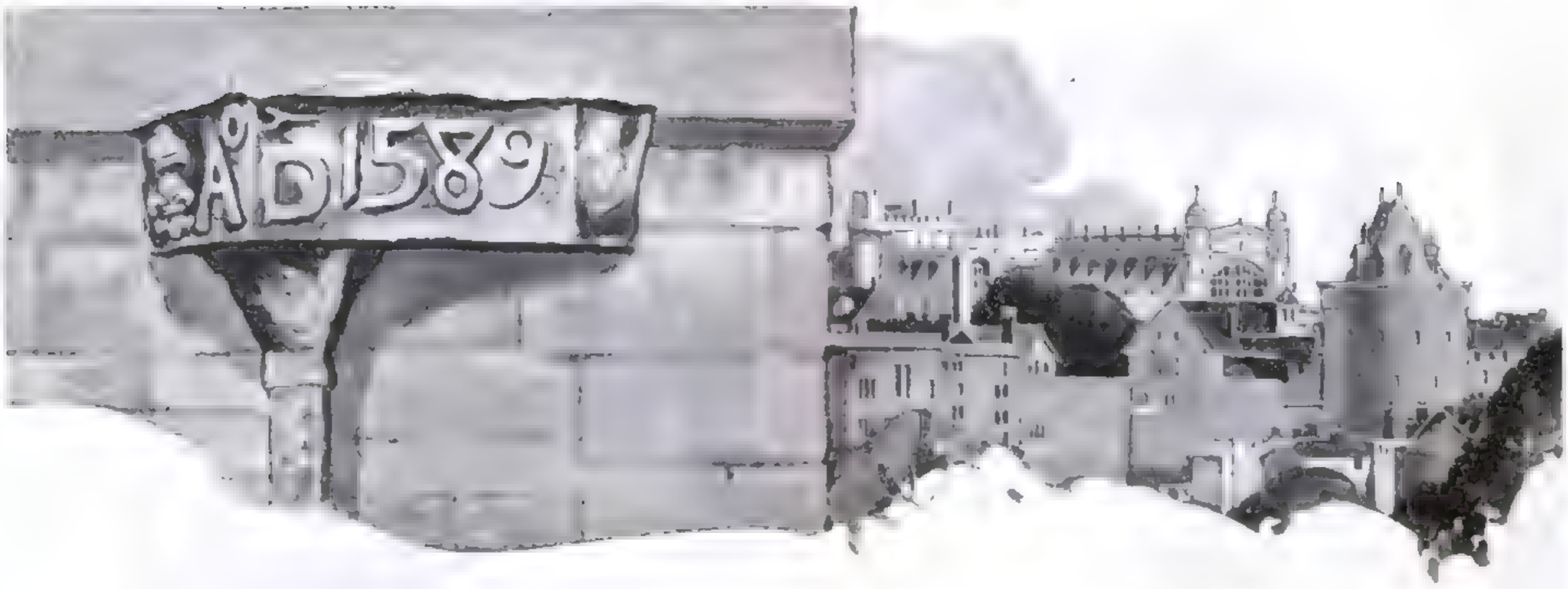
When the immigration machinery threatened to lie idle because of lack of demand for laborers or because of depression, it could be kept in motion by accepting as immigrants the peasant farmers of Europe who would signify their willingness to occupy and cultivate the land. As long as this country is going to allow an immigration of a third of a million people a year, it might as well have people that it needs instead of people that it doesn't need, doesn't want and doesn't know what to do with.

Opponents of the Commission Plan

That, very briefly, is the basis on which a Federal immigration commission would work. Unfortunately, a number of distinguished congressmen display a marked lack of enthusiasm when the subject of such a commission is broached. I have heard it claimed by a prominent member of the House Immigration Committee that "some of these commission theories are very pretty as theories; but they aren't practical. Besides, they are too expensive." By this he may have meant that the average politician who had rendered his party some small service and had been rewarded with a $15,000 job would be incapable of doing any constructive immigration work if he were a member of an immigration commission. If that is what the committee member meant he was correct. Immigration is a big-business proposition, and it can be handled only by big men. The brain that fed Europe, the brain that built up one of the big steel companies, the brain that made a success of any big business—any of these would make a Federal immigration commission and a selected immigration scheme look as simple and as practical as a sectional bookcase.

It is more likely, however, that the committee member meant that the very mention of more power being taken away from Congress and put in the hands of a commission was repugnant to him. Congress is very jealous of its prerogatives and privileges, and never does it relinquish one of them without protesting as bitterly as a Russian dancer would protest at parting with a leg. Whenever a big commission is formed to deal with some important detail of the Government it always robs Congress of a little power. As for the matter of expense, the money that it would cost to build a submarine would, if applied to an immigration commission, result in an immigration machine that would make our immigration problem about as difficult to answer as that baffling problem, "How much is two and two?"

The fact that a member of the House Immigration Committee declares that a Federal immigration commission to select only the immigration that America needs is an impractical scheme does not by any means make it impractical. It is the one simple and practical manner of accomplishing what the present Commissioner General of Immigration referred to as an imperative need of the country before the Senate Committee on Immigration—the necessity of adjusting future immigration to the needs of the United States.



Why King George Doesn't Like to Live at Windsor Castle

A NEWSPAPER item says King George doesn't like to live at Windsor Castle. He prefers Buckingham Palace, because the plumbing is more up to date.

Modern plumbing is quite different from the plumbing of Queen Elizabeth's time, but in one respect the plumber of today follows the custom of three hundred years ago. In all cases where permanence and real economy are desired, he still uses lead for piping.

Water will run through lead pipes for ages, without causing decay or deterioration. Drainage methods improve, and fixtures become more convenient and more beautiful; but underneath, where real utility is required, lead pipe is still used because men have never found any rust-resisting metal the equal of lead.

Lead is also the best material for the rain-water drainage system of the house. The picture on this page shows a pipe-head on one of the outer walls of Windsor Castle. It was installed, along with gutters, leaders, and spouts, in 1589. For more than three centuries the rains that beat upon this ancient royal residence have been carried off by these lead pipes—and they are still intact.

Books have been written about the ornamental lead work on historic English buildings, dating back three and four centuries, because this lead work is so beautiful in design and workmanship.

Today, you will find some of America's finest country homes equipped with gutters, pipe-heads, leader-pipes, copings, and flashings of Hoyt Hardlead, which is more enduring than any other metal that can be employed. It would be used on less expensive homes as well, if the owners thought more in terms of ultimate outlay than of first cost.

Civilized man has found hundreds of other uses for lead and lead products, and of them all the most important is the use of white-lead as the principal ingredient of good paint.

Tons of paint are used, every day, to adorn and preserve the surfaces of buildings. Tons of pure metallic lead are corroded, every day, to produce the white-lead which gives to paint its protective power. "Save the Surface and You Save All" is a slogan which is teaching the world that proper paint-protection means the conservation of millions of dollars yearly in property values.

Most painters prefer to use the paint known as "lead-and-oil," which is simply pure white-lead thinned to paint consistency with pure linseed oil. Paint manufacturers use white-lead as the principal ingredient of the paint they make, and the quality of the paint depends on the amount of white-lead it contains.

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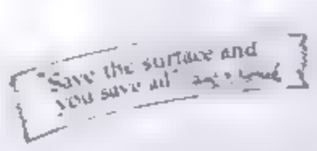

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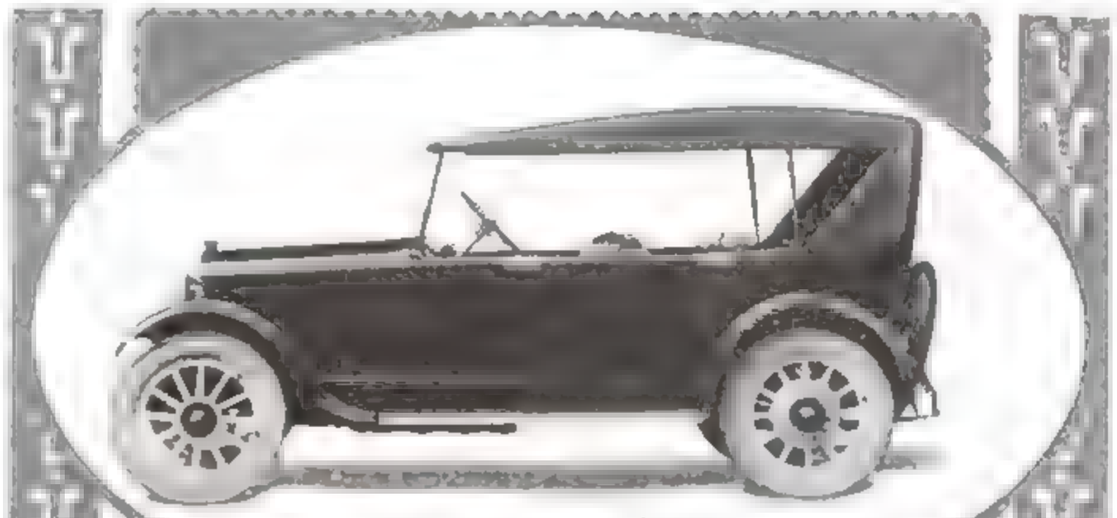
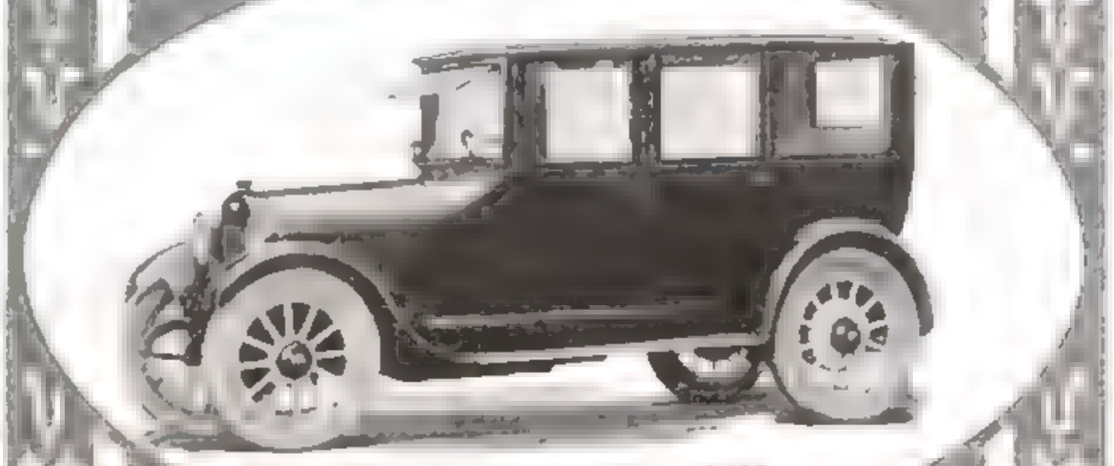
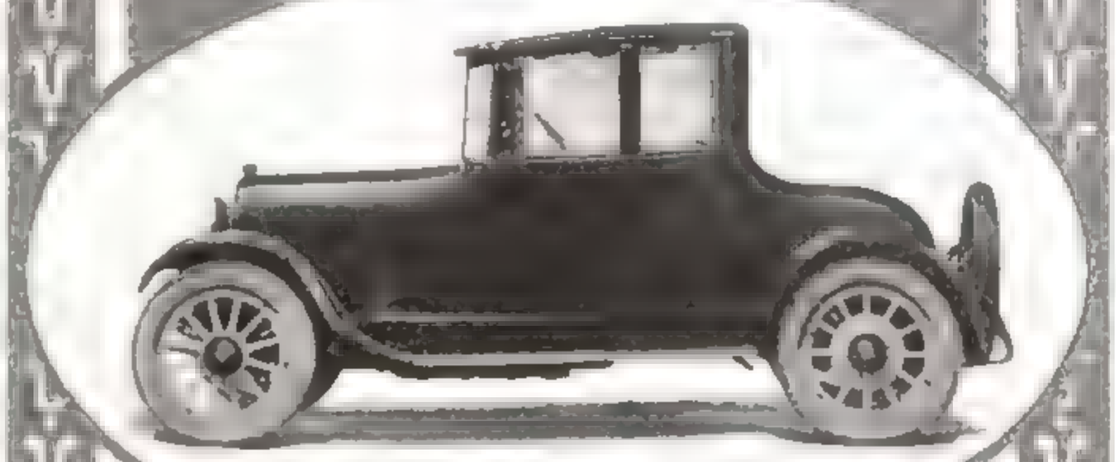


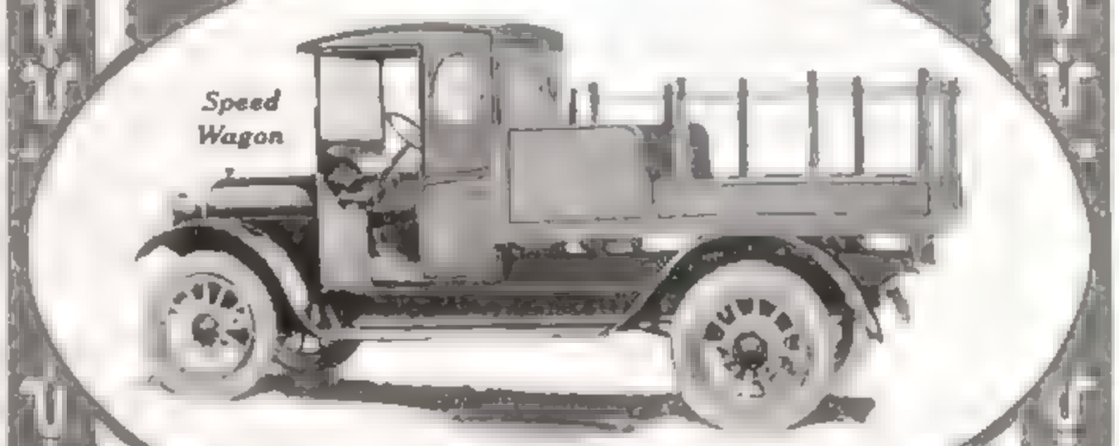
New Light Seven—$1595



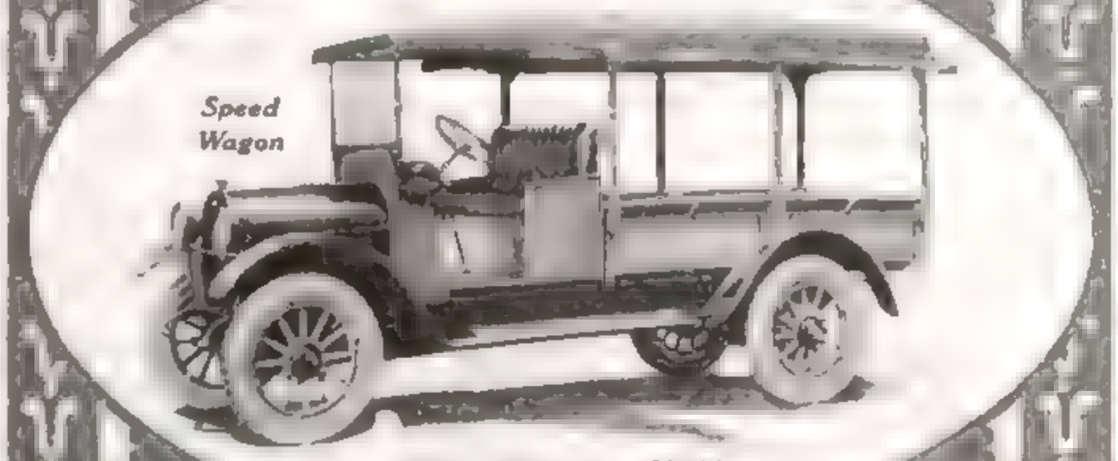
New 5-Passenger Sedan—$2435



New Business Coupe—$1895



Stake Body—$1460



Canopy Express—$1435

THE WINTER BELL

(Continued from Page 5)

the crust. A pause followed, a moment of stillness; and then a voice hailed Corporation House:

"Hey! Who's in?"

All four men went to the door without haste.

The keen blue sky, the afternoon sunlight on the snow, made them blink like drowsy animals coming out of a cavern. Below them, close at hand, two ragged lines of bush tops marked where the road curved between flowage and cat-tail marsh; and here a steaming bay horse, his winter coat frosted white down his neck, along his collar and round the root of his tail, stood harnessed to a sled. A pair of strangers, bulky in fur coats, one of black bear and one of brown-dyed sheepskin, clung each to a stake and peered upward. What little of their faces could be seen glowed fiery. Between them on the sled lay something flat under a blanket.

The driver, in the bearskin, wrapped his reins round a sled stake and beckoned.

"We got a dead man here." He spoke not without gusto. "Found him on the lake this mornin'. Come see if it's anybody ye know."

The Redmans, father and son, obeyed. Trapper Kingcome, as he began to follow, gave Salem a brief stare, remarkable in such lazy pale orbs for its hardness.

"I don't want to look on him again," said Salem, and remained leaning in the doorway.

He saw the driver stoop unwieldily to roll back the horse blanket, while his friends gathered in line, forming with the strangers a wall of backs that hid the sled. He heard the driver's tone of relish and importance:

"We been up there gittin' out knees for the Grecian Bend. . . . Yeah. You know her; three-master, is to be, on Honey Cocksall's ways. . . . Yeah. Comin' out this forenoon we run acrost this poor feller." The exhibitor lowered his voice. It rumbled on: "Hit him 'bove the right ear with the blunt of a ax. . . . What I say. . . . Yeah. There's the ax. Found her under the snow alongside him. . . . What was left o' snowshoe tracks, them bobtail kind, plain enough in the crust f'm where he laid to a camp ashore. Who lived there?"

Salem heard no answer; but he saw Kingcome's great bulk move.

Quietly, as if having seen enough, Trapper drew back and turned, sauntering up to the house.

He passed in without a look, but whispered fiercely from the corner of his mouth, "Come here, Sale! Come here!"

No sooner had the young man joined him than with the same ferocity, quick and silent as a pouncing cat, he closed the door, gripped Salem's arm and swung him across the room to the bunk below the gable window.

His free hand was holding out a little heap of silver coins and dirty green paper.

"You take this. All I got on me." His broad, freckled face burned with excitement. "Out that winder, and make tracks acrost the border! Quick! The man's a depatty shariff down to Middle Landin'. I know him. He's got your ax. You're the only one round here wears that pattrun o' snowshoe. Come, shin out!"

Salem did nothing but look bewilderment. He had never seen Trapper like this, transformed, except in time of danger to somebody else.

It was the trait by which the lounger and gossip had first won him.

"No." He pushed Kingcome's hand away.

"Take it. Pay me back when ye git somewheres safe."

Not Trapper's words but his eyes began to have meaning.

"What?" cried Salem in horror. "Do you think I done it?"

The other let go his arm, tried to stifle his mouth.

"Never mind what I think! You git! Clear out or they'll hang ye, boy."

Footsteps and voices were coming up the bank.

"I never touched him," said Salem. His brown eyes rebuked this friend. "Told ye so once a'ready."

A deliberate, padded knocking sounded throughout the room; somebody at the threshold kicked snow from his moccasins. The door began to open.

"Oh, why didn' ye?" Trapper groaned, and sat down on the bunk like one exhausted. "Never knowed such a young fool!"

III

ONE day in the following spring Salem had reason to think his friend Trapper Kingcome right. It was a very fine day. With eyes closed or eyesight lost a man would have known how fine and of what season; for besides an unmistakable new mildness in the air, that smell of drying mud which is more delicate than perfume told how earth lay warming, released from winter, uncovered to the sun. Whiffs came now and then from a distant bonfire, aromatic smoke of burning evergreens; these having drifted by, there settled a warm drowsiness through which pine lumber diffused its clean, hearty scent; and in fits of energy, broken by silence and rest, a horsewhip beat on a carpet, volleying broad smacks that echoed.

Salem had not gone blind. The feeling of spring ran in his veins, at once languid and restless, a current overcharged with winter vitality which prompted him to be doing yet checked him by a sleepy surfeit. He knew the season for spring, acknowledged the glory of the day. He sat on a bench in the town jail of Crossport.

The walls that imprisoned him had once been whitewashed, but now were a crazy patchwork of bare lath, of old lime scratched with obscene words and pictures, and of great brown spider-legged stains left by tobacco juice. One barred window, without glass, admitted near the ceiling enough reflection of sunlight to reveal the broken plaster, from which hung little pinches of reddish cow's hair, and darker knobs where some bygone captive, furious or jocose, had flung his quids to dry. It was a doleful room. It was perhaps the worst place on earth, for a woodsman who had always gone free, to sit in and be reminded of the spring.

"Don't you go nigh it no more." One self spoke to the other self; and weary of their endless wrangle night and day Salem crouched, elbows on knees, to glare downward. "You keep away from that winder."

He knew little about towns or difference of neighborhood, nothing about what he called lockup houses. This tumbledown den, long scandalous to many decent persons, and soon to be pulled down, he thought was devised, maintained so throughout ages for a peculiar torment and disgrace. Outside his window lived the scum of the river, wharf-rat men and women; to Salem, in the modesty of ignorance, they were his fellows, his equals, mankind gathered against him terribly in judgment.

He glared down between his feet, seeing a black depth and hating this mankind.

What had happened before, and what he sat dreading most, now happened again. The dim light above him fluttered. He looked up quickly and watched, as before, vague lines of shadow on the ceiling join and divide like scissors.

Then a voice outside called—the voice of someone with a happy thought—"Hey! Le's go see the murd'rer!"

"Where is he?" answered another. "Where they keepin' him?"

"Right over here."

He knew what sound would come next. It came, a scrambling and kicking of boots on clapboards. For the twentieth time that day the window grew dark, and Salem hardened himself to meet the stare of another enemy. Hands gripped the bars; a head, black against the patch of glowing sky, hung motionless for what seemed a long time, for what was in fact so long that the blackness took on features—a heavy nose, thick lips, and all the foolish countenance of a young green-eyed lout, grinning with broad teeth.

"Hallo!" This thing, like the others, gave a chuckle made somewhat breathless by the effort of holding on. "Hey, how's your neck? It'll know 'fore long how many hund'ed ye weigh behind, a-settin' on air."

The mocker dropped from sight, and left the window clear.

Some kind of playful combat followed outside, with bumps and whiskings and feminine squeaks.

"I'll hold ye up jest like a baby."

"O-o-oh, quit that!"

(Continued on Page 59)

"Oh! the Circus-Day Parade!
How the bugles played and played!
And how the glossy horses
tossed their flossy manes
and neighed,
As the rattle and the rhyme
of the tenor-drummer's time
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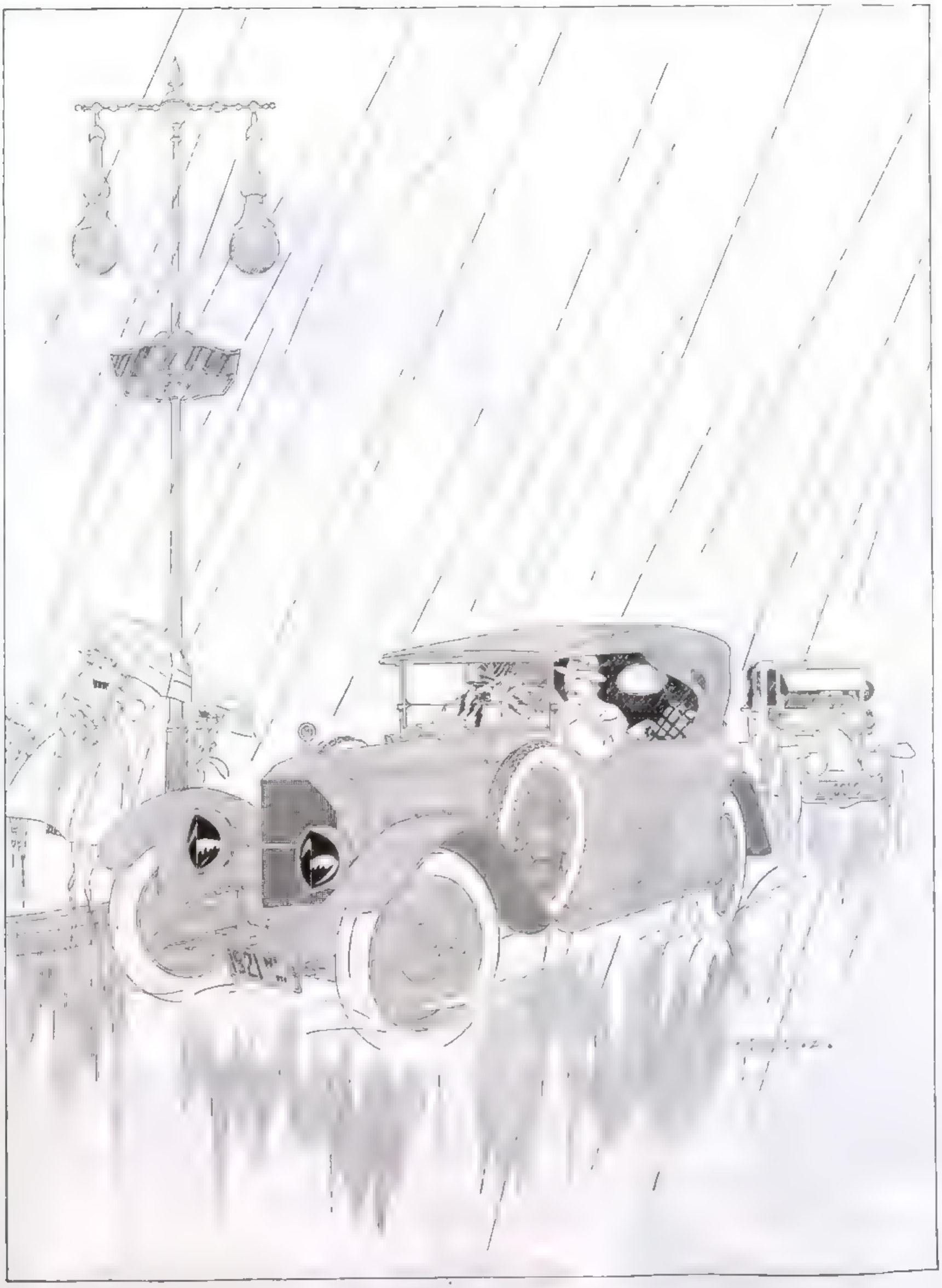

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(Continued from Page 57)

"Sure. I'll histe ye. Hain't it a good pow'ful hand? Set yer pretty little instep right int' the palm of it. Come on, don't be scairt o' me."

"Oh, git out, ye great big tomfool! Someb'dy'll see us."

Again the window became darkened. A young woman was looking in. She had bright eyes, a hard unvirtuous face and a silly, gurgling laugh like a lie in her throat. While she gazed as into the den of a wild beast, pretending fear, her eyes beheld nothing and cared less, for they soon turned to cast their distracted light outward and down, in leers of false merriment, sham affection.

"Oh," she cried pertly, "ain't he horruble?"

The word expressed what Salem was thinking of her.

"You quit that! Le' go! Behave! I'll sock you one!"

Her flushed face was gone, the room brighter for its absence.

"Looks 's if he'd like to murder us too," said her voice.

"Set-fire 'f he don't!" the other agreed. "Haw, haw!"

The pair moved away, dallying. Salem heard their empty jokes, watched their shadows wheel across the plaster overhead to sink among corner cobwebs, and when alone once more fell back into his brooding rage. The last few days had taught him what mankind was like; yes, and womankind. They came to look at him for sport. He sat here with his griefs, "like a passel o' baboons in a cage," he told himself, while other baboons came and grinned at him all day. This latest couple had seemed the worst; he could bear no more of them.

And now as time went slowly by the silence failed to bring comfort, because at any moment they might break it again. His mind was all one raw place that winced in expectation. Or if he made a struggle to forget, then began once more that wrangling of one self with the other. Salem had never known before that there were two of him. Misfortune, like a wedge in a block, had split the man's fiber, which, being hard and clean, therefore parted groaning. He tried to rejoin the divided halves; but when by pure will he succeeded and held himself together it was only to think; and thought which did not bear on action, which led toward nothing simple and direct to be done at once, chafed against every torn habit of his life with intolerable pain.

"Nothin' don't seem to fit no more," said Salem.

The light on the ceiling faded in time, then took a new direction and brightened. He knew these changes. Early afternoon had dragged past, late afternoon slowly swung toward evening. He was beginning to hope there would be no more visitors that day.

"Ev'body in town must 'a' seen me by now."

But the raw place had still to be prodded. More quietly than was usual, without kicking of clapboards or preparatory joking, someone else had come. Two big freckled fists laid hold of the bars, and like a freckled moon with rays of pale red hair a face heaved up its chin over the sill.

"Listen here, boy." It was the faithless friend, Trapper Kingcome.

"They tolt me you wouldn' hear o' no lawyer," he whispered. "That right, Sale? Got ye a lawyer yit?"

Salem answered only with a long look.

"You git ye one," said Trapper, in wheedling tones. "Don't go playin' the off ox like that. Nob'dy'll believe ye alon'. You git ye a good lawyer 'fore to-morrer."

Salem sprang up, caught his bench by the end and swung it like a weapon.

"You put!" he growled.

He took only one step forward. There were bars between them. The stout Charley Kingcome was no coward, but something deadly in the fire of Salem's eyes made him drop from the window as for dear life. Salem turned, replaced the bench and sat down without another word.

For a while he heard Trapper's voice beyond the wall. He took no heed of what the man might be saying. What had been said was enough, and remained there like a persistent echo in the darkness.

"Nob'dy'll believe ye."

It was enough. All men were liars.

Silence followed; probably a long silence, for his wrists—and they were not those of a weakling—began to ache like the head which they supported. A horsefly, the earliest of the year, buzzed round the room, tapped the wall with light rasping touches, and made its aimlessness a part of the world's vacancy. Toward sunset it, too, fell quiet.

Afterward, from outside, there suddenly rose a brief grating and thumping, as of some hollow object that was dragged along the ground.

"Hallo!" Someone hailed from above the window. "What ye doin' down there?"

It was the drawl of old Denny, who kept this lockup house and dwelt overhead. Jailer, poundmaster, and mild bugbear of truants from school, he was known to look on his duties with a blear-eyed philosophical neglect, through haze from a black Woodstock pipe. Salem could hear the rattletrap balcony creak under his deliberate, stocking-footed tread.

"What ye doin' with that box bigger'n yourself?"

From below, after a pause, came an answer. "I only wanted to see Mr. Delaforce," said a young and rather timid voice.

"Well, you better hyper hom'," replied the old smoker aloft. A loud sucking noise interrupted his counsel, and a burnt match dropped aslant past the window. "Be'n too many of ye, guess. He don't want to see no more. Be'n pestered plenty enough t'-day. You jest kite along and let him stay put."

The dialogue seemed to end. But inside his dirty room a thing was happening to Salem that he could not understand. All day long he had suffered because this careless jailer would not drive his tormentors away. He had renounced the world with every person in it, but now he found himself under the abhorred window, straining upward and calling out.

"Let her come!" he cried. "You never stopped the others, Denny. Let her come! Treat me fair. She's the first one that hain't called me ——"

He choked and stood breathing hard, his arms raised, his fists trembling against the daylight. Presently the old man grumbled overhead and stumped away.

Again the box drew near, grating hollow on pebbles. A child, or someone light and small as a child, mounted it; pale brown fingers rested on the sill, and then a head younger than his own looked down at him calmly.

This late comer was a girl. The evening sun that poured across the front of the jail glowed on her right cheek and darkened the left with shadow. Tucked between her lips for convenience in hauling or climbing, and forgotten, a dandelion shone like a disk of clear flame. Her eyes, dark blue, regarded him steadily, but with an inward sparkle, a widening thrill of enforced courage or of conquered fear.

"Good evening, Mr. Delaforce," she said gravely. "How do you do?"

Salem could see her only from the throat up, yet he felt certain the child was very small and too old for her years. Her face—thin, pale under a first coat of tan—had a mingled look at variance with itself, both alert and sad, the look of a youngster who has run wild. Or perhaps the wildness lay in her hair, bright on the side toward the sun, bronze throughout the shadowy half, and all tangled.

"You're the first one," declared Salem, "to call me Mister anything."

She removed the dandelion, threw it away and, grimacing, rubbed its bitter milk from her lips. The action showed a thin little hand, rough with work.

"Why am I?" she asked.

"The rest of 'em," replied Salem, "call me nothin' but murd'rer. Been hearin' it all day. 'Le's go see the murd'rer.'"

The child seemed lost in meditation.

"Are you?"

Salem drew back somewhat, to give her a better light upon his worn, hairy face.

"What do you think?" he inquired.

While waiting he thought the child was perhaps a cripple. Her dark blue eyes, under their heavy and fine-curved lids, contained that deep beauty of thoughtfulness granted often to the eyes of the deformed. They looked through him slowly and impartially.

"No," she said.

Salem nodded at her quickly.

"No!" He repeated the word with delight, as if it were a thing to be proud of. "No, you bet you!"

They remained studying each other for a while without speaking.

"Thank ye, little girl, for comin' to see a fellaw. You done me a heap o' good."

The sadness in her eyes had not altered.

"I don't know much." His visitor paused, evidently casting about in her mind. "I wish I did. But it does say, 'Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.'"

Salem shook his head.

"You can't tell me nothin' about the rod," he answered gruffly. "It's a three-cornered whalebon' pickled in brine, and laid on hit or miss. I hope you won't never come to feel it, young one."

After she had gone he regretted the speech; no use, he thought, in talking so to a child. But she had gone quickly, dropping with a "Good-by" and running off. Salem hauled himself to the window, from one edge of which he caught, past the other, no more than half a glimpse of her. Not a cripple. She ran fast—a slight figure in black, taller than he had expected to see—and slipped through the open door of a house across the way. He could see only half the house. It was a small, unpainted, slatternly building, banked round the sill, not with fir branches but with a trough of hemlock slabs and shingle shavings. The door closed.

"Poor little critter!" thought Salem. "Her fo'ks can't be no good. Tell t'm the looks of it. They'll leave their bankin' on all summer."

While he hung there he found to his great surprise that a change had taken him unaware. Something in his head, like a spring wound tight to the breaking point, had loosened and freed with a rush. The evening air tasted wonderfully sweet and fresh. Sunset flooded that dismal alley by the river, poured through and flowed over the ugliest things in splendor. On the wharves lumber shone like pile on pile of gold, straight-edged, clean as its own warm scent, and mirrored in the dark shore water that between wharves covered the mud flats with a still pool brown as tea. Out in midstream lay the soft color of the sky.

He let go and sank back into the dusk.

"Maybe I'll swamp a ro'd out through this mess yit," thought Salem. "To-morrer's goin' to be bad. But don't ye flinch no more."

He sat down and, thinking, felt sorry for two mistakes. He had driven Trapper away when Trapper no doubt meant kindly; and he had forgotten just now to ask the child her name.

IV

HE DID, indeed, confront the next day without flinching. It was to be his second ordeal in the court room. On Monday he had watched the jury being impaneled and sworn, and heard Judge Knowlton, a white-haired gentleman with quiet, leisurely manners, adjourn the court over Tuesday, saying that he had to attend a funeral, and instructing jury and witnesses to be present at ten o'clock on Wednesday morning.

The hour appointed thus found Salem in the dock, composed, not hopeful, but willing to believe that truth might prevail. Or so he felt for a moment, until bad air, the buzz that followed his appearance and the host of watching eyes made his head swim. The court room was dark and small. The oldest public room in town, it had been a church, built during the days when faith came first in clearing a village out of the woods, afterward outgrown and desecrated. Along the gray side walls high narrow windows rose each to a point in a two-foot-deep recess. Men and boys, their feet dangling above the crowd, stuffed these little alcoves tightly so that no draft came in, though the lower panes had been swung open. Under their dangling boots all space was packed level with heads, close fitted, like black and white seeds in a sunflower. A thick, warm smell rose from old rubber matting in the aisles, a stale counter-irritant from old woodwork steeped in tobacco smoke. This might be the odor of the law, Salem thought vaguely, for as a boy he once had smelled it hanging about a lawyer's office. There were too many eyes for comfort. He tried to meet them, but they were too many, too fixed and too hostile.

Ignoring them, therefore, Salem looked toward the judge, who impended aloft, waiting and rubbing his chin thoughtfully with slender fingers. He seemed a venerable scholar at his desk, bowed down with the weight of this awful moment. As a matter of fact Judge Knowlton sat there tired, thinking of an old friend he had helped to bury yesterday.

The buzzing died away. The roomful settled into expectancy. His glance roving

(Continued on Page 62)

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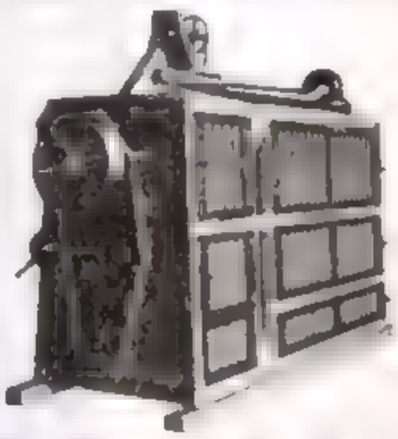

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SEDAN TYPE

Rex All Seasons Top

(Continued from Page 59)

about the field of eyes again, Salem encountered one pair that wished him no harm. Midway in the throng, wedged uncomfortably, a vast, round old man wearing a mop of red-golden hair and beard, both somewhat grizzled, regarded Salem with a benignant glare. He was eating what might have been an apple, but his big paw hid most of it. Salem had never seen the man before. He had a great chuckle nose, a wind-blown, weather-beaten air, and eyes pale and clear as a goat's. Next moment he gave Salem a shock by winking at him.

Through the crowded windows came, like elfin trumpets heralding the spring, a faint blast of cockcrow, repeated from barnyard to barnyard round the outskirts of the town.

Judge Knowlton folded his hands, looked up, and said as though resuming a late conversation: "In the case of The People against Delaforce, are you ready to proceed, gentlemen?"

Immediately a tall man in black serge rose from a table below the judge, tossed a lock of dark hair back from his forehead and replied, "Ready for The People, Your Honor."

Salem viewed this champion closely after he sat down. He looked earnest and somber; hungry hollows lurked underneath his cheek bones and jaw, and his Adam's apple showed like the breast bone of a plucked fowl.

"Observe," said the judge, "that the defendant has formally stated that he does not desire counsel. Are you ready to proceed?"

Salem, who felt lonely and detached, found with alarm that everyone was waiting for him to answer the question. He cleared his throat. It was dry as touchwood.

"Ready or not," he replied, "I told ye, sir, I didn't want no lawyers mullin' round."

"Very well, gentlemen," said Judge Knowlton, "proceed."

The effort of speaking for the first time in his life before a crowd left Salem bewildered. He saw the tall man in black rise again, and heard him begin with sonorous deliberation:

"Your Honor and gentlemen of the jury "

What immediately followed was lost on Salem, who remained hot and cold by turns, dizzy with the labor of his few desperate words. In time, however, he grew conscious that the many-eyed monster was watching and listening elsewhere. Thought and sight returned to him. Opposite, not far away, sat two ranks of men whose faces differed from the others, being set, stiffened, like masks of unnatural wisdom or good behavior. He suddenly knew them for the jury. On Monday he had watched them gather one by one, and answer some question about prejudice, murder, circumstantial evidence. The tall man was addressing them, though peering over their heads, as if his words to be collected were midges in the air, and his eyesight doubtful:

"—— that on the tenth day of Feb'uary the dead body of Asa Beard was found on the ice on Jacob-Staff Lake; that the body bore the mark of a heavy blow, dealt with some blunt inst'ment, above the right ear, crushing the skull; that near by was found an ax belonging to the defendant; and that the tracks of snowshoes in the crust leading from the spot where Asa Beard's body laid were followed to a camp which was the defendant's domicile. We will also call before you, gentlemen, witnesses to prove that Asa Beard and the defendant quarreled, some time previous to the crime, and come to blows, over a dog belonging to the defendant; that the defendant openly threatened to kill Asa Beard on condition of a certain event happening, namely, if any harm came to his dog; and that this condition was fulfilled just previous to the murder. These are the bare facts. They are the facts which we sh'll prove."

Uttering his last word with force, the tall man turned aside, held up one finger and beckoned. His movement made Salem aware of another group in the crowd. This was no mob, after all, but an ordered thing put in motion against him. Four men, their faces brick-red among the haze of paler town complexions, waited in a row. Salem at first thought them blushing with embarrassment; then he recognized them—old outdoor acquaintances, disguised in their Sunday clothes. One of them answered the tall man's finger and stepped up behind a railing, well polished by hand.

"—— and nothing but the truth," concluded somebody, "so help you God?"

Yes, it was all ordered. It grew solemn. This room hadn't quit being a church.

"What is your name?"

"Helon Fox."

"What is your occupation?"

"Lumberman."

This man's face, before, had looked out from a dyed sheepskin collar, over a sled stake, among snow-covered alders at Corporation House.

"Where were you on the morning of the tenth day of Feb'uary last?"

"Crossin' Jake-Staff Lake, sir."

"Were you alone?"

"No, sir." The red-faced man gave a gulp, seized the railing, and pondered. "No, sir; I wa'n't alon'. No."

"Who was with you?"

"Depatty Shariff Crosby was with me. And a bay hoss and sled belongin' to Bales McCatherine."

The dark champion of the people brought forth his next question very slowly:

"Did you discover anything laying on the ice on that date?"

"We did, sir," replied the witness.

"What was it?"

Mr. Helon Fox, lumberman, had no doubt what it was; with the aid of questioning he described it fully.

"Did you find anything else?"

"Yes, sir. In clearin' away to chop him out we found a ax 'longside of him under the snow."

The district attorney bent toward the table and handed over a light, single-bitted ax.

"Is this it?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you know it is?"

Mr. Fox became wary, turned the ax over in his hands more than once, then became cheerful again.

"Because the's his nishuals branded on the helve."

"You mean that those are the defendant's initials?"

"Yes, they be. He lent her to me one time. S. D. Them is his proper nishuals that I seen afore. S. for Sale and D. for Delaforce."

There followed more questions and answers, but the drift of them Salem disregarded, for as he heard Fox tell of bear-paw snowshoe prints, and of Sagamore's grave under the firs, room and talkers and listeners faded away. He sat in a dream, downcast, homesick, his mind far from all this evil, sadly roaming the woods. Once he looked up, recalled by the sound of his own name.

"Mr. Delaforce," the judge was asking, "do you wish to cross-examine the witness?"

"What's that mean, sir?" replied Salem.

He spoke without fear, being so remote. His heart was not there.

"Have you any questions to ask him?"

"No, thank ye."

Homesickness wrapped him round as if to hide him from view. Another of the sunburnt four mounted the stand: Crosby, the deputy sheriff, who had worn a black bearskin coat that winter afternoon. The talk went on, the same vain repetition.

"Was Asa Beard dead when you found him?"

"He certain'y was," declared Crosby. "A corp some hours, and froze hard too. I've seen good many."

The next of the four, Pum's father, old Redman, of Wing Dam, gave trouble by his vagueness. But he told a fair story; how on "Lambkill Hake last October, November mebbe, Sale there did fight with Asy Beard, no mistake . . . Yes, sir; that's a fact too. Sale did ondeniably, right out, promise Asy Beard to kill him some day, nex' time he ever attackted the dog."

When the fourth and last witness appeared, Salem felt a change like some breath of air. Pum Redman came lounging into confinement and took his oath like a shy, fierce young animal, half gawky, half graceful, that had wound from among trees into a circus tent, smelled things it hated and would quickly wind out again. The light of his eyes drifted round to seek or give offense.

Now Pum was a gentle soul; and Salem, knowing him, knew that here stood a hot, angry friend in the hour of need.

"What is your name?"

"Y'ought," said Pum, "to remember me pooty well by now."

"What is your name?"

(Continued on Page 65)

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Grave Vaults
Heaters — Locomotives
Ladles — Ladders
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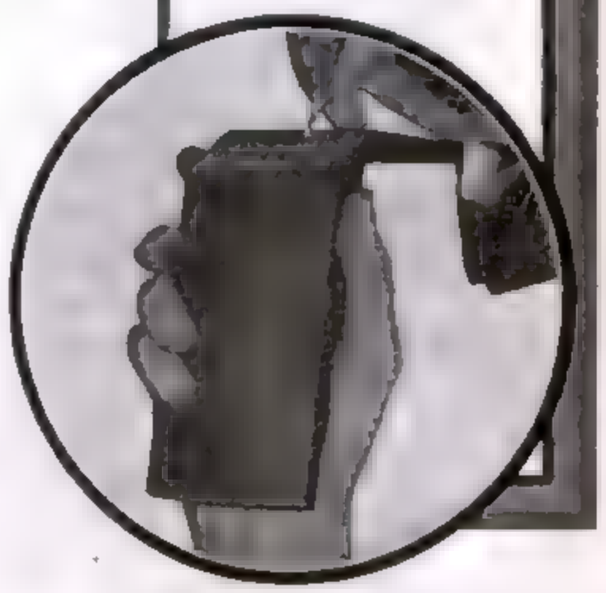

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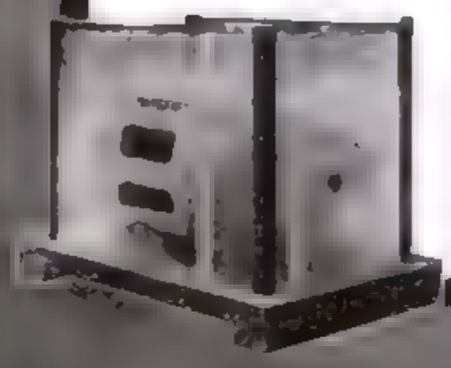

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(Continued from Page 62

"You go to grass!"

Hearing this defiance, Judge Knowlton sat up.

"Young man," he said not unkindly, "I call your attention to the fact that if you don't answer these questions you render yourself liable to punishment. You are called on to testify, and must testify, and if you don't the court will order you sent to jail for contempt until you do. By refusing to answer now you do no good to yourself or anyone else, but only hinder the course of justice."

Pum's face turned surly toward his examiner.

"What is your name?"

"Pomeroy Redman." He ground it out in a rage.

"Were you present at Lambkill Heath last October or November, when two men had a fight there?"

"Yes, I was. I was on Lambkill Hake."

"What took place there at that time?"

Pum was holding an inward fight of his own against passion.

"We all know what you're after!" he cried. "Yes, I seen Sale Delaforce lick Asy Beard good and clean and plenty. He knocked him ten foot through cramb'ry bog with one poke. And tolt him if he ever did that to his dog again he'd kill him. W'ich he deserved, the big ov'grown pismire—if he is dead!"

There came a pause after this outburst. The man in black serge waited calmly, then took from his pocket a black leathern strap with a brass buckle and half a dozen brass bosses

"Did you ever see this article before?" he said.

"Yes," growled Pum, "I hev."

"Where did you last see it?"

"They took it out of Sale's pocket when they 'rested him."

"Did you ever see it before that?"

"Yes, I did."

"When, and where?"

"Lots o' times. Round the dog's neck. Where s'pose?"

"On the neck of the defendant's dog?"

"Round it, yes."

The district attorney laid Sagamore's collar on the table beside the ax. He did so with a quiet air of content.

But meanwhile, behind him signs of disturbance had risen. Looking where others looked, Salem saw a large round back rolling away through the press, heaving people to one side and the other, moving in half circles like an upended barrel. It was the tight-clothed back and mop head of the old man who had winked at him, and who was now evidently shoving his way outdoors in disgust.

"Pumps have sucked," proclaimed his resounding voice. "Jury? A bo'tlo'd of dodunks and chowderheads! Wouldn't know a man if they saw him born. Look at 'em. They'll find guilty."

Judge Knowlton spoke from his bench:

"Mister Bailiff, go get that man and bring him back here."

Many persons in the room guessed what was passing through the judge's mind. He knew this offender. Everyone knew and liked old Captain Constantine, a rich eccentric who, retired from the sea into a fortune, thought little of shore ways and would utter his mind aloud anywhere, contradicting even his favorite parson in church. Yesterday Knowlton had borne the head of a coffin with him, had seen tears in the captain's eyes; but now it was the judge, not the friend, that spoke to a culprit at the rail, whose arm was held by the sheriff:

"The court judges you guilty of contempt, and fines you two hundred fifty dollars, and orders that you pay the fine forthwith or remain in the custody of the sheriff till the fine is paid."

Captain Constantine chose quickly. He gave the sheriff a brown derby hat to hold, as if hanging it on a convenient peg. With one of his circular, muscle-bound movements, plunging hand and wrist down inside his tight coat, he struggled a while, then hauled out a long fat leathern pocketbook, dark and shiny as a saddle. A bright brown, tarred spun yarn lashed this wallet securely together. Like magic the captain untied some private complication of knots, withdrew a strap from several keepers, flapped the cover open, wet his thumb, and peeled off one after another of fresh green bank notes, which he carefully shoved endlong upon the desk.

"Well worth it," he declared.

"I warn you," said the judge, "to be careful."

The old irrepressible, tying his wallet and ramming it home again, looked quite unabashed and happy.

"Sir, for your court," he boomed, "I have nothin' but the greatest respect. More than ever. And for good discipline gen'ally. I make my apologies to all consarned."

He was allowed to depart, and did so, again swaying through the crowd like a barrel on its chime. Salem watched him go with a queer regret, as if this stranger were carrying away the last of any good, anything to be hoped or remembered.

"That is the case for The People, Your Honor."

Salem turned to find the judge looking at him, and saying as before, "Do you wish to ask the witness any questions?"

He had forgotten Pum, who stood chafing behind the brown rail.

"No, thank ye."

With that lanky wildcat grace of his, Pum slipped free of the law's cage and down among his outdoor fellows again.

"Have you any testimony to offer?"

"No, sir."

Judge Knowlton tried to do his best by this prisoner, whose haggard, scrubby cheeks and bronze profile reminded him of a young Job in the ashes, a Job who had renounced his Maker. The boy needed every chance.

"Mr. Delaforce, have you no statement to make?"

Salem wavered. He could not let his life go thus without an effort, but he did not know what effort or how to begin. This old gentleman's tone, some decency underlying the bare words, gave him courage.

"Yes," he replied, "I have. Think I have."

"Do you wish to make it under oath?"

"All right, sir."

He stumbled into the place where Pum had been, heard the clerk's voice and the name of God, waited, saw everyone waiting for him to speak, and grew bewildered, a man in a mist.

"On'y want to say this." He heard himself talking like someone else: "Up where I come from no one ever doubted my word afore. That's true. Someb'dy stole my ax on me. I never touched him again, not after we had the fist fight. Never. If they'd read them tracks both ways, proper, they'd 'a' seen I come fresh up lake and found him layin' there, just the way they did." Salem felt the obscurity of his words, a tangle he could not clear away; his own mind saw plain enough the storm on the lake, and Asa's hair, a chunk of doormat filled with driven snow. "I can't seem able to put it right. They wouldn't 'a' found no tracks o' Beard. He was half covered a'ready." Salem gave it up.

"Is that all?" said Judge Knowlton.

"Yes, sir, that's all. I jest mean to say, it don't hang together."

"Is there to be any cross-examination?"

It appeared that the district attorney had one question to ask. He rose, took the ax from the table, stalked near, and lifted the handle under Salem's eyes for inspection.

"Is this ax yours?"

"I tolt you afore," argued Salem, "somebody went ——"

"Answer my question, yes or no," cut in his adversary. "Is this ax yours?"

"Yes, it's mine."

"That's all, Your Honor," proclaimed the somber tall man, and fell back, nodding to clinch matters.

The judge scraped his face down on both sides with the flat of his hand.

"Mr. Delaforce," he said, "is there any other witness you would like to call upon?"

"No, sir," replied Salem.

He found his way back somehow to the refuge of his chair. The judge's voice continued from above:

"Have you prepared any instructions that you desire to have given to the jury?"

"I have." The man in black serge handed up some papers.

Salem heard the same question put to him.

"No," he said. "I wouldn't know how."

Judge Knowlton regarded a stucco ring in the ceiling, a flyspecked ring round a hook coated with lampblack from some light of the church, long vanished.

"Do you desire to argue the case?"

"Most assuredly, Your Honor," came a stalwart reply.

"Proceed," the judge told the ring, "with your argument."

Upon the scene then—for Salem—entered chaos and old night. He saw the black champion rise with great deliberation and

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dignity, toss back the drooping lock from his forehead, blow his nose in a loud blast, fold away his handkerchief thoughtfully, explore the hollow of each wrist, and produce from each a cylinder of glassy linen buttoned with a moss agate, like armor for the back of his hands. Thus prepared, the man seemed a foot taller than before, gaunt as a moose. His voice became a bellow:

"—— no clearer case of downright, premeditated, cold-blooded murder in the first degree has ever be'n presented to a jury in a court of justice!" Like a roaring gale, the words left Salem overthrown; he could not follow their sense, but hearkened in a panic of unwilling admiration. "I will now pr'ceed to tell you how each and every movement of the defendant has b'en clearly traced from the time he got up in the morning, on the day before the murder, down to the time when he was safely landed behind bars, where he belongs."

The storm gained headway, but now and again dropped in a lull, cold, deadly.

"Gentlemen, I have no need to remind you of this man's motive for his turrible act."

The speaker lifted his hand, to display poor Sagamore's old collar, and wave it in a gesture of contempt.

"A dog! Nor do I need to remind you that many of the bitt'rest lawsoots in all history, and the foulest acts of bloodshed, have be'n committed on account of nothing more than a dog. Is it possible in any way, shape or manner, for you, gentlemen ——"

Salem's eyes took rest on the collar when it was laid down again. He did not even try now to listen, though more strange words beat upon him, burst round him.

"The attention of the whole civilized world, I may say, is leveled on this county, from which no capital felon has ever yet escaped the hangman's noose. The men of this county are red-blooded—no mollycoddles among them—they will not be content with any compromise. Either you must find the defendant guilty of murder in the first degree, as he clearly is, or else you must acquit him and bear that responsibility for the county's disgrace which will inevitably follow when the passions of an outraged populace ——"

There was more, but at last it ended. A stir of people shifting in their seats, a fit of coughing, passed roundabout the room. Judge Knowlton waited for silence, then spoke; and Salem learned with astonishment that the old gray scholar aloft sat quite unmoved, still as a rock.

"Have you any reply to this argument?"

Salem rose. Here in this cave of language and phantoms was one godlike man who did not despise him.

"I ain't no talker, sir," he replied. "The gentleman who spoke again' me is grand, but he's made a mistake somewheres. Been told wrong. He can shed words like—like—the way a carpenter sheds nails round a new building, but ——"

He meant this fairly, a serious compliment. It was taken for humor. Salem heard suppressed titters and saw faces grinning. The blood rushed to his head. Laugh, would they, at a man doing his best, who knew it wasn't much?

He sat down in fury and despair, crying, "Take it or leave it, I never touched him!"

"Is that all?" said the judge.

Salem nodded. He would never open his mouth to them again.

"It would appear, then," resumed Judge Knowlton after a pause, "that the taking of testimony is completed. The court will therefore instruct the jury."

He handled the documents which the man in black serge had given him, wiped a pair of spectacles, put them on, and for a long time sat writing as though alone.

Salem looked at the dog's collar until the brasses blinked and made his eyes ache. Then he looked round the room, too tired to care if it were full or empty. At the rear wall, by the door, a tall stove and crooked pipe blotched the regular pattern of the crowd. He thought he saw, lurking behind them, someone he might have known. It did not matter. The judge was talking now.

"Burden of proof is on the state throughout . . . to prove the guilt of the defendant beyond a reasonable doubt . . . and if from all the evidence you have heard at this trial you have the slightest doubt as to the guilt of the defendant it is your duty to acquit him. In other words, it is your duty to acquit him unless the evidence has convinced you of his guilt beyond a reasonable doubt. The court will further instruct you as to the difference between murder in the first degree and murder in the second degree. . . . And the court will further instruct you that by the law of this state, in the event that you shall render a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree it will be the duty of the court to impose upon the defendant a sentence of death."

Salem looked up for an instant, then down again. His mind was not afraid of death, which would be better than this present thing; yet at the word some part beyond his mind or underneath it went numb, like an elbow hit on the crazy bone.

"And if your verdict shall be guilty of murder in the second degree it will be the duty of the court to sentence the defendant to imprisonment for life."

Salem remained in that tingling stupor, while the voice flowed calmly on:

"You are the judges of the credibility of the witnesses, and it will be for you to determine the truth of the evidence presented . . . wholly circumstantial, and if it does not as a whole convince your minds beyond all doubt that the defendant is guilty you will acquit him. . . ." Judge Knowlton handed papers down to the clerk, while talking, and at last inquired: "Do you wish to retire, gentlemen, to deliberate upon your verdict?"

The two ranks of men opposite were bobbing their heads together, whispering. Salem could read in their faces a doubtful and frightened importance. Among them there spoke up a mild little man with no hair on his head:

"I guess, judge, we'd like to go t' the jury room."

"Very well, gentlemen."

They shuffled out, sad and awkward, like men behaving at a funeral. An officer, the same bailiff or sheriff who had taken Captain Constantine's arm, closed after them a brown-painted door in the wall, and stood guard beside it under oath. Judge Knowlton, swinging his chair halfway round, plunged into a thought, a doze or something deep and unhappy. Time went by; some boys, weary of delay, crawled backward off their window ledges and dropped from view into sunshine; and with the faint increase of light and air thus given, came drifting another spring challenge of cockcrow.

Salem outstared the brass bosses on his dog collar. Let them blink as they would, they were the last friendly sign of his old world, taken from him, shortly to disappear. Everything true and solid was melting in this region of words.

A knock sounded on the door, which the bailiff opened.

"We have reached a verdict," called a voice from behind.

Salem watched the dozen men troop in.

The clerk called their names one by one. They answered "Here." "Here."

The judge swung his chair to face them.

"Gentlemen, have you determined upon your verdict?"

"We have," piped up the little bald man.

"What is your verdict?"

That shining pate became stage-frightened as the light was focused there.

"We find the defendant ——" The foreman lost his voice.

During the pause for recovery, and each pause later, Salem had an impression, false probably, that all in the room waited, thirsting for his blood.

"We find the defendant guilty—of murder—in the second degree."

Afterward he watched the clerk busily recording this, heard it read aloud, and the jury answering that it was their verdict.

He heard Judge Knowlton saying: "Gentlemen, the jury is discharged. The court hereby appoints next Saturday morning, April twenty-fourth, at ten o'clock, as the time for pronouncing judgment on the defendant."

Twice that day the court room was to be disturbed. Of a sudden, quietly, Salem vaulted the rail before him, caught up Sagamore's collar from the table and threw it over the heads of the crowd.

"Hey, Trapper! Ketch!"

It flew straight, though uncoiling, his final message to his own. He had seen Kingcome hiding behind the stove.

"Trapper," he cried, "give her to the little girl that lives opposite the lock—acrost from where I seen ye last!"

Charles Kingcome, who had evaded subpœna, did not shirk now. The collar met his broad palm in air and was engulfed.

Salem, vaulting back over the rail, stood at ease. No one else had found time to move.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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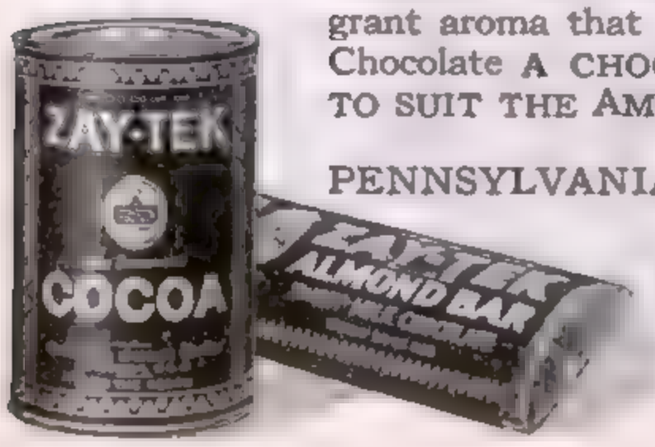

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THE BLACK ANGEL

(Continued from Page 17)

"Don' you git pestered wid dis yeller nigger, Wilecat. Dat boy las' quick f'm now on. I knows dem island niggers. Worked on a sugar boat goin' on two years down dere. Worked another year on a banana boat roun' Haiti an' Jamaica. Dat Som'set nigger las' just so long before somethin' outlasts him. Mebbe he won't las' dat long. Us sees him at de party Wensday night an' you sees how triflin' he is."

"Slam de do' in mah face, Demmy. Didn't tell you dat."

"Nev' min', Wilecat. Befo' us is done wid him he be prayin' fo' rain an' smellin' smoke whah his feet hits de road. Us crematizes dat nigger in his own leavin' heat. I knows, an' I tells you."

"To-morr' I sees Cap'n Jack an' tells him he don't need dis Som'set no longer an' den ——"

"Wilecat, leave me advise you. Wait till dat boy is gone fust. Den when you sees de cap'n dey ain't no hitch. When you sees dis Som'set at de party Wensday night you gives him de run so he neveh comes back."

"Whut you mean—cut him loose f'm Memphis wid de blood hook?"

"Dat's de las' thing I means. No blood ruckus. Jus' promise whut you aims to do."

"Demmy, gin'ally I hates to do de promisin' fust, but dis time I does whut you sez. I talks to dat boy an' warns him. Afteh dat, 'less he heeds de spoken promise, I cuts him down to grass size an' lets Lily eat de remains."

"Dat nigger leave easy, Wilecat. I knows his kind. Yaller f'm skin to skin."

III

AT SIS' TILLY'S party Wednesday night the Wildcat and Demmy preceded the enemy by fifteen minutes. The pair edged toward the crowd that had already swarmed around a huge tin dishpan in which was a mixture that from its aroma promised to have enough reaction to make it worth drinking. Sis' Tilly and her husband, who was the ninth-floor janitor of one of the tallest buildings in Memphis, had a reputation for hospitality second to none, and hospitality in the brunet elect there present was gauged by the alcohol index of the refreshments served.

With the Wildcat's third cup of the invigorating fluid he heard in his ear the voice of his hostess: "Misteh Marsden, lemme make you 'quainted to Misteh Som'set. Misteh Som'set wuks fo' yo' ol' mil'tary leadeh. I spec' you gits fren'ly real soon account of that."

Demmy, standing beside the Wildcat, figured that Sis' Tilly had one more guess coming to her.

The Wildcat threw diplomacy and reserve to the four winds. "I knows this nigger, Sis' Tilly." He turned to his rival. "Som'set, git away f'm me till I gits done wid my likker." Deliberately he spilled the dregs of his third cup on the quadroon's polished shoes. "Useless, stan' back befo' you gits drownded."

Ten seconds later, with half a dozen burly male guests restraining each of the pair, the Wildcat's challenge was answered direct and without intermediate assistance: "Misteh Marsden, it will afford me great pleasure to have the opportunity of meeting you in the squared circle to-morrow night."

"You mean you 'cepts?"

"I do."

The Wildcat addressed the company: "Folks, I 'pologizes fo' havin' any hand in a ruckus in Sis' Tilly's house. I 'vites you one an' all to de nex' session 'twixt me an' dis Som'set nigger to-morr' night in de back room of Willy Webster's shop; an' de rough'ree betteh bring a shovel an' save hearse hire fo' dis Useless Som'set's nex' of kin."

IV

ON THE following day Demmy, acting as the Wildcat's trainer and coach, moral adviser, manager and second, got into action with the rising sun and by nine o'clock the ring costume for his principal had been created from the lower half of a purple swimming suit. The alterations which transformed the trunks into battle raiment consisted of six loops sewed around the waistband through which was laced a thick felt band bearing, in painted capitals, the word "champion."

Shortly after nine o'clock Demmy returned to the hotel room with the battler's uniform. At his manager's request the Wildcat had remained in bed, resting. He was presented with the champion pants. "Put dese on you, Wilecat, an' wear 'em. Save time when it comes to de finish tonight."

"Whut dem words say on dem pants, Demmy? You knows I kaint read."

"Dey says champeen. Ain't no doubt is you."

The Wildcat slid into his champion pants and festooned himself with his outer raiment. Throughout the day he wore the pants and derived comfort and moral courage from the secret knowledge that he was branded with truth and that when he stepped into the ring the world could read the facts without having to wait for a demonstration.

At breakfast, against his trainer's advice, the Wildcat indulged himself heartily. "Demmy, I don't aim to let no prize fight 'flooence me against my rations. Whilst I kin, I eats. Dat's my slogum—eat whilst you kin git it 'cause some day de country goes Democrat an' den yo' teeth gits a furlough."

After breakfast the pair returned to the Wildcat's room. "Git rested, Wilecat. Lay down an' stay dere till it's time to eat again. Save yo' strength."

This was a noble program and the Wildcat adopted it. Through the day until long after noon he snored himself into condition to hand his rival the ticket to dreamland.

At Willy Webster's place the battle pen was finished by four o'clock and the ropes, which had seen service in a dozen similar encounters, were stretched as tight as the canvas covering that concealed the elevated ring structure. The arena was ready before the Wildcat had finished his elaborate supper.

At six o'clock, from various sources, Demmy's ears were assailed with bits of whispered data concerning the opposition, which reacted unfavorably on the sawed-off second. He joined his principal and the Wildcat was quick to note some change in his companion.

"How come you so downcasted, Demmy? Little while an' de skies is clear."

"Ain't downcasted, Wilecat. You mistook my look. Go easy on dem spinnage greens. Dey's weakenin'."

"I is. Dey eats easy. How is de bettin'?"

"Bettin' is even. Dey's some money comin' out on Som'set; mos'ly f'm outside niggers."

The Wildcat hauled out his own roll. He handed it to Demmy. "Boy, heah's goin' on fo' hundred dollars. Stand it up whah it kin speak its piece."

Demmy took the roll. "I bets it, Wilecat. I got to get my own laid out. Us betteh git to de place now. Gong at eight."

"Le's go. Us beats de gong."

The pair walked to the Webster establishment, where half the spectators had gathered. The Wildcat was accorded a reception which left no doubt in his mind as to the outcome of the fray. Through the crowd he plowed his way, leading his mascot goat behind him, and his progress was a continual march of premature triumph.

Demmy lost himself in the crowd and for half an hour, busy on the various mysterious errands of a manager, was absent from the Webster shop.

His actions during this absence were worthy of note. The first thing he did after he left the crowded barber shop was to buy a red bandanna handkerchief at a little store. Farther down the street at a butcher shop he negotiated for a handful of thin sheep ribs from the narrow ends of six mutton chops. He hurried to the seclusion of his room with these trophies and spent a feverish five minutes in scraping the shreds of meat from the bones he had gathered. Then he tore the red bandanna handkerchief into strips two inches wide, cutting each long strip into four-inch sections. A ragged white towel suffered the same fate. He stuffed the accumulation of red and white rags into a side pocket of his coat, and on this foundation, within easy reach, he stowed the six bones.

When he returned to the barber shop he lingered outside a while, horning into various groups of colored humanity until he found those for whom he was searching.

(Continued on Page 71)

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(Continued from Page 69

A few hurried words—and the Wildcat's roll of bills was staked against a like sum and deposited with the Reverend Kinney Tell, pastor of the Third Uplift Church, who was there in the interests of himself and society and whose official integrity made him a stakeholder equally acceptable to both factions.

With the Wildcat's roll Demmy bet his own money. "Dat's eight hund'ed, Rev'-und, an' no advertisin'."

"I's respec's yo' confidence, brutheh." The Sphinx was garrulous compared with Rev'und Kinney Tell.

"Dat's fine. Come wid me an' I gits you a ringside seat." Demmy towed the walking bank through the packed crowd until he came to the inside room where the battle stage was waiting. He escorted the Rev'-und Tell to a seat close beside the Wildcat's corner. "You sees it fine f'm heah."

And from there, in case of emergencies or hurried departures, Demmy could see him fine.

A rising murmur heralded the arrival of the opposition. "Dat's Som'set—de yaller boy wid de big coat."

In the crowd Demmy edged toward the newcomers. When Som'set passed him Demmy reached out his hand, and into the near pocket of the big coat he dropped two thin bones and two torn shreds of the red bandanna. This accomplished, he retired to a secluded space near the Wildcat's corner of the ring, where four clotheslines suspended long curtains which formed the walls of the ringside dressing room.

The Wildcat was stripped to his champion pants and was seated on a box, waiting easily for the moment of battle. Beside him, nibbling heartily on the end of a yellow necktie, sat the mascot goat.

Demmy sized up his champion. "You feelin' right fo' de fray?"

"Demmy, I feels a million. Is de money bet?"

"All bet an' de stakeholder at de ringside."

They were interrupted by the penetrating voice of Willy Webster, who began to address the assemblage:

"Folks, git calm! De night's contes' is between Misteh Vitus Marsden, who you knows better as Wilecat; and Misteh Eustis Som'set, de great unknown. Dese men fights under de ol'-time rule bes' 'spressed by de simple advice, git yo' meat. I has de honoh of servin' as rough'ree. Principals an' secon's will enteh de ring. Folks, I interduces Misteh Som'set."

A murmur of applause greeted the Somerset entrance. The rough'ree continued "Misteh Marsden, bes' knowed as de Wilecat."

The Wildcat returned to his corner and sat down in a chair beside which stood Lily. On the mascot's face was a look of wonderment but her real expression was considerably concealed by the flowing ends of the yellow necktie, upon which she steadily munched. Lily turned from her survey of the crowd and upon the visible sections of her countenance was written a question which the Wildcat read and answered.

"How's it comin' out? Goat, dat Som'-set ain't comin' out. He's goin'; an' feet fust at dat."

"Blaa-a!" As well as she could Lily expressed her belief in the truth of the Wildcat's prediction.

Demmy, busy a moment with the laces of the Wildcat's thin gloves, whispered his final words of advice: "Stay away f'm him—dat boy looks heavy in de hands. Ride yo' time, an' when de openin' comes, fill it up!"

"Demmy, I fills it. Fills it wid my head. Buttin' ain't barred."

"Nothin' barred. Git yo' meat!"

"Us gits it. Us learns dat nigger who works fo' Cap'n Jack."

Bang! The gong. Two dancing figures in the center of the cone of light that spread downward upon the arena.

The Wildcat, looking for an early chance to utilize his battering-ram technic, kept his head low.

Som'set, light on his feet, covered the distance around his opponent three times before the crowd began to hand out free advice.

Lily, standing tense beside Demmy in the Wildcat's corner, tried her best to understand what was going on. She chewed more slowly on the yellow necktie.

Then the Wildcat saw his chance. Head low, he rammed straight for Som'set's belt.

Ram-bam!

Before the instant of contact, which seemed strangely delayed, the Wildcat was conscious of some intervening catastrophe which had not been scheduled—something like a pussonal train wreck, with skyrockets.

Som'set had side-stepped quickly and then with the effective style of a mule he had kicked his heavy right foot straight for the Wildcat's neck.

The Wildcat crumpled up and dropped like a sack of anvils.

"Six—seven—eight," the rough'ree's voice sounded sharp beneath the uproar.

Som'set waited for the ten, and then, bearing his honors proudly, he leaned far over the side of the roped area and grasped the outstretched hands that waved before him.

"Thank you; thanks. Yes; the French technic—with the foot. Thank you."

A broad band of streaming goat hair! A galloping goat! Contact!

Som'set, stooping to receive the plaudits of the crowd, dived suddenly, impelled headlong from his point of origin, at which danced the enraged and bleating mascot.

Bam! "Blaa-a!"

Lily, deaf to the applause which greeted her victory, gazed down from the ring upon her fallen victim.

Demmy ran quickly to her side. "Goat, I'll say you gits de champeen belt! Come wid me, you gallopin' dynamite!" He returned to the Wildcat's corner, leading the mascot, and then under cover of the turmoil he reached downward toward the Rev'und Kinney Tell. "All right, Rev'-und!" His hand returned carrying a tight package which he stored in the depths of his right-hand pocket.

This accomplished, the sawed-off second walked to the Wildcat's side and held a bottle to the fallen one's lips. "Wilecat, wake up! Drink dis!"

"Lif' dat engine off me. Whuf! Gin! Whah you git de gin, Demmy? What's all de folks doin' heah?"

"Set up, Wilecat. Does you feel able to walk?"

"Sho do. Whah's Som'set?"

"Dey's carryin' dat nigger to de clothes room f'm whah he lit. Looks like he's killed."

"Whah at I hit dat boy?"

"In de foot. Wid yo' neck. Drink dis gin an' us goes away sudden."

Demmy stopped only long enough to edge into the opposition's dressing room, ostensibly to extend the Wildcat's compliments. He lingered two minutes, finding opportunity to secrete the remainder of the red and white rags and the thin bones in various pockets of Som'set's street clothes.

"When Som'set wakes up tell him git home quick," he advised. "Cap'n Jack likely need him."

The Wildcat, able to walk, got some of the story on his way up the street from Willy Webster's place. The more he heard the worse he felt. "Don' tell me no mo', Demmy. Ise heard twice aplenty. Dat yaller baboon kick me to sleep, an' us sleeps long 'nuff to let dat greenback money git away; dat nigger still got his job wid Cap'n Jack, an' heah us is. Dog-gone dat Lady Luck! Wuz dat woman heah I'd run her f'm heah to whah de devil's waitin' wid de brimstone."

Demmy made no direct reply. "Come on, Wilecat. Git goin'," he urged. "Drag that champeen goat wid you."

"Whah's us gwine?"

"Us makes de alley back of yo' Cap'n Jack's house. Might see somethin' int'restin' if us is in time."

They turned into the alley at twenty minutes before nine. In the shadows near Captain Jack's woodshed they waited quietly for five minutes and then the stillness was broken by the sound of shuffling feet. Down the alley, half running and moaning to himself, twisting around every twenty feet to look behind him, came Som'-set, victor of the night's event.

When the runner's face was revealed by the little incandescent midway of the alley it showed gray except for a long skinless strip running from his forehead to the bridge of his nose. He was mumbling to himself and most of his words were strange to the Wildcat's ears: "Zomby! Ah sweet Lard! Key-bless! Eyes that look at the sun! Sweet Lard on high! Zomby Papaloi git me! Red rag and the white bone! Zomby! Ooo-Papaloi!"

"Whut ails dat boy?" The Wildcat whispered his question.

"Shut up. Lissen him go! Wait quiet." The frenzied Som'set fumbled with the latch on the woodshed door. He opened the door and when he was inside and on his way to the house Demmy ventured another suggestion: "Come in de woodshed quick. Dat nigger comes back mighty sudden, less Ise crazy."

The pair secreted themselves in the dark end of the woodshed and wedged the mascot goat between them. They waited less than two minutes and again they heard the tortured voice of the yaller Eustace:

"Redeeming Lard! White rag and the white bone! Wow-ooo! Zomby!"

The frenzied traveler carried a suitcase with him and he shriveled with the fear of some invisible menace. "Demmy, dat boy gives me de skin creeps. Sho acted crazy. Whut you s'pose ails him?"

When the departing Som'set neared the far end of the alley the Wildcat, who had emerged from the woodshed to watch him go, ventured another question: "Whut kin ail dat travelin' fool?"

His companion did not reply directly. Instead, "Wilecat, watch him now an' you sees him go," he advised. Demmy cupped his hands and moaned a long-drawn-out, reverberating word after the fugitive, "Zommm-m-m, Zom-by!"

"Lawd, Demmy, look at dat boy go! Wuz de tongues out dat boy's shoes he'd be flyin'!"

In the distance the racing Som'set seemed to double his pace at Demmy's cry.

The accelerator turned to his companion. "Go on in an' git yo' job wid Cap'n Jack. Dat Som'set nigger ain't neveh comin' back to dis place. Neveh no mo'."

"Ise gwine, Demmy, but befo' I busts tell me whut ails dat yaller houn'."

"Nothin' ails him, 'cept de Zombies is afteh him. Ghosts, dat's whut dem Haiti niggers mos' dreads. Ol' Zomby comes an' leaves a sign—li'l' bone or else mebbe a ol' piece of rag—an' dem Haiti niggers goes hog wild. Jamaica! Huh! Wilecat, when dey tol' me dat boy talked dis Frenchlike talk I look close an' seed de Haiti blue undeh his yellah skin. I been in Haiti on a banana boat. I knows dem island niggers. Knows dem an' all dat voodoo stuff."

"Demmy, all I sez is hot dam! You beats hell! Mebbe you is middlin' sized outside, but inside yo' head yo' is all whale meat. Come on heah wid me till ol' Cap'n Jack gits a look at de livin' wondeh of de worl'!"

"Go git yo' job wid yo' white folks. Me an' dis champeen goat waits in de shed whilst you meets de big man."

Stepping high the Wildcat made his second trip to Captain Jack's back door. His knock was answered this time by the cook.

"Whut you want, rappin' de do' so late?"

"Craves to meet up wid Cap'n Jack. Ise his ol' boy f'm de time us wuz in France. Leave me in befo' I tells him to send yo' fo' help."

"Whut you mean, uppity—help fo' whut?"

"Cookin' help. When I gits through wid Cap'n Jack I aims to learn you how much I kin eat. You thinks I eats a meal; woman, when I is eatin' right it takes you and two mo' agile cooks to handle de grub. When I eats I splatters gravy miles aroun'! Whah's my white folks?"

"In de lib'ary, honey. Cap'n is restin'. G'long in. Come back an' I feeds you. Git goin', you champeen vittle snake!"

The Wildcat made his way to the front of the house. Midway of his journey he dropped his hat on the floor, and then, through an open doorway, he saw Captain Jack. He came to a sudden halt and stood silent for a minute, looking at his own white folks. A sudden fear gripped him then and a terrific wave of apprehension came to him. "Whut if de cap'n fails me!"

He looked around him. Through the half-open door of a coat closet he saw a faded, olive-drab overcoat with the three gold chevrons on the left sleeve. He grabbed at the coat and lifted it from its hook. He brushed it lightly with his hand and then he began currying it with his own coat sleeve. As he worked he looked now and then at the white man seated in the zone of light that spread over the library table.

He quit work on the coat presently and devoted himself to the single business of looking at Captain Jack until that individual moved. The brushing was resumed, this time with unusual industry, and to his muscular labor the Wildcat involuntarily breathed an accompaniment of whispered song: "Eats when I kin git it, sleeps mos' all de time, I don't give a dog-gone if de sun don't neveh shine. I kin ride a freight train, I don't pay no fare, I kin ——"

Captain Jack looked up.

"I kin ride a freight train, almost anywhere." The song grew from a whisper to a bee-sized humming. "Dat's de reason Ise happy as a bee. I don't bother work when work don't bother ——"

"Wildcat, come here!"

"Cap'n, yessuh!" In four long strides the prodigal gained the library and faced Captain Jack. He clicked stiffly to attention and swung a perfect salute toward the white man. "Cap'n, suh, us is heah!"

"At rest! Cut that monkey business out. Where in hell have you been?"

The Wildcat relaxed an eighth of an inch. "Cap'n, suh, no place 'cept comin' back. Been comin' back de longes' time! Sho proud to see you. Dis coat seems mussed up bad. Some striflin' nigger ——"

"Put it back." Captain Jack turned his head from the Wildcat's direction and called through the doorway, "Eustace! Eustace Som'set!"

"Cap'n, suh, dat nigger is left. Is he still goin' de way he was when I seed him he be in N'O'leans by bedtime."

Captain Jack looked at the Wildcat and the faint smile on his face served to soften his words. "Go upstairs and get that shotgun in my room. I aim to kill you about the time Eustace lands in New Orleans. Tell the cook to feed you first. I don't want to kill you on an empty stomach."

"Cap'n, suh, yessuh! Sho will." Departing, he hesitated at the doorway for a moment. "Dey's a boy wid me, cap'n, sort of sawed-off, dwindlin' nigger named Demmy. Boy seems took bad wid de work itch. Mebbe could you let him trim de grass an' ——"

"Is he a good boy?"

"Cap'n, suh, de bes' boy Ise ever seed! Reg'lar black angel!"

"Tell the cook to feed him. Bed him down. I'll try him. If he's no good I'll kill both of you Friday afternoon when I get more time."

"Cap'n, yessuh!" In spite of orders to the contrary the Wildcat contributed full military honors to the ceremony of his exit, but once clear of the zone of visibility his manner changed. He hung up the coat and picked up his hat from the floor and by the time he reached the kitchen he was a writhing personification of Old Man Joy. "Git de skillit on de fire an' prepare heavy fo' my second comin'. I gits back in two minits, an' I warns you, woman, git goin' wid de rations befo' sudden death delays you."

The whirlwind galloped to the woodshed, where waited Demmy and the mascot goat. "Hot dam, Demmy! Us is hired on! Cap'n sez fo' us both git to work, an' de fust work is trainin' dat cook whut a reg'lar ration kin be when it's fo' me an' you. Git comin'. Come 'long, Lily, befo' de flies eats you standin'."

After an hour's session in the kitchen the Wildcat eged back from the table far enough to groan in comfort. "Only grief us is got, Demmy, is me losin' dat battle money us bet. Hates to lose dat money."

For a moment Demmy gazed at his companion in silence and then he reached into the depths of his right-hand pocket after the package which Rev'und Kinney Tell had handed up from the ringside after the sudden conclusion of the battle. He spread a thick stack of greenbacks on the table and divided the pile into two parts. "Wilecat, heah's your fo' hund'ed dollars an' de same repeated. Dat's whut you win when ——"

"What I win! How you bet dat money?"

"I figgered you didn't know dem French niggers kick; an' dat de accident might git you. It did. Heah's yo' winnin's. I bet on Som'set."

"Demmy, all I sez is dis—has Lady Luck got a husban' you is him! Hot dam! Dat makes me hongry agin! Cook, git dat skillit hot some mo' fo 'me an' dis luck demon. Goat, lay offen dat dishrag; me an' Demmy buys you di'monds to eat does Lady Luck keep travelin' like she done tonight."

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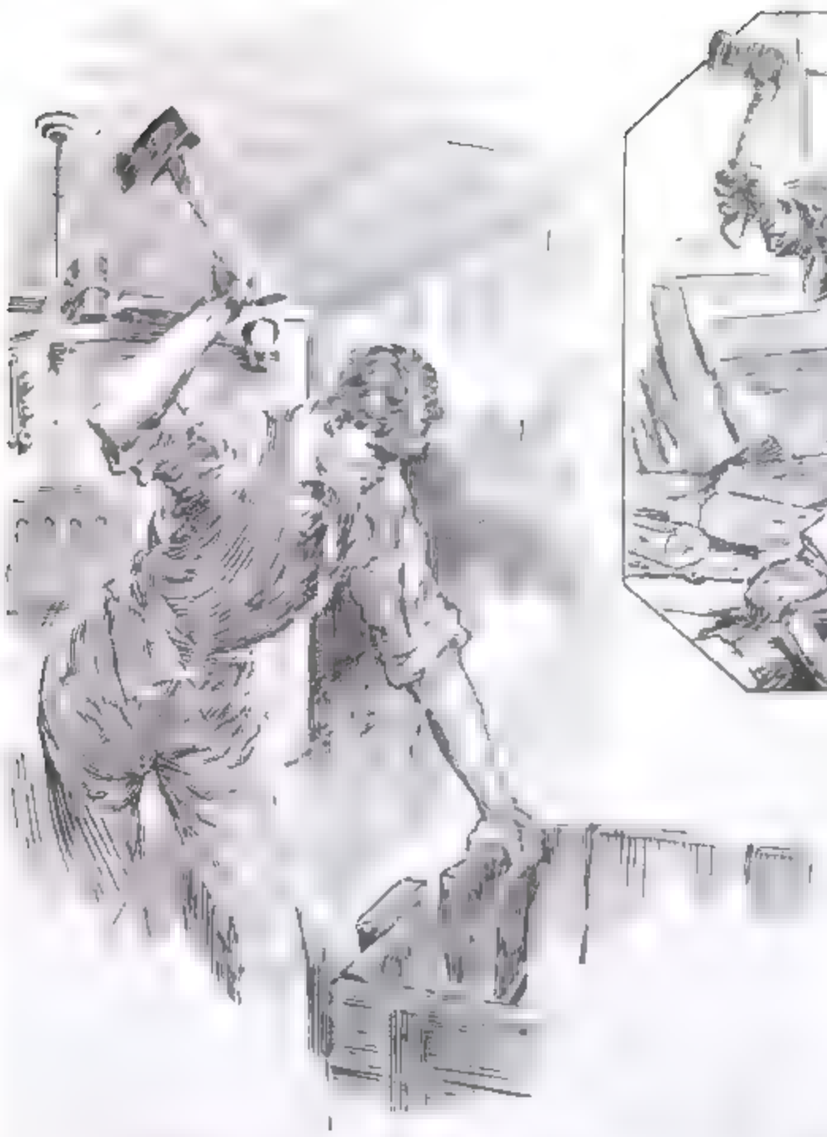

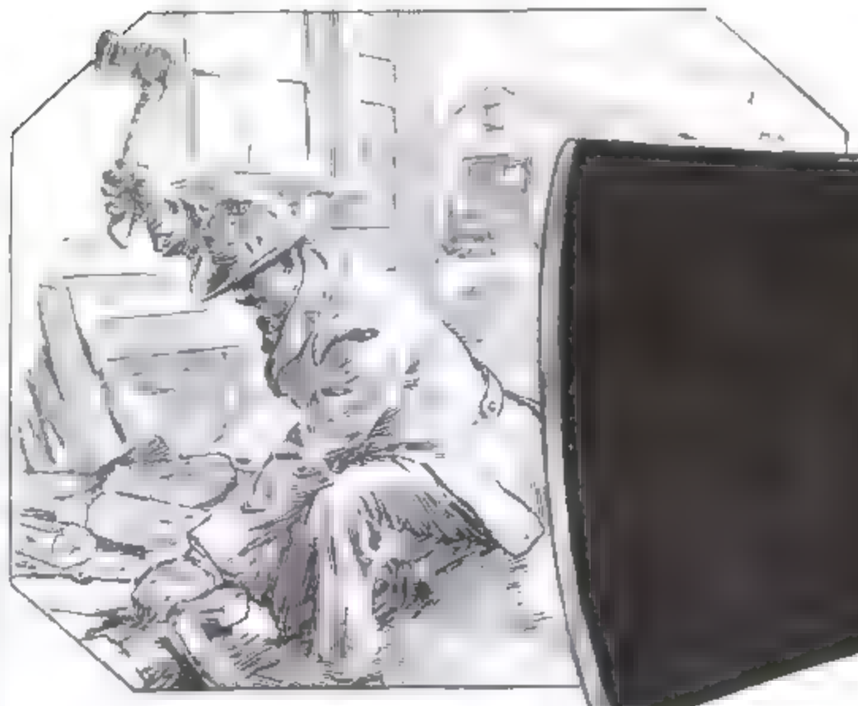

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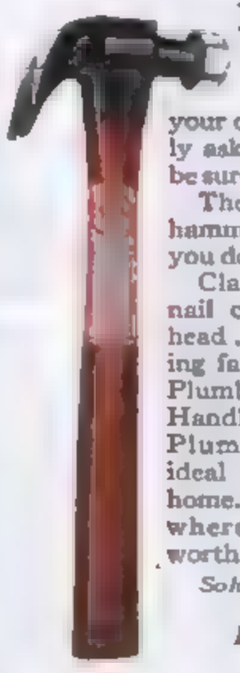

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WHEN THE SHOE BEGINS TO PINCH

(Continued from Page 23)

truck, which is readily repaired by any garage mechanic. Its fuel and oil economies, as compared with the earlier type of gasoline-propelled unit, are large. Already it has succeeded in saving several short-line railroads that otherwise would have been bankrupted and torn up, to the detriment of the communities they were built to serve.

Enough for this article, however, of the possibilities of the gasoline unit car as a replacer of the dying local train. One might go far afield into the opportunities that it offers. There is an even wider aspect to the picture, and one reaching farther than merely the ills of the local trains across the land. It goes into the larger problems of our expensive railroad operation and seeks to effect vast economies all the way across the land.

The shoe pinches—and pinches hard, indeed—these days. You have only to pick up any issue of your favorite newspaper to find where and how it is pinching—railroad executives protesting to the high heavens that they cannot even make their operating expenses; railroad workers asserting that even their new wage awards do not bring them in proper compensation; railroad stockholders pointing to the so-called guaranty of the wretched Transportation Act and asking when their 6 per cent dividends are going to be paid; shippers complaining that the service in ten years has not been so bad as it is to-day, and finding their complaints answered by the railroaders with the hard-luck story of depleted treasuries and no sale for the securities that might go to fill them once again.

The Laggard Locomotive

It sure does pinch—that railroad shoe, and a dozen cocksure cobblers to whom you might take it for correction might easily suggest a dozen different remedies. But here is one which I think is well worthy of the consideration of practical railroaders, and which of recent years has had none too much consideration from any of them:

The American steam locomotive of to-day is a laggard. In the days when fuel was both plentiful and comparatively cheap one might merely say that it was extravagant, and let it go at that. But now, when coal, if not scarcer, is far more expensive, its extravagance has become totally unwarranted.

In 1918, the most recent year for which the figures are available, our laggard locomotive consumed 163,000,000 tons of coal, in addition to 45,700,000 barrels of oil. Reducing these last to their coal equivalent, we have a total fuel consumption expressed in terms of coal of 176,000,000 tons. And when we measure that consumption alongside the freight carried—1918 was one of the record years of our American railroads—it will be seen that for every 1000 tons of freight they moved one mile they burned 290 pounds of coal; while through any modern steam-generating electric station—the figures taken from the modern power houses of the few steam railroads that already have been progressive enough to install electric motive power—an even 100 pounds of coal may easily move more than 1600 tons of freight one mile; in the accurate phrasing of the railroaders themselves, 1600 ton miles.

An absolutely universal substitution of electric for steam power all the way across the land, however, is not practical to-day; nor is it apt to be practical in any day to come—for every mile of our 275,000 miles of American railroad system. On the other hand, this huge estimate of national saving is based entirely upon the coal-consumption basis. The most impressive savings that you will see before you are finished with this article are those accomplished by our lines which have utilized water power, hitherto wasted, for the movement of their trains. In a fairly recent issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST I told of standing upon the brink of Niagara Falls and there seeing train after train arrive and depart, each hauled by a steam locomotive. And all the while I knew that the force and power of that mighty cataract was lighting the homes and driving the street cars of Toronto and of Syracuse—by land, respectively 100 and 150 miles distant. What a travesty upon efficiency!

For the moment, however, we are seeing the question not in fine but in large. It is terribly large, terribly wasteful, if you please. For not only is our steam locomotive a laggard in its overgreed for food, but it is lazy into the bargain. A fearful proportion of its time is spent in resting or in being refitted for its work. For each hour that it spends out upon the line, it spends another hour in the roundhouse—and this of course quite outside of the yearly visit to the shops for complete overhauling and repair. The traffic of Fifth Avenue, New York, or Michigan Avenue, Chicago, would never move if motor cars were permitted to park alongside their busy curbs. One reason why the traffic upon our railroads has not moved better in times of stress is because there has been too much parking, both of locomotives and of cars, particularly of the first.

An Eastern trunk-line railroad which a dozen years ago was having a fearful time moving its freight brought in a consulting engineer for an opinion as to the increase of its facilities. Like most engineers, the outside expert saw the problem as a field-day possibility for contracting concerns—and engineers. A new classification yard here, great additions and rearrangements for others at other places, a long stretch of additional main-line trackage—the trick might be done for anywhere from $60,000,000 to $100,000,000—there in yesteryear.

These figures staggered the president of the road. He was not satisfied, and so turned again for outside consultation, this time with the hard-headed general manager of a Western line.

"Tell me, what can you make of it?" he asked.

The Westerner took a hurried trip over the line and had his report ready within sixty minutes thereafter. It was short, concise, verbal.

"Give me a couple of million dollars' worth more locomotives, and in a week I'll have your problem solved. You don't want more yards to be clogged up in turn. You want yard shortage and line movement. If you have a sufficiency of motive power you won't need many yards—not so many as you have to-day. Your stuff will keep moving, not hanging around on sidetracks."

The problem of that Eastern road of a dozen years ago is to-day that of practically every trunk line of the Northeast. For more than a decade there has been no main-line trackage laid down east of Pittsburgh or Cleveland. Previous to that time a considerable amount of relief work had been done by a half dozen or so of the larger roads in that territory. But the relief that these changes gave has long since been swallowed up, until to-day it is hardly apparent and the steadily growing traffic demands fresh relief.

Too Much Parking

How it can be given is not an easy problem to the big engineers. The Pennsylvania can and has planned still more low-grade relief lines across and through the Alleghany Mountains, but Pittsburgh still remains its bottle neck, in there between the high hills and all but defying the railroad engineers. The New York Central needs more main-line trackage; but far more does it need a relief of its own bottle necks—at Albany and again at Buffalo. It is the problem of the cities that count—not merely Albany or Buffalo or Pittsburgh, but New York and Boston and Philadelphia and Baltimore and Cleveland and Cincinnati and St. Louis and Chicago. There is no use in laying down additional main tracks when the terminals in the hearts of these great cities are so sadly congested that it takes a freight car as long to move through a single one of them as from 300 to 500 miles on open line.

The smooth and shiny steel rails that slip through each of these congested traffic hubs are their Fifth Avenues and their Michigan Avenues too. We do not permit the gasoline locomotive to park and obstruct these highways of asphalt. But the laggard steam locomotive is permitted to loaf in great roundhouses along the steel highway. It is to-day not merely a laggard but an actual obstructionist. I hinted but a moment ago at the time it must spend between runs resting and being more or less overhauled—fires cleaned, machinery overhauled, flues calked and the like—twelve hours out of each twenty-four. Moreover, it requires water each twenty-five miles and a fresh supply of coal each fifty.

On the other hand, take the electric locomotive. Not only does it save weight by not carrying coal or water, and so puts that weight into motive machinery—its strength to-day is 7000 horse power as against the 3000 of our largest steam locomotives—but it actually goes 5000 miles without having to receive the inspection attention that its old-fashioned steam brother has to have at the end of 150. Which means that for days at a time—and even a week or a fortnight, if the necessity arises—it can keep in steady service, going from one train to another and only changing crews. The locomotive is always ready.

And what is true in this comparison of the front-shop light repairs and overhauling which the steam locomotive must undergo at the end of each division is still more true of that fortnight in the back shop—the heavier repairs and thorough overhauling that it must have each twelvemonth if it is to be kept in anything like a decent and efficient condition. The steam locomotive must go to the back shop at the end of 75,000 miles. Barring accidents, the electric locomotive need never go there. Its only ordinary repairs are the removing of worn bearings or the occasional rewinding of an armature, which can be easily accomplished in any small shop at a division point. The elaborate plants of roundhouses, coal and water stations, turntables, cinder pits and sizable shops required every 100 or 150 miles along the lines of a steam railroad disappear, while with the facility of the electric locomotive for long-continued running the division points themselves may well disappear.

Electrical Economies

The New York Central Railroad, in its 440 miles between New York and Buffalo, using steam locomotives for 410 miles of this distance, makes three engine changes upon the one-way run. The Erie and the Lackawanna between these same cities make the same number of engine changes. So do the Baltimore & Ohio and the Pennsylvania between New York and Pittsburgh, only a slightly longer distance. This is standard steam-railroad practice. If these lines used electric locomotives the engines could easily make this entire stretch—with a possible change or two of engine crews, but not of locomotives—and at a vast saving of time, trouble and money.

These statements are not made idly. This particular one is made upon the authority of the president of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, which has successfully undertaken the longest and most scientific electrification yet introduced in the United States. His name is H. E. Byram, and the main line of his road to-day is completely equipped for electric operation for 649 miles—from Harlowton, Montana, to Avery, Idaho, 438 miles—or about the same as the New York Central's mileage between New York and Buffalo or the Pennsylvania's between New York and Pittsburgh—and again from Othello to Tacoma, Washington, 211 miles.

"We regularly run our electric locomotive the entire 438 miles between Harlowton and Avery on the same passenger train," says Mr. Byram, "and if the track were electrified for that distance could just as well run it 4000 miles. In fact, counting in attendance, wear and tear, shop capacity and the like, we figure that one of our electric locomotives is equal to three of the heaviest steam type."

The forty-five electric locomotives now in service on the Harlowton-Avery section—the first to be installed—actually have replaced the 120 steam locomotives that formerly were needed for it. The power for this section, crossing the high ranges of the Rockies, as well as for the newer section farther to the west, which crosses the Cascades, is supplied entirely by water. The fuel saving in 650 miles of just an ordinarily busy single-tracked main-line railroad in a twelvemonth—259,000 tons of coal and 31,700,000 gallons of fuel oil, according to its careful estimates for a single typical year—is considerable. When you come to project these to the busy double-tracked and triple-tracked and four-tracked railroads of our Eastern territory

(Continued on Page 77)

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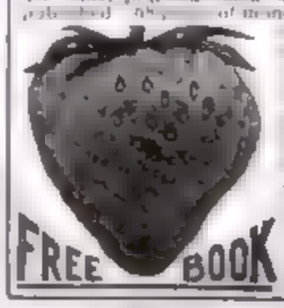

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PIPELESS FURNACE

(Continued from Page 75)

you begin to have the great savings which I outlined toward the beginning of this article, and these were only predicated upon the use of coal in the power houses which become quite naturally part and parcel of any scheme of electrification.

Consider the Milwaukee's important experiment in somewhat greater detail. It has been loath to give out exact figures as to its savings in dollars and cents by its electric installation until a number of years of operation should determine these beyond a point of quibbling or of argument. Some of its economies are quite obvious, however. I am not going into the remarkable system of regenerative braking, under which in the course of a year some 60 per cent of the current taken from the overhead trolley wire by the road's electric locomotives is returned to that thread of copper by the seemingly simple expedient of turning the locomotive's motor into a dynamo momentarily and so utilizing the ancient force of gravity upon a descending mountain grade actually to turn out electric current and return it to the unseen treasury through that connecting medium of a copper wire. It is enough to say that a 60 per cent return of current is an appreciable amount.

These things have been told. But there has not been told publicly before this time a comparison of operating costs between the Missoula division—half the Harlowton-Avery electrified section of the Milwaukee—and an adjacent mountain division which in 1918 and 1919 was not electrified, and which, moreover, is not subjected to the extremely hard winters of the Missoula range. The cost of locomotive repairs for 1918 and 1919 on this steam division was two and one-third times as great as upon the electric, due in no small degree to the fact that the electric locomotive handles heavier trains and at higher speed than the steam, yet notwithstanding this increased capacity has a much lower maintenance cost per mile run. The cost of train crews was nearly two and a half times greater on the steam division than upon the electric, also because of the greater train tonnage and speed under electric operation. The expense for enginemen for similar reasons was 55 to 60 per cent greater on the steam operation.

It is easy enough to talk in generalities; much harder sometimes to come to the brass tacks of a situation. It is a sort of brass tack, isn't it, when on this steam division of the Milwaukee the engine-house expense was two and a half times greater than upon the electric—and for reasons that we have already seen? We do not need the exact dollars and cents of saving when these comparisons are placed before us.

Practical Comparisons

Neither do we need exact dollars and cents when we come East to the important electrification of the coal-carrying Norfolk & Western through the Blue Ridge Mountains of West Virginia, a tremendously busy thirty-mile stretch of line over which there constantly moves a vast tonnage of bituminous. Conditions here are considerably different from those upon the Milwaukee, yet the results that are being attained are largely the same. Upon the N. & W. huge trains of 100-ton steel cars—3250 tons to the train—which formerly required three big steam Mallets—are now being hauled by two articulated electric locomotives, and at twice their former speed. Focus your attention upon this last statement, and then remember what we were saying about the necessity of traffic understanding that motor cars must be kept moving constantly and uniformly through the busiest streets of our metropolitan cities. It is not any more necessary to the understanding of the real economics of railroad electrification to know that the Norfolk & Western has made twelve double electric locomotives do the work of thirty-three steam Mallets than it is to know that those great mountain-climbing trains are moving at the rate of fourteen miles an hour instead of but seven, as formerly. Here is speed, but speed expressed in a double dimension; speed compounded, if you choose to put it that way.

Take such speed—such flow of traffic—and apply it to our overburdened trunk lines of the Northeast, to cite the most definite instance and necessity. Suppose that no more main-line tracks can be laid upon the railroads east from Chicago and St. Louis, north from Washington and Cincinnati; no more expensive notchings in the mountains that hem in Pittsburgh or fresh expenditures in Buffalo; but a far-quickened movement of freight can be obtained over existing rails. Here then is a double economy, effected not alone in the use of fuel—still leaving the water-power solution in abeyance—but in a greatly bettered use of existing terminals and trackage. If our railroads can save $750,000,000 a year by burning their coal and oil in central power stations instead of in locomotive fire boxes it may be fair to say that the terminal economies that might be effected by increasing the existing facilities from 40 to 50 per cent without physical enlargement would equal the first saving. When the shoe begins to pinch there is many and many a way of relieving it.

There are railroaders—and shrewd railroaders, too—who will not chime in rapidly. Here is one of them in the Far West, a mighty operating executive schooled years ago by one of the half dozen real captains of the industry. He feels the need of a great relief to the traffic pressure upon his own great system, the need of a smoother movement of the traffic upon its rails.

"The game," he says, "is simplicity itself. It is to take the friction out of the pipe and at the same time increase the pressure"

Which in his case means a combination of more freight cars, or better loading of the existing equipment, and more second or double tracks across the long reaches of the West. Yet when I suggest electrification as a method for the removal of pipe friction he shakes his head sadly.

A Game Worth the Candle

"My old chief," he begins, his loyalty showing in his very phrasing, "once thought as you now think. He was anxious to install electric motive power upon the stiff grades of our mountain division. He had reports made upon the possibility of the thing from three very separate sources—the two big electrical-equipment companies and our own fairly expert corps of engineers. There was little variance between the reports of these different interests. Almost uniformly they figured the cost of the job at a little more than $10,000,000, or at that time about $550,000 annual interest. A fuel bill on the volume of traffic that we then had of about $300,000 would be saved. That sort of a saving did not appeal to me. I told the chief so."

I asked this big railroader how about that mountain division of his to-day, with its traffic greatly increased and its fuel bill more than doubled. He replied by saying that not only had the cost of electrical equipment—locomotives, dynamos, copper wire, all the rest of it—doubled or more than doubled, but the interest cost of getting money had increased all the way from 25 to 33 per cent; and so the wide margin of more than a decade ago had not narrowed perceptibly.

I have laid this point down here because it is most fair and most germane. Unquestionably that paper saving of all the way from $1,500,000,000 to $2,000,000,000 a year that we have just seen would be greatly cut down by the increase in cost of electrical equipment and of the interest on the money that would go to buy it; but to-day the margin upon the electrification side of the argument is growing wider day by day, while, as we go East and the congestion problem upon our railroads increases, the margin in favor of electrical operation also increases. Granted that the costs of electrification are indeed vast, with dynamo units running all the way from $1,000,000 to $5,000,000, with locomotives at $175,000 and upward apiece, all the other accessories in proportion, the game is indeed worth the candle.

Nor is it always necessary to buy locomotives at the rate of four or even five for $1,000,000, with interest rates at 8 per cent or thereabouts when a railroad can borrow at all. There is many and many a short cut toward electrification.

Take New England, for instance. Up in that extreme northeastern corner of this land the railroad shoe already has begun to pinch very hard indeed. With a few exceptions the railroads there are bankrupt, or practically so; and yet their economic need and opportunity in electrical installation was never greater than it is at this very moment. If you don't believe this bald statement imagine yourself the president of that long-time prosperous little

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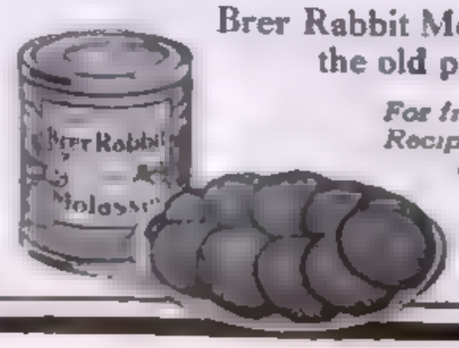

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railroad down in Maine and your purchasing agent coming in and telling you that he has just paid twenty-seven dollars a ton for tender coal for your locomotives—and Maine richer in undeveloped water power than almost any other state in the Union!

New England needs electrification of her steam railroads, and needs it at once. It is no new story to her. She began her experimentation with this sort of development more than two decades ago, when the New Haven laid a third rail alongside its busy Bristol-New Britain-Hartford line and installed a frequent electric suburban service. That was the beginning, a beginning that led slowly but surely to overhead wire installations upon several other branch lines of the New Haven system, and eventually to the elaborate work in connection with the New York Central's electrification of the Grand Central Station in New York. This last embraced the entire main line from Forty-second Street through to New Haven. It now ends there. And when you talk electrification to one of the high officers of the road he will point to this particularly elaborate installation and say:

"Not on your life! We had your vision fifteen years ago, and we put in this pretty job. Where did it get us? Into debt! It is one of the finest installations in the world, and one of the most expensive. Though the increased capacity of the Grand Central Station from the operation of a two-level plan—a scheme utterly impossible under the use of steam as a motive power—undoubtedly justified the expenditure, the fact remains that, considered independently, our electric zone to-day does not return interest on its investment. Of two locomotives of equal capacity the steam one will cost $65,000, the electric $175,000. In addition to all this investment in overhead, there is also the cost of its maintenance, and that is not small. Wire trains for immediate repairs as well as for maintenance must be in readiness day and night, with a variety of expert—and expensive—workers. It all costs."

Elimination of Waste

I know that it costs, Mister New Haven. But I also know that it takes but one-half the amount of coal to pull a train with an electric locomotive that it takes with a steam locomotive of the same capacity. Remember that the steam locomotive's voracious appetite for coal apparently is unending. It may stand idle and upon sidings for a half or a third of a working day, yet the fireman's task at the fire-box door is unceasing, while if that fireman be lacking in everyday efficiency the coal waste is increased, not lessened. For even if coal must drive a railroad, if that railroad is driven from a central power station there is almost no inefficiency in firing there. The central station operates on hourly coal-record sheets and waste there is quickly detected.

I have not had in mind, however, for immediate use in New England the sort of elaborate installation which the New Haven has upon the western end of its main stem. What I meant for that road, as well as for sections of other lines up there, was the same sort of comparatively simple electrical construction that the New Haven itself has operated for years on some of its isolated suburban lines in Connecticut and Massachusetts. I meant, instead of heavy steel passenger coaches of main-line standards of size and weight, propelled by expensive electric locomotives, electric motor cars of comparatively small size and weight, self-contained and self-propelled and operated in trains of from one to twelve cars in accordance with the immediate necessities of the traffic at hand. The New Haven's field south of Boston, where its suburban service is at its very worst to-day, is particularly ripe for installation of that sort.

We have returned to our little local passenger train, one at least similar to that with which we began this article. It is a phase of the larger problem not for an instant to be neglected or overlooked. In its terminal relationship alone it has vast possibilities—under electric unit-car operation. Few of our big city passenger terminals but what are badly overcrowded at this moment, even some which have been built within the past ten or a dozen years.

To handle a steam-hauled local train in and out of the shed of one of these big stub-end terminals means not less than eight separate moves through the big yards that lie just without, each attended with more or less trouble or delay. A train of electric single-unit cars does the same trick in two moves, while the valuable track and platform space occupied by the locomotive may be given to two or even more passenger-carrying cars. The economy once again multiplies.

Come back, if you will, with me to Boston; not alone because it is Boston, but because it is so typical of similar conditions in our other metropolitan cities across the land. To the Boston & Maine the zone of the suburban lines from the North Station out to Salem and Gloucester and up to Newburyport and Portsmouth offer similar immediate opportunity to that of the New Haven's territory. Here are lines on which a minimum of through traffic is being routed to-day, and most of that could, if necessary, be taken off and placed on the more direct main line of the original Boston & Maine, just to the west and leading direct through to Portland and the north. They thread the territory where the interurban lines are now dying most rapidly and are being totally abandoned, all to great public inconvenience.

The abandonment of the interurbans offers to the railroads of New England a great constructive path. Much of the branch-line mileage with which they are blessed—or cursed—can have their freight and remaining passenger traffic correlated with that of interurban trolley lines already abandoned or certain to be. One blade of grass where two were foolishly made to grow can do the work of two, efficiently and at probable eventual profit.

The New England lines are this very day short, woefully short, of steam locomotives. Yet the immediate installation of electric overhead wires upon some of their congested branches would within a short space of time release dozens of locomotives, which if not efficient for the movement of long or heavy freights could move shorter ones. After which could come the heavier installations.

"All right, say, for Berkshire County, Massachusetts," you interrupt. "But how about the southeastern corner of New England? Haven't the rivers down there all the load they can carry?"

Granted. I indulge in no such wild daydreams as that of all the railroad trackage of Southern New England being operated by water-generated electric power. There is a better plan in view. Before me lies the rough prospectus of the superpower plan of the Northeast Atlantic seaboard, for the surveys of which Congress has already made generous appropriations. In a word, this plan provides that in a great congested industrial area consisting of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Southeastern New York, Eastern Pennsylvania and portions of New Jersey and of Maryland, a present usage of 17,000,000 horse power—divided into 10,000,000 for industrial purposes and 7,000,000 for railroad—shall be fully met by the establishment of central power plants at the mine heads of Pennsylvania and West Virginia, with a capacity of but 5,500,000 horse power, and yet by efficiency fully meeting the present needs for 17,000,000.

Possible Coal Saving

This plan, so sweeping as to be all but staggering to the imagination, and yet sponsored by the shrewdest and most far-seeing of American engineers, is based primarily upon the consumption of coal at the mines rather than in distant factory engine rooms, central power stations or under locomotive boilers. It is estimated that it can be operated at a saving of at least 30,000,000 tons of coal each year to the industries and railroads of the district which it embraces, or, at a modest average of eight dollars per ton of coal, $240,000,000 a year to commercial America. Shimmery copper wires will carry silently and continuously what will amount to at least one-half of the coal tonnage now carried by the railroads for power and lighting purposes. A copper wire knows neither snow blockade nor traffic congestion, and railroad experts estimate the superpower plan as a saving of another $150,000,000 annually in coal freights. A total of more than $1,000,000 a day saved in just one corner of American industry is not to be sneezed at, even in these days when we talk so easily and carelessly in billions.

For in this great economy the railroads of Eastern New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Southern New England and Northern New Jersey may easily share. And in the case of New England it so happens that the superpower plan, which is now seemingly certain of eventual execution, embraces just that section of the territory where there is the least surplus of water power. The rough, wild rivers of the North—of Maine, of New Hampshire and of Vermont—can and yet will operate almost all the mileage of the railroads of those states, and the distant mines of the Pennsylvania and West Virginia hills will operate the lines of the rest of New England.

That such a development will bring eventual economies—vast economies—one can have no doubt. The New Haven for the nonce may be failing to make a profit on its elaborately electrified main line, to the power stations of which it must fetch coal a long way and over congested rail routes. But with that unseen power stretched farther and farther upon its lines I have no doubt that adequate transportation service—freight and passenger—can again be given to the communities which it serves.

What is true of the New Haven is equally true of the Boston & Albany, the Boston & Maine and the other railroads of the New England area—railroads of real inherent strength despite the great abuses which they have suffered. And what is true of all these railroads of New England is, of course, true of the railroads elsewhere within the nation; and true even if the economy be but the one of coal or oil consumption in a central power station; far more true, of course, if water-developed electricity be found available. For notwithstanding the great development of our water powers that has been made in the last fifteen or twenty years the experts of the Geological Survey down in Washington say that the undeveloped water power of the United States is still approximately 54,000,000 horse power. Much of this is, of course, in the West and the Far West, where there is as yet but little traffic congestion upon the railroads. In such cases the gasoline unit cars are ofttimes the best solution of the problem of the local passenger service.

Europe Not Asleep

No matter from what angle one may view them, the possibilities of a far wider extension of electric motive power to our railroads are fascinating indeed. Nor are they in this day and age to be regarded as particularly radical or revolutionary, new or untried. Other lands have both followed and preceded us.

These other lands are not asleep to-day. Despite the terribly crippled condition of Europe to-day, elaborate plans are being made over there, particularly in France and in Switzerland. It is now planned to electrify at least 6000 miles of the 26,500 miles of French railway. A single system, the Paris-Orleans, has made definite preparations for bringing this power, the most of it water-generated, to more than half its mileage, some 3250 miles all told, while in Switzerland work is rapidly under way for transforming the entire federal system of railways, approximately 1900 miles, from steam to electric power. It is to be a huge job, the cost of which is roughly estimated at $200,000,000. Little Switzerland shows great pluck in even tackling it. But when you ask the managers of their railways why they are undertaking it they shrug their shoulders and smile and reply, "Think of the economies that it will bring us!"

Think of the economies that it will bring us—us Americans! If a thing is good for a little republic overseas with but 3300 miles of rail trackage all told, how much better must it be for the big republic, with 275,000 miles of line. Have the French or the Swiss railroaders more vision than we Americans? I should hate to say that, particularly in the face of such a development as that of the Milwaukee, to say nothing of our great terminals in New York, in Philadelphia and elsewhere. Have they more funds with which to tinker and to experiment? Of course not.

We have the vision. We have the money. We simply need the correlating force that will join the two to the immediate relief of our sadly wobbling railroad situation. Such a force would be big business in the truest and the finest sense of the word. It would be something more; it would be statesmanship—railroad statesmanship, if you please—railroad statesmanship of the sort that Harriman and Hill typified in a bygone day and of which we stand so sorely in need to-day.

PUMPS

INDUSTRIAL · AGRICULTURAL · MUNICIPAL · RESIDENTIAL

On the estate of Otto H. Kahn

THE Goulds Pumping Plant on the 800-acre estate of Otto H. Kahn at Woodbury, Long Island, has a capacity ample to supply a town of five thousand population.

Scores of the finest country places in America depend on Goulds Pumps for their water supply and fire protection. Among others, the following:

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William Wrigley, Jr., Lake Geneva, Wis.
J. Ogden Armour, Lake Forest, Ill.
H. M. Byllesby, Lake Geneva, Wis.
Alexander Van Rensselaer, Camp Hill, Pa.
Bradley Martin, Westbury, L. I.
Estate of Dan R. Hanna, Stockbridge, Mass.

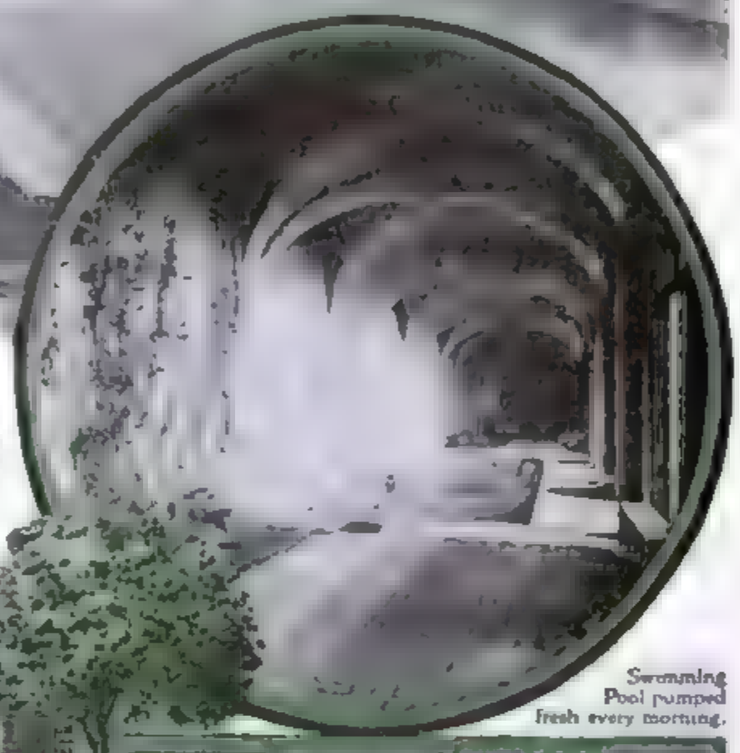
Can you imagine any of these owners, or their engineers and architects, selecting other than the best pumps made, for these great estates?

There are Goulds Pumps for the largest private estates and the smallest farms; for office buildings and hotels; for municipalities and every kind of factory and power plant. Those who have pumping problems eventually bring them to Pump Headquarters.

THE GOULDS MANUFACTURING CO.
SENECA FALLS *Established 1848* NEW YORK

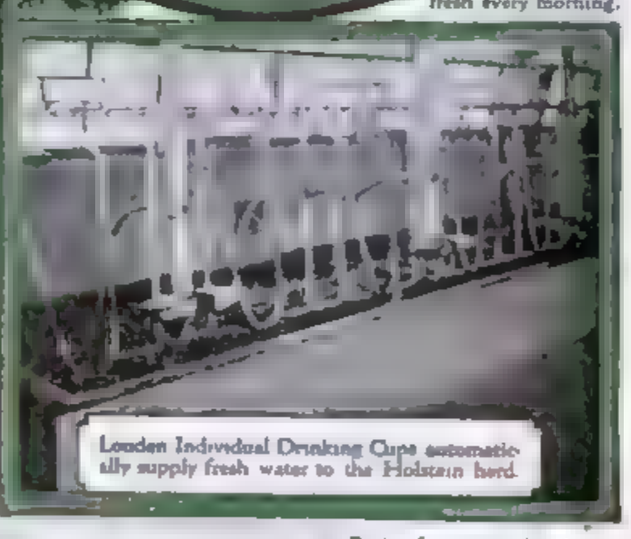
Boston Philadelphia Atlanta Pittsburgh Detroit
New York Chicago Houston *Agencies in all principal cities*

Two 8 x 10 Goulds Triplex Pumps operated by De La Vergne Engines, supply all water for Kahn estate. Pump house located near four artesian wells, 280 feet deep. Pumps 200 feet below level of storage tanks in residence. The 2 x storage tanks have total capacity of 60,000 gallons — 70 lb. air pressure maintained. Exterior and interior fire plugs protect all buildings. Residence has 24 baths and swimming pool. Water System installed by *The Suburban Engineering Co., New York*. Architects, *Delano & Aldrich, New York*



Italian Garden. Pools refilled every morning, act as reservoir for 38 outdoor taps on estate and golf course.

Swimming Pool pumped fresh every morning.



Louden Individual Drinking Cups automatically supply fresh water to the Holstein herd.

Rain is pumped when wanted. Overhead Irrigation for the truck garden.

GOULDS

This is the OIL Stove that Cooks Like Gas

No city gas range can cook, bake, roast or fry better than this new, improved Red Star Oil Stove.

Here you find improvements which add the last touch of convenience and cooking efficiency.

Prices Reduced

See your local furniture or hardware dealer. He will tell you that Red Star Oil Stoves have been substantially reduced in price. You can now get a better Red Star than ever before, *and pay less money for it*. There are Red Star models and sizes to suit every kitchen. Don't fail to have a talk with your dealer. In the meantime, write for our Red Star Book of Cooking Tests.

THE DETROIT VAPOR STOVE COMPANY, Detroit, Michigan

RED ★ STAR
Detroit Vapor
OIL STOVE

Your Dealer Will Gladly Explain the Five Star Points and Other Features of the Red Star Oil Stove

Five Star Points of the Red Star

25% Lower Fuel Cost

The Red Star burner concentrates all the heat directly under the cooking utensil, saving fully 25 of fuel cost. No waste heat

Ease of Operation

The simplicity of the Red Star makes it very easy to operate. You do not stoop to light the burner, but light it at the top, like a gas range.

Sanitary Porcelain Trimmings

The sanitary white porcelain splasher, drip pan and oven door of the Red Star make it easy to clean. Wiping with a damp cloth keeps it immaculate.

The Durable Beauty of the Red Star

The Red Star is both durable and beautiful. Its lustrous black metal, pure white porcelain and shining nickel trimmings will be a delight to you for years to come.

All-Metal Burner, Weighing 8½ Pounds

No wicks or asbestos rings. Saves expense of replacement. The all-metal burner burns gas which it makes from kerosene, gasoline or distillate. It has two rings of flame instead of one. It also has the intense added heat of the red-hot metal burner

THE PRINT OF MY REMEMBRANCE

(Continued from Page 19)

The house, which had utterly forgotten the unimportant man up stage, burst into a chorus of laughter which brought down the curtain on the unhappy Adelaide.

When the McCullough Club announced Mrs. Waldron's Bachelors the attorneys for the Robson and Crane enterprise endeavored to enjoin the performance legally, but the amateurs won out. Another attempted injunction was when the club put on Esmeralda, by Mrs. Burnett and William Gillette. This they had rehearsed from the published text of the play in the Century Magazine. Our present copyright law was not in existence then. Legal action taken to protect a play was based upon property right under the common law, but the courts were reluctant to say that plays printed in magazines had not been printed subject to any use that any buyer might care to make of them. In both of these unauthorized performances I had the leading part.

Esmeralda was played by the club only a few weeks before the regular Madison Square Company came to St. Louis with the drama. One of the local papers, the Spectator, in criticizing the professional company, said that the performance of old man Rogers by Mr. John E. Owens had not been so good as that of the same part by Mr. Thomas of the amateurs. John E. Owens, the famous Solon Shingle, was one of the foremost comedians of the country, and this treatment of him was not to be tolerated by the management. A controversy ensued which lasted while the company was there, and was then forgotten. I rather egotistically make a note of it because years later it was the basis of a pretty act of generosity on the part of Mr. Owens.

From Blackstone to Box Office

A moving spirit in the McCullough Club—in its organization, its management and in its active expression—was Wayman McCreery, now dead. I am sure that ten thousand of his surviving contemporaries in the city of St. Louis will remember Wayman McCreery. Few men are so physically and intellectually equipped as he was. There was nothing that an athlete could do with his body that in a notable degree Wayman McCreery could not do. He was boxer, wrestler, fencer, runner and swimmer, and all-round athlete. In addition to these he was a graceful step dancer. Intellectually he was equipped with a college training and had an interest in everything that interested the intelligent people of his day. He sang well enough to be a leading tenor in a fashionable choir. He wrote music of good quality. He was the author of the opera L'Afrique, which was first done by amateurs in St. Louis and subsequently produced in New York, although with not very great success, by Jesse Williams. McCreery will be remembered by the sporting world as the inventor of the three-cushion game of billiards, of which he was at one time the national champion. As Hugh Chalcot in Robertson's comedy Ours it would have taken a professional to equal him. Another part of McCreery's was Captain Hawtree in Caste, by the same author.

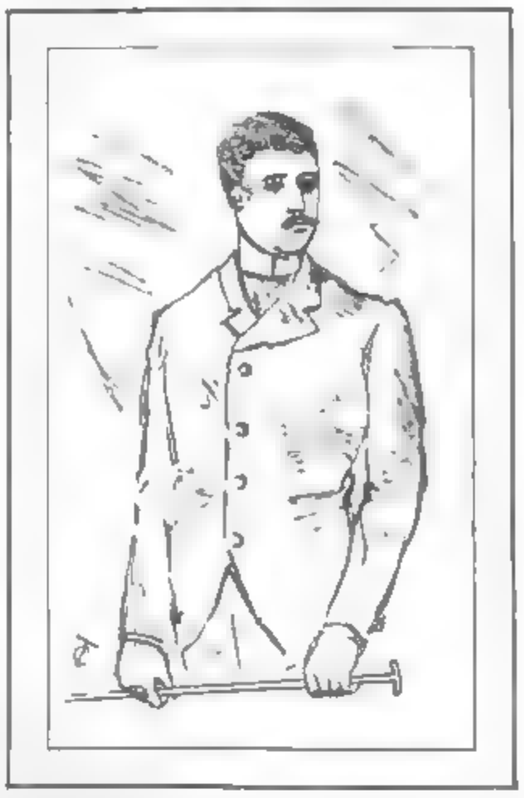
The Colby children, like all youngsters, were attracted by such knowledge of the world behind the curtain as our home talk developed and as an occasional peep behind scenes would emphasize. As is commonly the case also the little girl's interest was the greater. One day she brought to me a copy of St. Nicholas with Mrs. Burnett's story of Editha's Burglar.

"Don't you think," she asked, "that would make a pretty play?"

With the addition of the dramatic element by having the burglar be the child's father, it did make a pretty play, the first of mine to be done professionally and to be produced in New York.

Theatricals, amateur and semiprofessional, gradually claimed more and more attention, so that when I finally told Mr. Colby that I thought the cast in the law books was too short, that nothing could be done with John Doe and Richard Roe, and that the love interest was entirely lacking, he made no objection to my accepting the offer of Mr. Charles R. Pope to go into the box office of his new theater.

Charles R. Pope had been a partner with Mr. Charles Spalding in the ownership of



Example of Woodcut Imitating Pencil Drawing of Freddie Gebhard

the old Olympic. The men had separated for some reason, and Mr. Pope had built Pope's Theater on the site of the late Century Theater in St. Louis. Pope's Theater was rather economically constructed by making a playhouse out of a church that stood there. Mr. Pope was without capital; he financed his enterprise by the issuance of a number of subscribers' tickets which admitted the holders to two performances a week at a reduced rate. These tickets were not unlike the old-time commutation tickets on a railroad, with margins of aerial numbers to be punched as the tickets were used. Visiting companies objected to this bargain-counter finance, and these tickets were the occasion of endless trouble.

Before managing the Olympic with Spalding, Charles Pope had been a tragedian of considerable prominence, especially in the West. He was a man of heroic figure, stentorian voice and a method plainly founded on Edwin Forrest's. At both the Olympic and Pope's Theater he continued to appear when the opportunity offered or the emergency required. His wife was Margaret Macauley, a member of the well-known Kentucky family of that name. Her brother, Daniel Macauley, the senior of the family, had been a general in the Union Army and won distinction. A second brother, Barney Macauley, was one of the foremost actors of his day. A still younger brother was John, who ultimately became the sole owner of Macauley's Theater in Louisville, in which all the brothers had been jointly interested.

Cartoon Drawn by Mr. Thomas for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch in 1880

Mr. Pope's financial troubles in St. Louis were not confined to the commutation reductions which he was occasionally required to make up, and the men in his box office had a very intimate acquaintance with the amusing financial finesse then customary in theatrical circles. Then, as now, among bills paid by the resident manager were those of the billposter. Our St. Louis billposter was a rough, truculent, good-hearted person named Cottrell, who might have stepped out of that group of pirates in Treasure Island as far as his appearance was concerned, and very often Pope wished he would go back. Besides his bristling mustache and black beard, he had a gin-and-fog voice that would have frightened any nursery. It was the duty of us men at the window, when we saw Cottrell coming to collect his bills, to flag the owner, who would then flatten himself against the inner wall and stay out of sight.

On one occasion, however, Cottrell was too quick for the maneuver and caught Mr. Pope on an early afternoon when—as we knew—there was no money in the bank, none in the box office and no prospect for the evening. Cottrell wanted his bill. Pope's histrionic training stood him in stead.

Pushing the treasurer aside, he leaned on the box-office window sill and said, "Where are those stands and three sheets, Mr. Cottrell, for whose posting you are demanding payment?"

Cottrell made the expected reply that they were on the billboards throughout the city.

"Well," said Mr. Pope, "I want my paper to be put on the walls where the people are and where the car lines run."

This metrical diction into which Pope in his blank-verse training always drifted in his moments of dignity elicited from Cottrell the reply that the bills were there in the places Pope had described.

"I want to see them."

"Well, how can you see them?"

"I can see them by you getting a horse and buggy and driving me over the route."

Cottrell belligerently agreed to do this, and the trip was made. When the two men came back it was past banking hours. Pope proudly gave him a check that could not be offered for payment until an evening had intervened, in which he could scout among his friends for cash.

Drawing on Boxwood

As theater manager, the old tragedian, not always in the best of health, made a gallant fight, not only against the burden of the cut-rate tickets he had discounted but against Spalding and Norton of the two competing houses, who combined against him. He finally won out and sold his theater at a profit on his time and trouble. When Harrison was elected to the presidency, Mr. Pope became our United States consul at Toronto, where his fine presence, his dignified bearing, his knowledge of modern languages and the bonhomie of the old trouper made him as fine a national representative as we had at any European court.

There was not always good business at Pope's Theater. As in other playhouses, we had idle times, when a man in the box office had little to do. In those days there was not in St. Louis any rapid-fire photo-engraving establishment. Any pictures wanted quickly for a newspaper could be turned out more promptly by the local wood engravers, of whom there were several. Many otherwise idle hours in the box office I was able to occupy profitably on such occasional illustrations.

There are few occupations more fascinating than to draw upon boxwood. This material, which comes in blocks type high and varying from the width of the newspaper column to four or five, as desired, is made of little sections, each not more than a square inch in size, doweled together more tightly than marquetry in furniture is joined. The surface of this assembled block is pumiced to a delightful smoothness, having enough grain, however, while imperceptible to the touch, to take a pencil point without slipping. As it comes to the draftsman, it has the natural-wood color not unlike the tint of freshly planed pine. Over this one throws

(Continued on Page 84)

This Book On Home Beautifying Sent Free

Contains practical suggestions on how to make your home artistic, cheery and inviting—explains how you can easily and economically refinish and keep woodwork, furniture and floors in perfect condition.

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This book tells how to finish inexpensive soft woods so they are as beautiful and artistic as hard wood. Tells just what materials to use—how to apply them—includes color card—gives covering capacities, etc.

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attaches to any faucet. It eliminates the back-breaking work of filling or draining your machine, tub or boiler. It operates quickly and [illegible]

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New Model. Automatically adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides. Work equals expensive machines. Accurate, speedy, durable. Handsome in appearance. 5-year written guarantee. Write Dept. T for FREE trial offer—*today*

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COAL SERVICE—ECONOMY
Anthracite—Bituminous
for Manufacturers—Utilities—Retailers
HADDOCK FUEL CORP., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

SALES MEN

Dandy proposition selling Chewing Gum to dealers. Clean, profitable, spare time work. Write at once.

THE HELMET GUM FACTORY, Cin., O.

SELL GUM

Taking Industry out of the Shadow of the Pen–

Where books are kept by PEN, *there you will find business "under a shadow."*

THE Shadow of the Pen darkens the desks of the Executives. It falls across the machinery and the counters. It creeps into the Credit Department, the Purchasing Office, the Shipping Room. Everywhere, it slows up work and causes errors.

And the Shadow—the cause of waste, uncertainty and delay—must remain over the business until antiquated accounting methods are banished and books kept by *machine.*

What the Underwood Bookkeeping Machine is doing for Industry

THE Underwood Bookkeeping Machine stands in the same relation to accounting as the Underwood Typewriter to hand-written business correspondence. It modernizes. It standardizes. It cuts costs.

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EACH day's accounting is completed at the end of that day. The books are kept in *perpetual* balance. When consulted they give dependable facts as they *are,* not treacherous facts as they *were.*

An Underwood representative, trained in the solution of accounting problems, will gladly give details. Write to

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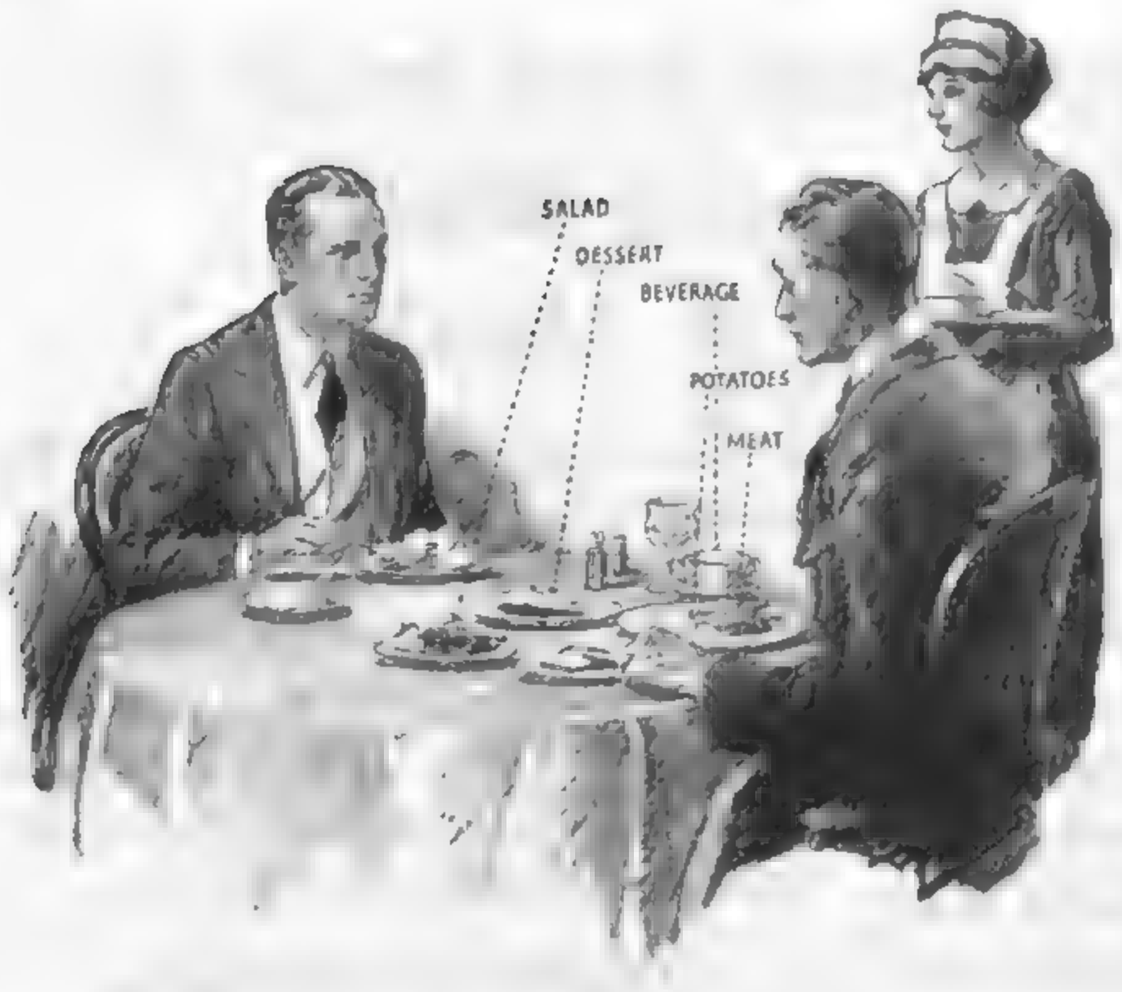


Every meal robbed—

How science has revolutionized the selection of the foods we eat

EVERY year thousands of men and women still young die of old-age diseases. Faulty habits of eating deprived them of the food factors necessary to build up health and maintain resistance to disease.

It is *our daily food* which must supply naturally and permanently the constant needs of the body—the building up of body tissues and the eliminating of waste matter.

Yet many American meals lack just the elements that supply these two great needs. Because of this startling lack in our meals, we run down in health, our system becomes clogged, and we lose our resistance to disease.

Millions are securing these essentials from a familiar food

Today millions are securing these needed food essentials by adding Fleischmann's Yeast to their regular diet. For yeast is the richest known source of the new found vitamin which is lacking in many of our foods.

Millions find that Fleischmann's Yeast is stimulating their digestion, building up their body tissues and keeping them more resistant to disease.

In addition, they find that, because of certain properties in fresh yeast quite unassociated with its vitamin content, Fleischmann's Yeast helps their daily elimination of poisonous waste matter.

As a result they are feeling a vigor and strength they had not known for years.

Laxatives gradually replaced Skin disorders cleared up

Fleischmann's Yeast is a food, not a medicine. It is not a laxative, but it gradually replaces laxatives. Being a food, it is better suited to the stomach and intestines than laxatives. In tested cases, it has restored normal functions in from 3 days to 5 weeks.

Fleischmann's Yeast has also yielded remarkable results in clearing up disorders of the skin. Many physicians and hospitals are prescribing it for impurities of the skin. In one series of experiments, forty-one out of forty-two such cases were improved or cured, in some instances in a remarkably short time.

Begin today to add Fleischmann's Yeast to your regular meals. Eat 2 to 3 cakes a day before or between meals. Place a standing order with your grocer and get it fresh daily.

Send for free booklet telling the fascinating story of The New Importance of Yeast in Diet—what it has done for others—what it can do for you. Address THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 602, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS A CORRECTIVE FOOD

Avoid the use of so-called yeast preparations Many of these contain only a small amount of yeast—as little as one-tenth of a yeast cake—mixed with drugs and medicines The familiar tin-foil package with the yellow label is the only form in which you can get Fleischmann's Yeast for Health. Be sure it's Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. Do not be misled by yeast-substitutes.

(Continued from Page 81)

a light wash of water-color white. The surface then is good for either pencil or brush.

When one has finished his drawing by either of these methods, the wood engraver cuts out all the portions of the block that are meant to be white in the reproduction—that is to say, meant not to print at all—and leaves the rest. If he left the rest unchanged, however, it would print a solid black silhouette. The engraver's skill lies in so breaking this surface as to get by the use of alternating black and white lines the various shades the artist intended. The simplest understanding of this will be by considering an outline drawing only, but done in pencil, which of course is gray and not black. If the engraver left this line unbroken it would print black, however, and resemble a pen stroke and not the mark of a pencil. But wishing to give the pencil effect he traverses the line on his block with a sufficient number of tiny cut-out spaces to get resemblance to the pencil mark.

As an example of a pencil drawing upon a piece of boxwood so treated that the gray reproduction resembles the pencil, there is given on Page 81 an outline cut that has a story. At the time of which I am talking there was a young man in New York named Freddie Gebhard, who came into sudden prominence through his admiration for and attentions to a world-renowned actress then visiting America. As I remember, Mr. Gebhard's enthusiasm did not have the approval of his father, and nearly all the newspapers felt distressed about it. Despite these solicitudes Mr. Gebhard joined the lady in her various professional engagements throughout the country. The people called him a dude.

Few of us now remember what were the distinguishing characteristics of a dude forty years ago when the name was adopted. The principal ones were that he should wear very tight trousers, a black cutaway coat, the beetle tails of which protruded some six inches below a short tan-colored box-cloth overcoat of very easy dimensions. Besides these sartorial marks, a dude was supposed to be somewhat of a sapling and lacking in manly fiber.

A morning paper in St. Louis had on its editorial staff at that time a man named Cunningham, reputed to be a person of physical courage and a dangerous man to provoke. Some of the things that Mr. Cunningham wrote about Mr. Gebhard's St. Louis visit displeased that gentleman. Gebhard inquired concerning the writer, learned his name and reputation, and then, before a considerable group of spectators one evening just after dinner in the corridor of the Southern Hotel, walked up to Mr. Cunningham and very soundly slapped his face. Something in the way in which he did this convinced the observers that it had been intentional and premeditated and had respectable force of character behind it. Nothing was done about it except some extended reports by the rival papers.

The Art of Timothy Cole

Mr. Gebhard stepped into a kind of public respect. It was not possible to get pictures of him. He didn't want notoriety. As the story above would indicate, he rather resented it. A weekly paper in the city asked me to get a drawing of him from memory. It wasn't a good plan to ask him to pose. It was learned that Mr. Gebhard had for the week a certain seat three rows from the orchestra rail which he occupied every night his friend, the actress, played. This seat was on the right aisle of the parquet near the trap drummer. By an arrangement with that member of the orchestra I got a chair in his corner from which I could see Mr. Gebhard, and in that manner this pencil drawing was made. It is offered now as a *point d'appui* for this story, and as an example of a wood engraver's line that looks like lead pencil.

A really fine wood engraver is an artist of a very superior type, excelling in real technical knowledge his brothers of the brush or chisel; but he is becoming increasingly rare as the photographic and autographic processes of illustration drive his work from the magazines and papers. Fifty years ago, when Blanchard Jerrold, son of Douglas Jerrold, wrote his London Pilgrimage, in 1872, and Gustave Doré illustrated it so splendidly, there were three or four wood engravers working upon the illustrations whose production deserved and gained as much if not more praise than the work of Doré himself.

The last of the great American wood engravers is the veteran Timothy Cole, now living at Poughkeepsie, New York, and in his seventieth year still working importantly at his profession. The superlative skill of Timothy Cole won for him membership in the American Academy of Arts and Letters. The best collected records we have of the old masters of Italy, Holland, England, Spain and France are his wood engravings, for which he has had gold medals at the Paris, Chicago and St. Louis expositions. It would be impossible on the printing presses that run off our great weekly and daily editions, going into the hundred thousands in one issue, to show the finest example of a wood engraver's art. Such pictures, delicately printed on Japanese paper, and properly mounted, enrich the collections of connoisseurs.

The most simplified process of reproduction available to draftsmen of St. Louis became common about this time. It employed paper overlaid with starch in solution. The paper was toothed or pebbled to take the mark of the greasy lithographic crayon. A drawing made upon it was turned face downward upon a lithographic stone and passed beneath a hot roller under considerable pressure. The heat and pressure transferred the greasy crayon to the lithographic stone, which was then used as if the drawing had been made directly upon it, and produced the ordinary lithograph with but a slight loss of value from the drawing made upon the paper. This process was used in the production of the cartoon of which a reduction is shown on Page 81.

The Pulitzer Cartoon

There are two or three interesting facts connected with this cartoon. To the best of my belief it was the first political cartoon printed in St. Louis of Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, the eminent publisher and organizer of the present New York World. Pulitzer, in 1880, the date of this cartoon, had not yet purchased the old New York World, and had but recently acquired the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, of which he was proprietor and editor.

He and others in St. Louis were joining in an attack begun by Major Emery S. Foster, editor and proprietor of the St. Louis World, against a political conspiracy known as the Dark-Lantern Ring, engaged in the sale of political nominations.

The directing mind of this conspiracy was said to be a politician named Lancaster. He was assisted by an aggressive little attorney named Frank Turner and a blacksmith named Edward Butler, who was at the head of the political machine. Lancaster, Turner and Butler are in the front row of the cartoon in the order named, and Butler is pictured as knocking out of the ring State Senator Cable, one of the beneficiaries of their combination, who had indiscreetly talked too much about it. Outside of the ring and looking in are depicted Col. William Hyde, then editor of the St. Louis Republican; and Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, who with Colonel Hyde was endeavoring to correct the corrupt conditions.

Major Emery S. Foster, who had won distinction in the Northern Army, was a modest but very notable figure in St. Louis. In the Civil War he had been captured by Quantrell's Guerrillas and was said to be the only Union prisoner released by this band, who made a practice of giving no quarter.

His own escape was due to one of those border romances which the public are apt to think inventions of the novelist and the playwright, and a fine example of which was interwoven in Mr. William Gillette's war play, Held by the Enemy.

In the Quantrell group of James boys and Younger brothers was one man who knew the captured Foster, as he and Foster were rivals for the hand of the same girl. With her in mind, this Quantrell guerrilla had asked for the life of Foster, and being granted this by Quantrell had conducted Major Foster outside the lines and given him his liberty. This particular Southerner still lives; and the lady in question, now his wife, is also living.

Major Foster, at the close of the war, became the editor of the St. Louis Journal. A very personal editorial attacking him appeared one morning in the St. Louis Times, of which ex-Confederate Major John Edwards was the editor. Foster immediately challenged Edwards, and the

(Continued on Page 86)

The Western Electric telephone plant at Chicago today

The whole manufacturing plant in 1877 (two upper floors only)

Where your Bell telephone came from

It is forty-five years since a handful of men began making history and telephones on the top floor of the modest building at the right.

Today a plant which covers 200 acres and employs 38,000 people is needed to meet the demands of your telephone service.

The Western Electric works at Chicago now produces more than 2500 telephones a day, against a dozen a day in 1877.

This increasing responsibility, moreover, has brought with it a need for more and more accurate equipment, which this Company has been able to supply only because of its constant touch with the problem.

The history of Western Electric is a record of experience in making telephones unique among electrical manufacturers.

Western Electric

Since 1869 Makers of Electrical Equipment

Welsbach

SEMI-INDIRECT GAS LIGHTING FIXTURE

When the time comes to choose a lighting fixture, either for the new home, or, as probably you have often considered doing, to replace old fixtures, make your choice a source of appreciation and lasting satisfaction to the whole family.

The new No. 1824 Welsbach Semi-Indirect Lighting Fixture, with its distinctive shape and attractive color design, harmonizes perfectly with any setting. Possessing an enduring beauty, you will come to consider it as more than a mere source of evening light, but rather as an integral and indispensable part of your home furnishings. By day you will enjoy the air of charm and richness it gives to the room—by night, that sense of pleasant relaxation and true eye comfort that only incandescent gas light from a Welsbach Fixture can give.

Such light as perhaps you have never enjoyed before; light that floods the entire room with a steady, perfectly diffused brilliance; light that casts no black shadows, nor has the slightest glare; light that gives to the curtains and rugs and pictures their true daytime colors; light that for quality, comfort and economy cannot be approached.

Cost of installation is little more than cost of fixture itself. Your Gas Company will gladly show it to you. A little leaflet tells in detail of its many important and interesting features.

WELSBACH COMPANY
GLOUCESTER, N. J.

Member American Gas Association

A source of more than perfect light

(Continued from Page 84)

two men met upon the Illinois side of the Mississippi, some few miles above St. Louis. At the first shot Edwards' bullet went wild; Foster's bullet went through Edwards' hat, grazing his scalp.

While the seconds were reloading the pistols Foster walked over to Edwards and put out his hand, saying, "Edwards, you and I are a pair of damn fools."

Edwards conducted Foster to a log near by, sat down with him, and then told Foster that he had nothing whatever to do with the editorial; that he had gone home and was in his bed when Stilson Hutchins, the proprietor, himself had come into the office and written the objectionable publication. Edwards, however, true to the ethics of the time, had accepted the responsibility of his chief.

Another group of readers will remember Major Foster as the man who in that same St. Louis Journal first made and repeated the charges that led to the exposé of what was known as the Whisky Ring, in Grant's Administration. That was not a band of bootleggers engaged as now in supplying a thirsty community, but was a combination contriving the evasion of the internal revenue tax upon spirits. In the prosecution of that ring General Grant appointed as attorney ex-Senator John B. Henderson, previously referred to in connection with incidents at Jefferson City. As the investigation in court proceeded and involved Gen. Orville E. Babcock, who was the President's private secretary, Henderson, boasting indifference to where the investigation led, said that he was not among those "to bend the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning." Over his implied defiance Grant had promptly removed Mr. Henderson from his position, and General Babcock, on a deposition from President Grant, was acquitted.

At the time I was making these drawings for Major Foster in that campaign he was a soldierly looking figure in his early fifties. He had a fine face, good brow, clear-cut, aquiline nose, fine open eyes, perhaps accentuated slightly in their gaze, and sharpened slightly in appearance because of the gold-rimmed spectacles which he always wore. The lower part of his face indicated a substantial modeling beneath his short beard and mustache. He looked in every turn and expression the thoughtful, cultivated, amiable gentleman that he was, with an ever-present suggestion of proper determination.

Box Office Duties

It is difficult for a reader to measure the happiness of a young man for whom the theater has been the objective when he finds himself ensconced in a quasi-administrative position in a genuine playhouse. As assistant treasurer it was my duty to open up the box office in the morning, to see that the billposter and his assistants received the paper which the advance man brought in his bill trunk; that the boys connected with the theater had their supply of hangers, lithographs and half sheets that were to go into the windows of saloons, barber shops and hotels; to see that the scrub women reported on time and were at work; to sort the mail for the visiting company and send that of the players to the stage door.

These duties carried one all over the building after the treasurer arrived to relieve the assistant, and excuses might even be made for visiting and looking over the paint frame. Every theater at that time had its resident artist. His shop was in the fly gallery; his studio was a bridge at the back wall of the building, against which a movable frame carried his colossal canvases up and down. This artist was expected to get up each week the scenes for the coming attraction. It must not be supposed that he made a complete production in that time. He had at his command a more or less sufficient stock of scenery always stored away in a room adjoining and accessible to the stage, with an opening between, high enough to admit the flat scenes riding upright; this storeroom was called the dock. It properly contained the more usual scenes of the mid-Victorian drama; the parlor or center-door fancy, kitchen, baronial chamber, castle interior and exterior, pents flat, a street, a garden, a cut-wood, a forest and a horizon drop. To hold and change these scenes the stage was arranged with runs and grooves. These were sets of wooden guide tracks on the stage and adjustable grooves corresponding some eighteen feet above, arranged in groups about four feet apart, beginning at the curtain line and numerically designated. Their terminology still governs in the theater. An actor entered or made his exit in One, Two, Three or Four, right or left, as the case might be, or up center. He still does so, although the grooves with their old sliding scenes that were pushed on to meet in the middle, and separated to be quickly drawn off for a change of scene, have disappeared.

It was upon this customary stock of scenery that the scenic artist depended, supplementing it from time to time with some new scene, of which sufficient warning would generally be given, painted upon new canvas and construction, or painted over one of the old scenes that was seldom called for.

At the time of which I am talking the old runs and grooves existed in Pope's Theater, but were beginning to disappear from other houses projected at about that time. They gave way to the clear stage with boxed scenes now so common and which are supported in panels by stage braces set behind each panel, with the panels held together by lashings hung from the top and falling over alternating cleats on the two joining edges.

Our paint frame at Pope's Theater was presided over by Ernest Albert, an artist today, both in the theater and in the gallery, of international reputation. His assistant was a blond and gentle lad named Frank E. Gates, son of the old Si Gates who for many years was in charge of the stage at the old Olympic. Frank Gates is now at the head of one of the largest scenic studios of New York.

Hancock, the Superb

The brilliant artist, Ernest Albert, was not much, if any, older than myself. He was a member of our St. Louis Sketch Club, and there was always between us a real artistic sympathy. It is probably because I knew what Albert was trying to do and what he succeeded in doing when physical conditions permitted that many of the hours during which I was relieved from my watch in the box office I was allowed to put in on the paint frame, where with an eagerness that equaled any protégé of Tom Sawyer's I found delight in spreading flat colors on the immense canvases.

Before the speculators and the agencies intervened, and when the patrons of the theater got their seats at the box office by a diagram on which they were permitted to make their choice, there were few places of business so interesting to the occupant as was the old box office. In ordinary times, from the hour that it opened up until the window was pulled down for the day, there was no such clearing house for gossip, not even excepting the celebrated rural sewing circle.

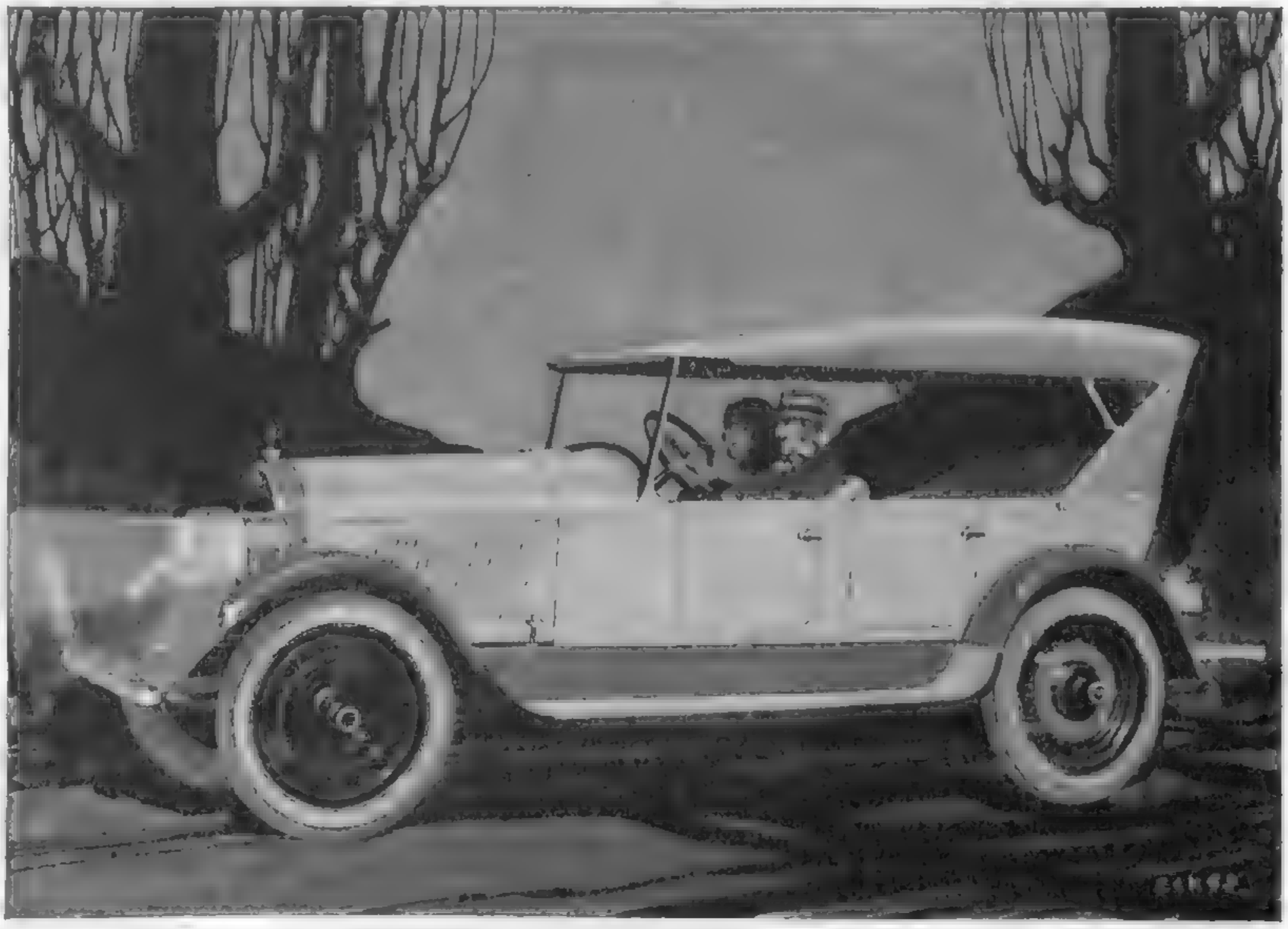
Pope's Theater at Ninth and Olive streets was outside the important business district, although upon a street of the smaller and more exclusive shops. Also the most fashionable car line of the city was double-tracked past its doors. Across Ninth Street to its left was a post office and custom house, in its fine new granite structure, grand for that time. Facing the theater immediately across Olive Street was Pierre Lambert's three-story French Restaurant Porcher, with its iron balconies along the front in Southern fashion and its wide stairway with ornamental railings of cast-iron grapevines leading to the first porch.

Hancock the Superb had just been defeated for the presidency, and sought a semiretirement in one of the two or three apartments run in connection with this Restaurant Porcher. At the hour of nine, when we were to open up in the morning, the picturesque general, wearing his Ben Butler hat, was often coming in leisurely fashion to the sidewalk from this building. Men who remember the Hancock campaign will recall Tom Nast's cartoon of Hancock seated on a platform with a placard on the wall behind him—Tariff for Revenue Only. Hancock was depicted as leaning over to his neighbor and privately asking, "Who is Tariff and why is he for revenue only?"

The country was then laughing at Hancock's declaration that the tariff was a local issue. The subsequent alignment on the tariff question of widely separated communities as soon as they became interested in some local manufacture indicated that Hancock was more nearly right than were

(Continued on Page 89)

Lexington Leads Because It Lasts!



Announcing Series 'U'

THE 'U' means *ultimate!* It is the matured product of a pre-determined plan behind everything Lexington has done for more than a decade.

The aim has been a car of *maximum service* and *minimum upkeep*, whose peak of efficiency will be *maintained* in excess of all previous standards.

The theme of this notable car is *durability*. You can safely buy it with 100,000 miles of utmost satisfaction ahead of you.

There can be no other quality car like it, because the factory-community system which produces the Lexington is like that of no other car in the world. This vast system affords advantages and effects economies enjoyed by no other method of automobile making.

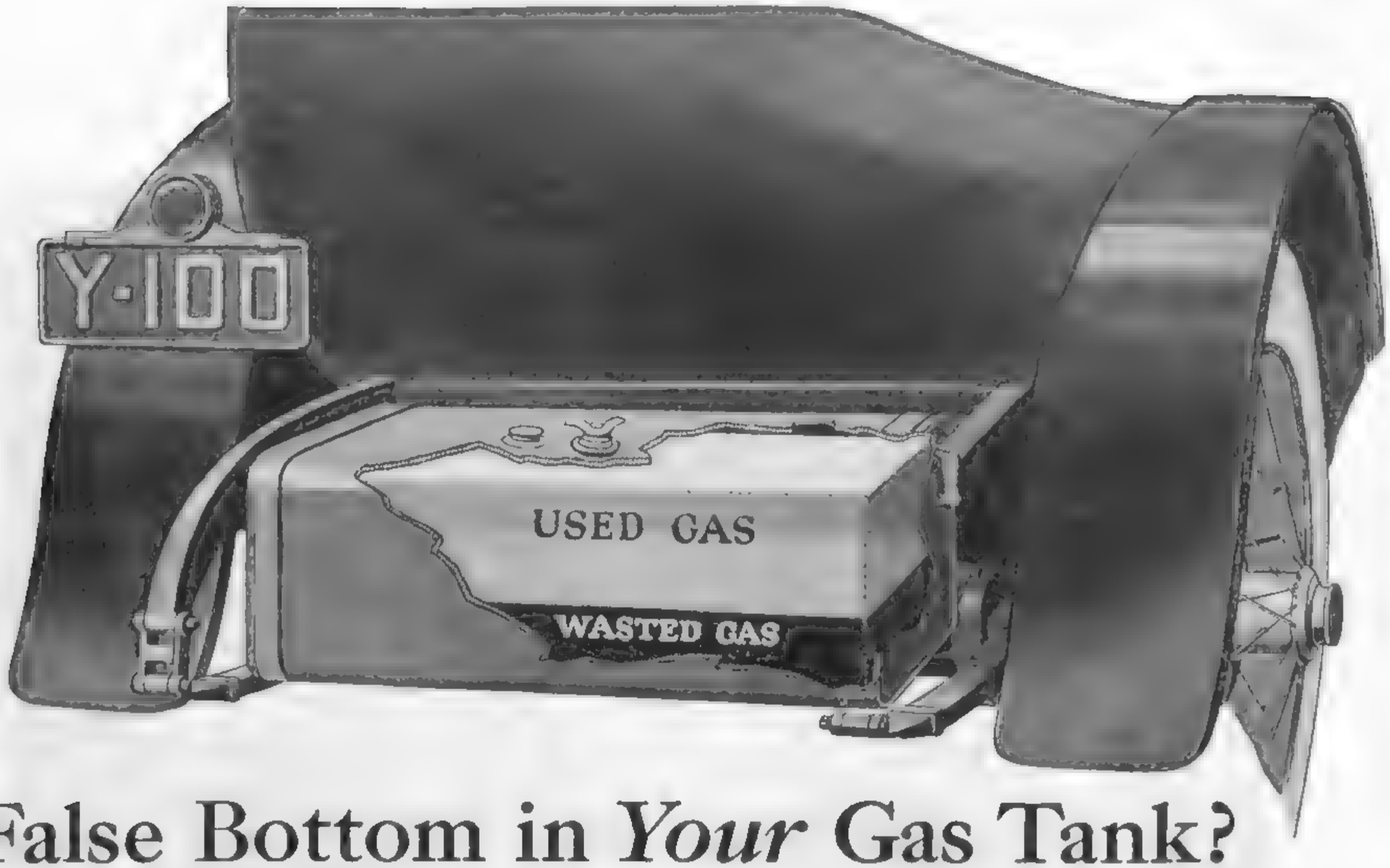
The Series 'U' possesses all the essentials of gentility, has the charm of gracious proportions, and is decidedly a car of repose. Its range of effortless performance is phenomenal.

Power has been put to music by the famous Ansted Engine. It has a split-second acceleration, is a champion on hills, and is a thoroughbred under every condition.

Write for complete information on this extraordinary new car, *the most complete* car put on the market by a manufacturer—or see it at the Shows.

LEXINGTON MOTOR COMPANY, CONNERSVILLE, INDIANA, U. S. A.
Subsidiary United States Automotive Corporation

Lexington
MINUTE MAN SIX



A False Bottom in *Your* Gas Tank?

Leaky piston rings are equivalent to a short measure of gas—they cheat you out of your full mileage

THE constant drain on a motorist's pocketbook from a set of leaky rings can hardly be realized until the figures are added up.

Engineers' tests show that in identically the same engine a fair example of the difference between *leakless* and leaky rings—when translated into miles traveled—is the difference between *14 miles to a gallon and only 8 miles to a gallon.*

The lost power—which ought to drive the car six miles farther—leaks past the piston rings, or is lost through the resulting carbon-pitted valves and misfiring.

This loss amounts to the same thing as constantly buying more gasoline than you get—as having a false bottom in your gas tank. You are cheated out of your full mileage.

American Hammered Piston Rings will prevent this loss—the cost of having them installed is nothing compared to the saving. Figure up your fuel bill at the present high prices and then estimate what you could save in one month—in even a week, or a day—with these permanently leakless rings.

Your garageman has them or can get them for you quickly.

Test Your Own Piston Rings

It's easy. Turn your motor over by hand—pull the crank up against compression, and hold it for a few seconds—on each cylinder. If the resistance is gone, your rings are leaking—*you need new ones.*

American *Hammered* Piston Rings

AMERICAN HAMMERED PISTON RING COMPANY BALTIMORE MARYLAND. *Export Department*, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York City, U. S. A.

Continued from Page 86)

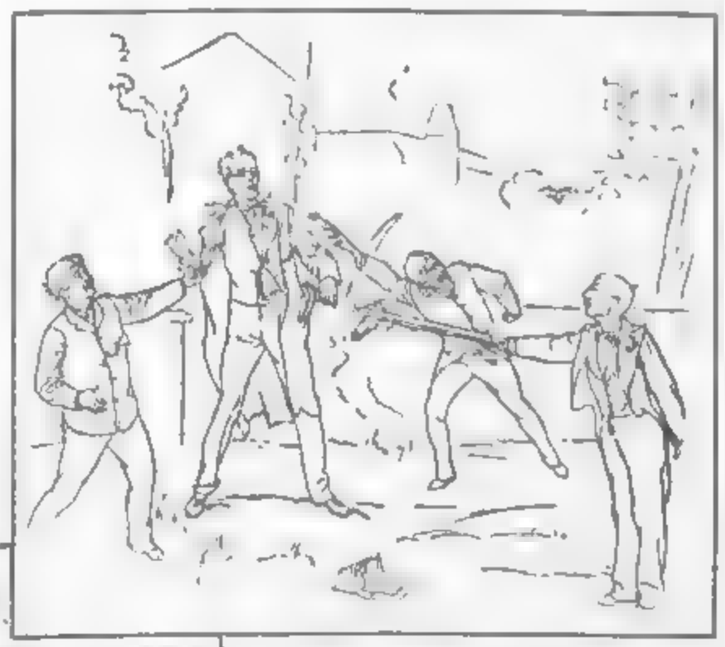
his critics. Perhaps it was his courage that inspired Andrew Carnegie, one of the tariff's greatest beneficiaries, to say, somewhat later, that "the tariff was the mother of the trusts."

At the theater business men of some degree of leisure and independence walking down from the residence districts in the morning would stop in for their reservations. Others would hurriedly drop off a car for the same purpose. After the first run of buyers for the ordinary attraction, and when the lobby had then quieted down to the occasional straggler, the early afternoon newspaper men came by. They were followed by the bill collectors and local advertisers. About eleven the fashionable women, married and unmarried, made their calls. It may be that the visiting actors showing up at about that time had some determining influence. During the lunch hour there would be a run of the clerks and bookkeepers who tucked a call at the theater into the noon recess. After 2:30 big boys and girls from the high school came into the lobby to look at the pictures. Later the brokers walking home and the ladies combining a call with their other shopping would drop in. Then there were always members of the half-idle contingent who found the lobby an excellent place to waste some portion of every day.

A Curious Affinity

I don't know why it is, but there has always seemed to be a strong affinity between the young men in the box office and the snare drummer in the orchestra. There were two drummers of considerable reputation in Pope's orchestra during my time. One was Le Grand White, the first husband of Minnie Maddern Fiske, married romantically in St. Louis during her first starring engagement. Miss Maddern had met Mr. White through her uncle, Dick Maddern, who was then the conductor in Pope's Theater orchestra, and who had been the conductor of the orchestra at Ford's Theater in Washington on the night Lincoln was shot. The other drummer, who succeeded White, was Frank David, who came to the lobby every afternoon to give comic imitations and practice dance steps on the tiled pavement. A few years later Frank was for a short time the most prominent comedian on Broadway, having made a phenomenal hit in the comic opera The Pyramids.

Opposite the theater, a little farther up the same block with the Restaurant Porcher, was the photograph gallery of Mr. Fox. Mr. Fox was the father of two daughters. Lily Fox, the elder, then about sixteen years old, was one of the prize beauties of the city. She had a face that would have delighted Neysa McMein as a model for a magazine cover, and I am sure still delights her husband, Nat Roth, the general business manager in New York for the Shuberts. Lily came to the theater in the daytime chaperoning her little sister, Della, then about ten years of age, and available to the visiting or local attractions as a child actress. Della's first appearance on the stage, I think, was at Pope's Theater in A Celebrated Case, with James O'Neill.



Two Scenes From The Professor, in Which William Gillette Appeared

After Charles Thorne, James O'Neill was then perhaps America's favorite romantic actor, but as modest and lovable at the height of his popularity as he continued to the day of his recent death. His son, Eugene, author of Emperor Jones and Beyond the Horizon, promises to surpass his noble father in enduring fame.

John Raymond was a great box-office visitor. He would patiently stand through five minutes of ticket selling or longer to get a half minute in which to match silver dollars with the treasurer. This form of gambling was a passion with him. Frederick Warde brought with him as leading man Henry Aveling, who married our amateur heroine, Mittens Willett, and brought also a juvenile man calling himself Hallet Murray, who turned out to be my old boy friend, Palmoni, of Washington City.

The Slayback Tragedy

Palmoni on that visit told me of the death a year or two before of A. W., our old actor preceptor, as grandmother had intuitively reported it. Palmoni himself was a disappointed man. He had an ability that in legitimate parts could have overcome his lack of stature, but he had a tendency to be stout enough to make him undesirable in the rôles.

Two years after the time of which I am writing he died in New York City. With this confirmation of A. W.'s death and the news of Palmoni's end a sustaining interest passed from grandmother's horizon, and the dear old lady began to fail more perceptibly than was warranted by her advancing years alone.

In the box office one made a fairly extensive acquaintance with the men employed in the local departments of the newspapers, and now and then with some of the editors. Most prominent among the reporters who used to visit the front of the house, and certainly the one best known thereafter to the American reader, was young William Marion Reedy, who later became the editor and owner of the St. Louis Mirror, which for so many years he conducted with such distinction. In the early '80's Reedy was a slight lad with a face noticeable for its intelligence. He was interested, as most young men on newspapers are, in the playhouse; and there began then a friendship which was cemented when I went on the newspapers myself a few years later, and which continued to the time of his death.

Among the men in the editorial department with whom I enjoyed an intimate friendship was the gifted Col. John Cockrell, then acting as managing editor of the Post-Dispatch. Colonel Cockrell was also president of the Elks' Club, another member of which was his fairly intimate friend, Alonzo W. Slayback. In a political campaign of that time it became necessary for the paper to speak critically of Slayback, and Slayback, who was a fire-eating Southerner, served threatening notice upon Cockrell in the event of any further publication. The next afternoon the Post-Dispatch followed its first article with a second reference.

The paper was hardly upon the street when Slayback, accompanied by a mutual friend by the name of Cromwell, passed through the Post-Dispatch's local rooms and entered Cockrell's private office.

2714 This is the number of the plated, ball-tip, loose-pin McKinney Butt

The Personality of the Doorway

No part of a home expresses individuality as does its doorway. It sounds the architectural keynote of the entire house. It offers a cheery welcome to the visitor. It is the gateway to the delightful hospitality to be found within the home.

The massive door swings open, noiselessly and smoothly—and when the visitor steps within, like a shadow it glides back into place.

This smooth motion, this silence is not accidental. It is the result of forethought and care in the designing of the door and in the selection of those vitally important details which make all doors possible—the hinges.

For more than half a century McKinney Hinges and Butts have met the exacting requirements of the most careful architects and builders. The care and precision with which McKinney Hinges and Butts are made give the home-owner long years of service and make possible throughout his house doors which open and close with ease and in silence.

McKinney Butts are made in a wide variety of finishes to harmonize with every style of woodwork.

Garage-door Hardware Sets. This is one of the latest McKinney developments for the convenience of architects, builders and home owners. Everything necessary for the hanging of garage doors packed complete in a box. Let us send you a booklet which fully illustrates just what kinds of attractive doors these sets make possible. Designs cover all sizes and styles of doors.

McKINNEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Pittsburgh
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Hinges and Butts

Garage hardware, door hangers and track, door bolts and latches, shelf brackets, window and screen hardware, cabinet hardware, steel door-mats and wrought specialties.

PATTON'S
Auto Gloss
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Paint Your Automobile

YOUR spare time spent in renewing the finish of your car, yields big dividends in increased car value and personal pride.

An easy-flowing enamel like Patton's Auto-Gloss applied with a good brush and reasonable care will give you a smooth, lustrous finish which will stand motor heat, weather and the impact of flying highway grit and dust. Patton's Auto Gloss Enamel comes ready to use in sixteen popular colors.

Sold by quality dealers everywhere

Write for "Proof" booklet

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As he advanced he drew a revolver, but before he had time to use it Cockrell had taken his own weapon from the table in front of him and fired. Slayback was instantly killed. Cockrell drove to the police court, surrendered himself and was locked up.

The news of the shooting was telephoned to the theater. I was on duty at the time. Mr. Pope considerately took my place at the window and I went across the town to the jail. I was the first man in Cockrell's cell, and remained with him until Johnny Norton, who was his boon companion, came there. In the few minutes that we were alone together Colonel Cockrell was self-controlled, but plainly alive to the tragic character of his act and the seriousness of his own situation. His only reference to it all was when in commonplace I had said, "Sorry, Colonel."

He nodded slowly as he answered, "Too bad, but it couldn't be helped."

Colonel Cockrell was released on bail and the case was dismissed without being brought to trial. Whether the tragedy terminated his usefulness in St. Louis or not, it made continuation of his work there unpleasant to him. He removed to New York, where he took charge of the editorial page of the World. I saw him frequently after 1889, when I came to make my home in the East. He became the president of the New York Press Club and gathered about him a small circle of agreeable and influential friends, but it was my opinion that the Slayback killing clouded the rest of his brilliant life.

Welcome Visitors

One outstanding recollection of that time at Pope's is of William Gillette's first visit as a star. He came in his own play, The Professor, to my mind the most charming of the long list from his pen. Gillette was then under the management of the Madison Square Theater, his tour directed by Gustave and Charles Frohman. An indication of the dignity with which affairs theatrical were treated is in the advance illustrations by Kelly printed in the newspapers and the programs of the day. These drawings, designed for clearness on rapid printing presses, had as much artistic merit as the process permitted. The two given on page 89 show the character of the work; give an idea of the costumes of 1880 and fairly epitomize the story of The Professor, an attractive but mature person beleaguered by lovelorn applicants, and challenged by younger and envious rivals. The garments of the young men in the picture, especially the lad with the short jacket buttoned tightly to the neck, are worth a glance; the entangling trains of the women, the Watteau pleats, their stays and bustles will make the modern girl thank heaven for her freedom.

Another welcome visitor at the box office was W. J. Florence, familiarly known as Billy Florence, who with his wife was jointly starring in the phenomenally successful comedy The Mighty Dollar. Florence was the projector and organizer of the Mystic Shriners, that post-graduate playground of the thirty-second-degree Masons. He and the elder Sothern, Lord Dundreary, were boon companions.

One week when Sothern was playing at the Olympic Theater and Florence was at Pope's, Florence took a carriage at the first intermission in his play, drove rapidly to the stage door of the Olympic, which was half a mile away, passed the doorkeeper and went onto the stage, where Lord Dundreary was in the midst of a scene. Waddling down from the center door with his unctuous laugh he grasped the hand of the astonished Dundreary and wished him health "by a large majority." The crowded house, watching Our American Cousin, immediately recognized the star from the other theater. This prank occasioned a good deal of merriment at Pope's when Florence got back and reported it. Its perpetration had extended the intermission but slightly.

Florence and his wife were in the middle of their big scene in the succeeding act when, to their great astonishment, but to the equal delight of this second audience, the lisping Dundreary minced in through the center to announce that he "had just had a letter from Sam." He greeted both Florences effusively and departed. This good-natured interchange has had many imitations since that day, but I believe it was original with Florence.

One story of Florence concerned his first endeavor on any stage. When as a lad engaged to keep out of sight behind the scenes and on a given cue to bark like a dog, which he could do, an actor asked, "What will you do, Billy, if you get stage fright and can't bark?"

The boy answered, "I'll wag my tail," which showed a ready sense of character.

Perhaps more than any other man in the theater, with maybe the exception of Joseph Jefferson, Florence numbered among his friends the important politicians of the country. This may have been the consequence of his admirable burlesque of a congressman as the Honorable Bardwell Slote—and he had political ambitions himself. After Cleveland's first election the belief was general that Mr. Florence would be appointed ambassador to France. Col. Henry Watterson was the man who brought the question to the attention of Cleveland. Although Cleveland was numbered among the personal friends of the actor, he was obliged to explain to Watterson that the church members of the country would not forgive him if he appointed to an office of such prominence a member of the theatrical profession.

James H. Hackett, the father of our present James K. Hackett, lately made chevalier of the Legion of Honor for his performance of Macbeth in Paris, was considered by playgoers the greatest American Falstaff. But I have heard men who saw both claim the supremacy for Ben De Bar. This old actor required very little padding to realize the rotund knight, a favorite character with him. De Bar also excelled in most of the low-comedy parts of that repertoire. He was unsurpassed as Toodles, and was the best Dogberry I ever knew. I saw him walk away with the honors in an all-star performance of London Assurance that was given for some charity in which the brilliant Edwin Adams played Charles Courtly. A good leading man of that time, one Metcalf, played Sir Harcourt; Charles R. Pope was the Dazzle and Ben De Bar the Mark Meddle. I doubt if the play had had an equal presentation in its first production in England when the then young Dion Boucicault, its author, wrote to his mother in Ireland, "I have London by the throat."

Adams was then starring in Enoch Arden and some Shaksperean parts. I saw his Hamlet that week. Many men of judgment in the theater preferred it to all others.

I have seen some thirty Hamlets, including Booth and Barry Sullivan, but I think Adams the most thrilling of them all in the scenes with the ghost, probably because of his more melodramatic methods.

The Glass of Fashion

The boys in the box office were always happy to have C. W. Couldock come along, as he did in Hazel Kirke and The Willow Copse. We went with the old gentleman one night after the play to the Elks rooms for supper. The order had been given when the uneasy veteran asked if there was not some place to which we could take him where there would be sawdust on the floor and he could get an order of finnan haddie. There were just such conditions in a room at Tony Faust's, two blocks away, where we spent the rest of the evening with the coveted smoked fish and some bumpers of beer.

Couldock at that time divided popular support as the first old man of the country with James H. Stoddart. He had spent his life in the theater, been one of the most prominent exponents of Louis XI and similar legitimate parts, and could fill all the evenings of a week with stories of the old days before we had fallen upon the degenerate times, as he then measured the one in which we were.

Another very agreeable acquisition that came to one in a box office was the fraternity which it established with the men in the other box offices, and the information that came through them concerning all current theatrical happenings. At the Olympic Theater the treasurer was Mr. Dunn, who is still called Eddie, though he must be within a few years of my own age, and has had now the responsible position of general manager for Mr. George M. Cohan. I don't think I ever saw a more uniformly courteous and even-tempered person than Mr. Dunn has been in a number of trying occupations. In the old days the only railroad in the country that advertised a four-track roadbed was the New York Central. Eddie, who has always been a careful dresser, was then the leader if not the misleader of fashion. He used to wear in the box office

(Continued on Page 93)

"*I have driven* my LaFayette Four Door Coupe about 7,000 miles and the motor runs as sweetly as the day it was delivered. The riding qualities are excellent; and, all facts considered, I feel that the LaFayette is one of the finest cars in America."—HARVEY R HARRISON, *15 W. Eagle Street, Buffalo, N. Y.*

"*I bought in January* of last year a LaFayette touring car with which I am very much pleased. I bought it because I had confidence in the design and construction. I bought it, also, because I like to ride during the summer on country roads and I thought it would stand the test of that usage. And it has done so."—WILLIAM SIMES, *46 Chestnut Street, Boston.*

"*After 6,000 miles* I can frankly state that the performance of my LaFayette Coupe on hills as well as on level ground is the equal in every instance and in many instances, far superior to, any other automobile that I have ever driven, which includes some of the highest priced cars in the country. The car is very easy on tires, extremely economical in gas and oil consumption, attractive in appearance and delightful to drive."—HARRY D. WATTS, *President, The H. D. Watts Company, Baltimore, Md.*

"*I have never been passed* on the road since I have had my LaFayette and have hardly had a chance to make it interesting. As to hill climbing, there is no hill to it. I have never driven its equal for power, road comfort and ease of handling."—FRANK CORBIN, *Lexington, Ky.*

"*I am very much pleased* with the performance of my LaFayette both in the city traffic and on country roads. I have found it very easy to operate and undoubtedly one of the smoothest riding cars I have ever been in. Particularly, I have been agreeably surprised at the ease with which this car takes all hills, which evidently shows a great amount of smooth engine power."—W. K. MEDERNACH, *Secretary and Superintendent of the Southern Asbestos Manufacturing Association, Charlotte, N.C.*

"*I can not believe* that a machine could be so perfect as this one is when it is new that would not be all right for a number of years to come. About the only thing I have found it would not do is talk. Otherwise it is 100 per cent."—F. D. RAIKES, *1505 Union Trust Building, Cincinnati.*

"*It is with considerable pleasure* that I write this letter about the two LaFayette cars I purchased in August last year. Both of my cars have been driven about 6,000 miles and up to the present time, I have found no defect in either of them, either in material or workmanship. I am driving a coupe and a torpedo model; having previously owned almost every make of car on the American market. I can say without hesitation, that the LaFayette is the best piece of mechanism I have ever owned."—ORIS R. COOK, *Vice-President, Howe Rubber Corporation, Cleveland, Ohio.*

"*In the spring of 1921* I purchased a LaFayette limousine and am now convinced that I bought as good a car as the market offered. We have driven this car approximately 10,000 miles in eight months, including a trip to Colorado, during which we traveled at least 1 600 miles. Its performance both in the city and on the road has been more than satisfactory, and I regard it as the last word in motor car engineering and construction."—JUDGE H. L. MCCUNE, *731 Scarritt Building, Kansas City, Mo.*

"*I drive my car* regularly about forty or fifty miles per day and have found it satisfactory in every respect. The observation of myself and chauffeur is that the greatest satisfaction we have in driving this car is the knowledge that we can accelerate faster and stop faster safely than any car we have ever been in. I have driven 70 miles per hour merely as a test and the car was under perfect control. The performance is splendid at five miles per hour. I have averaged eleven and three-quarters miles per gallon of gasoline."—C. C. BROWN, *President of the First National Bank, Kenosha, Wis.*

"*I have owned automobiles* of various makes, but never one that rides as easily or has the quick acceleration of the LaFayette. In my opinion its ability to perform is unquestionably superior to that of any car built in this country."—JAMES G. BARSALOUX, *63rd Street and Blackstone Avenue, Chicago, Ill.*

"*The LaFayette* four-passenger coupe sold us last March has now run about 8,000 miles. This car develops more power and 'pep' to the gallon of gasoline than any I have ever owned."—C. P. THOMAS, M. D., *Los Angeles, Calif.*

"*LaFayette acceleration* is very good. In fact I have been able to pass any other car on the road with amazing celerity. My car doesn't mind steep, or long hills any more than a level stretch of good road. It holds the road better than any car I have previously driven, and the faster you go the better it seems to hold the road."—F. GORDON MCGEOCH, *McGeoch Estate, West Allis, Wis.*

"*I am well satisfied* with my car in every respect and am an enthusiastic LaFayette owner. I feel that I have made a new discovery in the LaFayette and can see nothing but a bright future for the car."—WAYNE B. COMER, M. D., *722 Lowry Building, St. Paul, Minn.*

"*I have driven* my LaFayette Sedan 5000 miles over city and country roads. This is my thirteenth car. No car, to my knowledge, compares with the LaFayette in beauty of design, in refinement of equipment and in reserve energy. Only the driver can fully appreciate its luxury of motion, tremendous reserve power, quick response, ease of steering and the confidence it gives due to the integrity of its workmanship."—PALMER FINDLEY, M. D., *670 Brandeis Theatre Building, Omaha, Neb.*

"*I have had* my LaFayette for about six months and am exceedingly well satisfied with it. Its ease of handling, flexibility and powerful brakes make driving a pleasure. In view of its power, I was quite surprised on a tour to Saratoga last summer to find that the car was averaging almost thirteen miles per gallon of gasoline."—CHARLES K. ROCKWELL, *of The Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia, Pa.*

"*Just a word* about the LaFayette. I have had it a little more than a year, have driven it 16,000 miles and find it by far the best car I ever had."—KENNETT BURNES, *5151 Washington Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.*

"*I believe the LaFayette* to be the finest piece of automotive mechanism on the American highway. Exceedingly easy to handle, it is under perfect control always, yet when unleashed, by far the most powerful car I have ever known. My one difficulty has been to hold it in, as I find it easily exceeding the speed limit without any noticeable vibration or sound to warn of excessive speed."—RICHARD K. HAM, *3136 Grove Street, Berkeley, Calif.*

"*I have now run* my car about 2,500 miles, and it has given me entire satisfaction. It is quite the best car I have ever driven, having suppleness, speed and comfort, the springing being particularly good. I drove the car in August from Paris to Chamonix and averaged 50 kilometers, or better than thirty miles an hour all the way, which I think is a very good average, when you consider short stops and the number of towns that I had to pass through, and that I drove very slowly going through villages also. I tried her out once and got 75 miles an hour."—SHELDON WHITEHOUSE, *Counsellor of the United States Embassy in Paris.*

"*I have been* the owner of many cars, among which were some which carried a very high rating and which did offer satisfaction and pleasure in their use, but never yet have I been so fortunate as to find the equal of the LaFayette."—GEORGE P. SACKS, *Vice-President, Chapin-Sacks Corporation, Washington, D. C., owner and user of three LaFayette cars.*

"*Before purchasing* my LaFayette Coupe, I had owned and driven seven of the best cars. I have driven the LaFayette over 12,000 miles; several times to Philadelphia and Baltimore; over the Allegheny and Cumberland Mountains in high gear and have never been compelled to shift gears or stop for water or oil. The upkeep is less than the average upkeep of other cars I have owned and it has never failed me under any condition. I can truthfully recommend it to any person desiring a satisfactory high grade automobile."—A. J. BROWN, *3300-3322 Smallman St., Pittsburgh, Pa.*

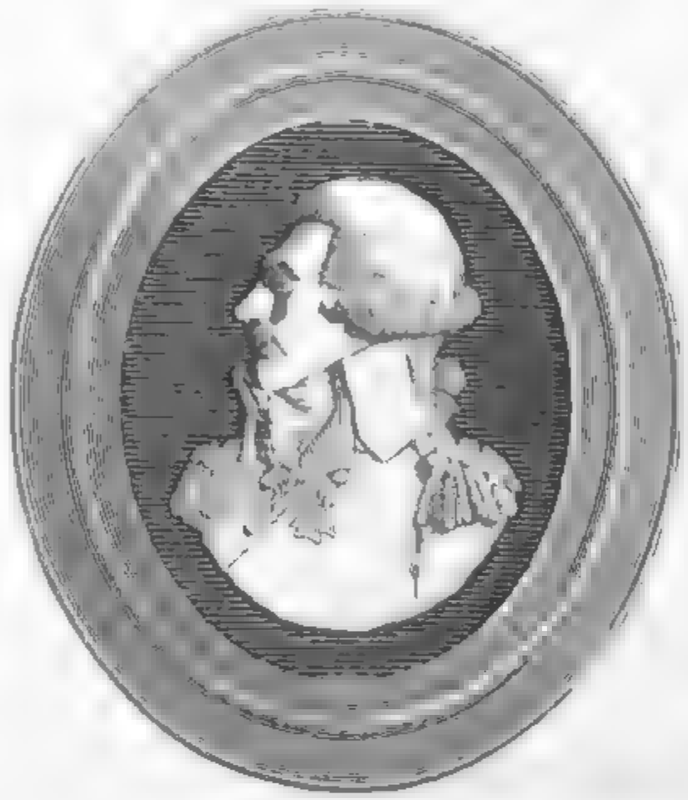
"*The LaFayette* is the best car I have ever owned. The performance is remarkable, from five to seventy-five miles an hour. It does not get hot even on mud roads on account of the perfectly balanced water circulation. The first long trip was from Atlanta, Ga., to Johnson City and I never had a more comfortable trip. In one trip over the roughest roads in North Carolina the car performed wonderfully. I always feel safe in starting out on any trip."—F. S. HENDERSON, *Johnson City, Tenn.*

"*In country travel* I like to drive at fairly high speeds, and I was pleased to find that the LaFayette holds the road better than any car I have ever had. The brake action is very good. Due to the large braking surface it has not been necessary to have the brakes relined. The car seems perfectly balanced and sprung and you do not notice the chuck-holes. I have taken six trips up in the woods, hunting and fishing, of about 1,000 miles each. It is superior to any car I have owned."—RAYMOND N HAMILTON, *Milwaukee Lace Paper Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin*

"*The behavior* of the LaFayette on the road is superior to anything I have previously seen. The car is apparently very well balanced and properly sprung. The way it takes the rough spots makes possible unusual mileages with comparative comfort and safety on average roads. The longest single trip I have taken was 475 miles which I made in 12 hours and 20 minutes with no tired feeling at the end of the trip."—GEORGE C. CORNITIUS, *Cornitius Hardwood Lumber Company, San Francisco, Calif.*

"*Last summer* I drove my LaFayette [illegible] miles, from Mineral Springs, Texas, to Northern Ontario, over all kinds of roads. I have made the same trip four summers, each time in a different high grade car, and can truthfully say the LaFayette is by far the best car I have ever driven. On my [illegible] trip I averaged 12 miles per gallon of gasoline. I used very little lubricating oil and seldom had to use any water. The motor was not hot once on the entire trip and I pulled sand, mud and hard grades."—R. W. WALLACE, *Petroleum, Mineral Springs, Texas.*

"*The main objection* to a LaFayette car, is, that it slips along so easily one does not realize the speed. It is so easy riding, and so perfectly balanced, that I can conceive of nothing finer in the way of an automobile."—E. W. HARRIS, *Indianapolis.*



LAFAYETTE

LAFAYETTE MOTORS COMPANY [illegible] INDIANAPOLIS

CHARLES (CHIC) SALE

FOR the first time this genius of rural delineation on the speaking stage transfers his art to the screen.

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As Hinckelt

Playing Seven Different Characters in

HIS NIBS

EXCEPTIONAL PICTURE

Ask Your Theatre When It Will Be Shown

EXCEPTIONAL PICTURES CORPORATION
ALEXANDER BEYFUSS, President
NEW YORK CITY

EXCEPTIONAL PICTURES

In Preparation
OTIS SKINNER in "Mister Antonio" by BOOTH TARKINGTON
"GRUMPY" by Horace Hodges and T. Wigney Percyval
MARTIN JOHNSON'S "Jungle Adventures"

(Continued from Page 90

what he called his New York Central shirt, which had four very decided stripes down the bosom.

I think that both Mr. Dunn and I, as well as all others that were ever in the theater offices of St. Louis, will accord to old George McManus credit of greatest popularity. There is scarcely any man who came into the profession as early as twenty-five years ago who will not remember him as a pleasant acquaintance and delightful friend. After saying that he was the father of the present George McManus, the talented artist who runs the comic stories of Bringing Up Father and similar humorous drawings in certain syndicate papers, it will be interesting to the members of the Eugenics Congress to note that this humor that has blossomed out in young George through his illustrations found expression in the father in an unbroken series of harmless practical jokes of legitimate kinship to the absurdities depicted by young George. A few of these are worth telling, because of their character and the light they throw upon the mind that got entertainment out of the disproportion between common expectation and events.

On the wall of George McManus' box office at the Grand Opera House there was a strip of wood equipped with what appeared to be four tenpenny nails on which some coats and hats might be hung. Two of these nails were usually occupied by garments. One of the remaining two, although a tenpenny nail in appearance, was a very artful imitation made of black carspring rubber. A regular nail had first been driven into the wood, then withdrawn and this rubber counterfeit substituted. McManus got an average of one laugh a week out of this by hanging his own coat on the good nail when it came time to count up and then watching the business manager of the visiting company try to make his coat stay in midair by passing the collar over this rubber nail. It seemed to be a law of the human mind to assume that the overcoat's fall to the floor was the result of a failure to encompass the nail, and it sometimes took two or three repeated attempts for the victim to discover the deception.

The Dummy Push Button

Just over the office table, and affixed to the wall, was an ordinary electric push button in its hard wooden plate. When the laugh was over about the overcoat and the two men were going to count up George would say, "We'll have a drink on that," or a cigar, and very ostentatiously push this electric button. A moment or two after an aproned waiter from the adjoining barroom would enter and inquire the pleasure of the gentlemen who had summoned him. He really came because McManus had arranged with an usher to go after him. The button on the wall had no connection with anything except the plaster.

Twenty-four hours would go by before McManus could realize anything on this investment, and then upon the second night the visiting agent would in his turn say, "Shall we have a drink now?"

George would assent, and the next half hour would witness the mounting irritation of the visitor as he intermittently punched this dummy call bell. There were many of these devices, and some were being constantly replaced. Just inside the box-office window was a gigantic thermometer of the kind sometimes displayed for advertising purposes outside the corner drug store. It was about three feet in length. When an agent of a coming attraction arrived and began his preliminary talk through the box-office window with McManus he would be puzzled by George's turning to his assistant and saying "Forty," or "Sixty," or some other number; the explanation for which the agent would find a few days later when he got the run of the office and saw the decimal degrees on the thermometer variously marked with the customary phrases of boastful advance men, such as "Capacity in Cincinnati"; and "When I was with Booth"; and so on. It was a salutary shock for a pompous individual to find that he had fallen into a tiresome category.

In the early '80's there was an impression still current in our sober city that economy is wealth. McManus used to be annoyed by that section of the opera-house patrons who, moved by this precept, lighted cigars during the first intermission and then carefully left their half-smoked butts resting on the wainscoting of the lobby when the curtain went up and they were called inside. McManus would then come from the box office with a squirt bottle of tabasco sauce, from which he carefully shot two or three charges upon the chewed end of each cigar. In the second intermission the man first to recover his cigar was generally sport enough to try to control his sensation. But a dozen frugal patrons looking their mutual confessions to each other made an amusing *ensemble*.

In the contraband literature of our kid days Ned Buntline or some equal author used to write of Buffalo Bill. One day an advance agent arrived at Pope's and the paper went up for this hero in his romantic play The Prairie Waif. The next Sunday night I had the great happiness of meeting the Hon. William F. Cody. I found that my admiration was shared by the preceding generation. He and Pope were already great pals. During that engagement, in a buckskin suit which Buffalo Bill lent him, Pope and the famous scout—boys grown tall—were photographed together seated over a stuffed deer which the property man carried over his shoulder to the gallery across the street.

This hero worship is a great tendency. One of Cody's engagements overlapped that of Nate Salsbury, who had his little company of five sprightly people—John Webster, Nellie McHenry, John Gourlay, Rae Samuels, and Salsbury himself, known as Salsbury's Troubadours. Nate Salsbury came to be a figure of international reputation. At that time he was fixed in my mind principally by a story of his persistence that John Norton used to tell.

Unflattering Terms

Salsbury as a young man had written from Chicago to Cincinnati asking an engagement for utility business in the stock company of Bob Miles, who ran a theater in that city. Miles had sent a negative answer. Salsbury replied with an offer to go for forty dollars a week. Miles refused this. Salsbury then telegraphed him, the situation being urgent, that he would accept the place at thirty dollars a week.

Miles, thoroughly annoyed, wired back, "Mr. Salsbury, I don't want you at any price."

Salsbury answered, "Terms accepted. Will be on in the morning." And he came.

This push and energy, which manifested itself in everything that Salsbury did, was in harmony with much that Cody had. Shortly after the two men got together their great enterprise of the Wild West, which ran for many years, was organized and launched. Salsbury, knowing my railroad experiences, wished me to take charge of its transportation department, moving its large collection of animals and men. At that time, however, I was filled with the project of a theatrical company of my own, and, wisely or unwisely, declined.

Toward the end of our second season in Pope's, Barney Macauley came to play a week in The Messenger From Jarvis Section. He had with him a little girl named Lizzie Evans playing the part of Chip, of which I believe the child, Minnie Maddern, had been the original. His leading man, Mr. Charles Mason, a very sterling actor, still in the profession, was leaving him, and at Mr. Pope's suggestion I went in on short notice to play the part of Sandy Mitchell. The character of Keppler, a German barkeeper in the play, was being played by the stage manager, a young fellow about twenty years of age, with remarkable eyes. They had most soulful and pathetic appeal. This actor was a good comedian and a most excellent stage manager. His name was Charles Klein. He was even then interested in the subject of writing plays, and was acting to get the experience so helpful to a playwright. Before he went down on the ill-fated Lusitania, Charles Klein had won his way to the foremost rank in his profession. Readers will remember his Music Master, The Lion and the Mouse, The Third Degree, and other plays.

In an earlier chapter of this record I referred to the discreet treatment of living persons by one writing that is advised by men of experience. A decent respect for this advice and such conferences as it has made desirable have invited a few time-to-time advisers. One of these is an attorney, old enough to serve upon any pardon board, experienced, grave, dignified and scholarly, and not so much my senior in years as to be out of touch with all my impulses. He frowns discouragingly at such

"The Shingle That Never Curls"
THINK over the shingle advertisements you have seen. Can you remember any other shingle of which this has been said—"The Shingle that Never Curls"?
You know that slate-surfaced shingles *look* alike, but laboratory tests have shown that the Carey Asfaltslate Shingle is built on a heavier felt which absorbs a greater amount of water resisting asphalt; that is why it *does not curl*. And, of course, insurance companies approve all Carey Shingles—every bundle carries the Underwriters' Laboratories' official label.
Carey
ASFALTSLATE
SHINGLE
Through lumber and builder supply dealers everywhere you can be supplied with these shingles, also with greatest value in roll roofings or asbestos and asphalt built-up roofings.
THE PHILIP CAREY COMPANY
Makers of Asphalt Asbestos Magnesia Products
1 Millsdale Ave., Lockland, Cincinnati, Ohio

Now—you can buy the Conklin Automatic Pencil

Hidden beneath its handsome exterior is the sturdy simplicity so characteristic of Conklin quality

$1.50 up
Slightly higher in Canada

Conklin—Toledo
Boston Chicago San Francisco

The Conklin 7 Points
1. 2 feet of lead (7 leads, 3½ in. long).
2. Quick filling through tip.
3. Propels, repels, expels.
4. Leads cannot jam, clog or stick.
5. Simple mechanism.
6. One hand clip saves pencil and clothes.
7. Conklin quality guaranteed.

Conklin

Pen – THE BETTER WRITING EQUIPMENT – Pencil

The margin of safety

YOU always carry more than enough gasoline, oil and tires for your probable needs. Why? For emergencies! And for your peace of mind!

What about your battery—most vital of all considerations in motor-car operating? A dead battery, and you are even more helpless than you would be without gasoline. For battery "juice" is something you can't borrow.

Why, then, ignore the margin of safety in the current you need for ignition, lights and starter? Why not give yourself an "oversize" battery—a Westinghouse? It has greater plate area than ordinary types. This greater area means longer battery life—and in the common sizes up to 25% greater capacity.

Withal, you get a battery built by Westinghouse! To uphold the fame of a great name Westinghouse Batteries *must* make good.

Sixteen hundred Westinghouse Service Stations are ready to give any make of battery Westinghouse Attention

WESTINGHOUSE UNION BATTERY CO., SWISSVALE, PA.

WESTINGHOUSE BATTERIES

One quality—the BEST Westinghouse can make

glimpses as he has had of my doings thus far. He wishes that I would write with the restraint and gravity of John Morley or Sir George Trevelyan, though of course not curbing my genius to the mediocrity of either; that there should be no audible laugh in the sessions, and that the greatest relaxation should be only a genial glow indicative of good nature. He tells me that I am not on a witness stand; not under any compulsion to make a revelation that will not read always to my advantage; and moves further, upon my silent reception of this, by an alarm for the interest of the helpless sensitive persons whom I may involve.

That my father, who at the age of fifty, having met with an accident that for a time prevented further pursuit of business, resumed the study of medicine interrupted in his youth, and won his degree in an established medical college, my counselor submits is an unnecessary statement, even though father's course in the college required my coöperation at home, and to that extent attached itself to my activities. Well, my adviser is right; that is an unnecessary statement; but so is any other statement in this whole performance. My own present needs are not such nor is the financial return for the promised output large enough to furnish me with even the sordid excuse of Romeo's apothecary when parting with the poison that "my poverty but not my will consents." It is only fair to the publishers, however, in this connection to say that a middleman, previously indicated, has assured me that "they will come across stronger next time."

Sending Dad to School

But I think I could resist that inducement, too, if it were not my belief that my father if living would himself take pleasure in the recital. He lived to practice his profession thirty years; to know his colleagues and his clientele in that helpful, expanding, increasingly interesting way that a physician's calling opens and the agreeable atmosphere that it provides. He radiated what he so acquired, and the studio in which I write and the summer place of which our domestics so fully approve would lose much that makes them magnetized and restful if the repeated visits of the sweetly aging doctor were unremembered.

When father was compelled to quit his work we had as neighbor a Doctor Kent, member of the faculty of the Homeopathic College, who approved of the suggestion for father to resume the study of medicine. There were some serious family discussions which narrowed down to a talk between father and me. I found an increase of income by undertaking to do more drawings on boxwood for the engravers, and with this in sight father consented to start in on his four-year course. Looking back at that time over an interval of more than forty years, I don't believe that I am exaggerating the human interest of it. The positions of father and son were in one respect completely reversed. He started off to school with his books in the morning and came home after his day's session and devoted his nights to study. About him were the domestic problems. The important thing was to meet these with the least call upon him, and at the same time to keep up his spirits to the heroic thing he had undertaken. I won't attempt the proper tribute that belongs to the women of the family for their part of this; they were unwavering in the brave front they presented to father and the atmosphere of content that they created.

My job in addition to that already indicated was to establish a comedy view of the thing; to call the medical student to account for implied truancy and theatrically to assume the rôle of a grouchy stage father bringing up an incorrigible son. About once a week I pretended to get favorable reports from the teachers, and would reward their pupil with a visit to the theater, on which I accompanied him during the time I was in the law office and in which I joined him when we had counted up at Pope's after I had gone there. As a matter of both economy and companionship he and I used to walk home—two miles. My interests were theatrical; father's experiences were largely so; and the talks that started as far as I was concerned in a deliberate intent to divert his thoughts always finished in a real abandonment to the subject, with both of us in the happiest earnestness.

The last attraction at Pope's Theater during my employment there was the celebrated Vokes family. At the end of their week they separated; the girls, Victoria, Rosina and Jessie, and the brother, Fawdon, going back to England. Fred Vokes, however, the principal member and manager of the enterprise, had a play in mind which he wished to try in America during the summer; a farcical contrivance which he called In Camp. He engaged me to undertake the part that had been originally intended for Fawdon Vokes. When the new company, which immediately assembled, found itself together in Buffalo, all rooming at the old Mansion House, the principal members were Pauline Hall, later the comic-opera star; Minnie Schultz, a soprano, at that time the wife of the talented Louis Harrison; and Miss Helen Dingeon, a soprano of power and reputation. The principal men were Owen Westford, a very excellent comedian, and a young man named Byron Douglas, who later became an established leading man.

When rehearsals should have begun we discovered that Vokes had no script whatever, but only an idea for a play. All of us boys thereupon sat down with pen, ink and paper to help him. Together we finally ground out a hodgepodge not unlike a modern musical play. All that is important to note of that engagement is that in one of the off hours, in a wrestling bout, Westford had the misfortune to break an ankle, so that his Buffalo engagement was played on crutches.

Our next important stand after Buffalo was Chicago, where we arrived on a rainy Sunday, none of us with any money. Westford, Pauline Hall and I, forming one little coterie, went on foot in the rain in search of a hotel. The old Madison House, later the Wellington Hotel, was situated on Wabash Avenue. The desk was approached by a corridor some sixty feet in length and twenty wide. A pompous clerk glared at our party as we came in from the drizzle and stood at the front door. Westford being on crutches, I went up to the desk to negotiate for quarters. The hotel was on the American plan.

I said, "What is the rate for board and room?"

The clerk answered, "Three dollars."

"What is your professional rate for actors?"

Looking over my head in to vacancy, the clerk answered, "Three-fifty."

Nowhere to Come but Back

We went a few blocks farther on to a little rooming house called the Windsor, with a second-floor office, where one could get a comfortable room at a dollar a day. When the Chicago engagement was fairly launched my colleagues in St. Louis were far enough advanced with their plans for a company of our own for me to quit the Vokes enterprise and go home.

In the early days of his popularity as a singing tramp, Walter Jones, our prominent *farceur* of to-day, used to recite some verses written by Ben King of the old Whitechapel Club of Chicago, expressing the tyranny of the preposition. As I remember, the first lines ran:

Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back,
No place to stand but on,
Nowhere to fall but off.

In my few essays at a career up to the time of which I am telling there had uniformly been no place to come but back. I never came back, however, with more eagerness than from my experience in that summer season with Fred Vokes; or with more welcome or greater happiness upon my arrival. My father, who had got his diploma from the college, was now set up as doctor and building a little practice that made it possible for me without excessive selfishness to try somewhat for myself. In our leisurely review and stock taking as I sat with him that midsummer, he now the breadwinner and I the adventurer, we talked over the period covering slightly more than a decade since I had come back from Washington. How full the time had been! What prosperity the country had had! What a growth in its activities! What a reaching out of its markets! What a turmoil in its political agitations!

A syndicate of newspapers, the Scripps-McRae League, had established a penny paper in our city, among others; copper coins were really beginning to circulate

(Continued on Page 97)

WILSON'S

The healthful wholesomeness of Wilson products commends them for growing children

Hotels and clubs that prac[tice] ... selves on serving the ... preference for produc[ts] ... the Wilson label

The first meat baby eats is a ... bit of bacon—you ... Wilson's Certified Bacon

Wilson Certified products are served in many railway ... the Fred Harvey meals

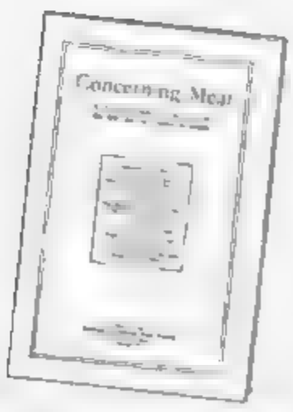
The success of a dinner is the food—and the Wilson label always assures you of perfect flavor and quality

Everywhere—

The Wilson Label Protects Your Table

Wherever you are and wherever you go, whenever Wilson products are served—the Wilson label protects your table. It may be on the dining car, in a Fred Harvey restaurant, in your club or hotel—or right at home—whenever you are served anything that bears the Wilson label when purchased you may be confident that in purity, quality and wholesomeness it is unexcelled. The Wilson label means that the product it identifies has been selected, handled and prepared with the same thoughtful care and *respect* your mother exercises when she prepares the favorite dish for the family.

Ask your dealer for Wilson's *Certified* Ham, Bacon, Lard, Shortening, Pure Pork Sausage, Cooking and Salad Oil, Meat Specialties—or any other Wilson food product—and enjoy the full advantage of the Wilson label. If your dealer cannot supply you, kindly give us his name.



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The Wilson label protects your table

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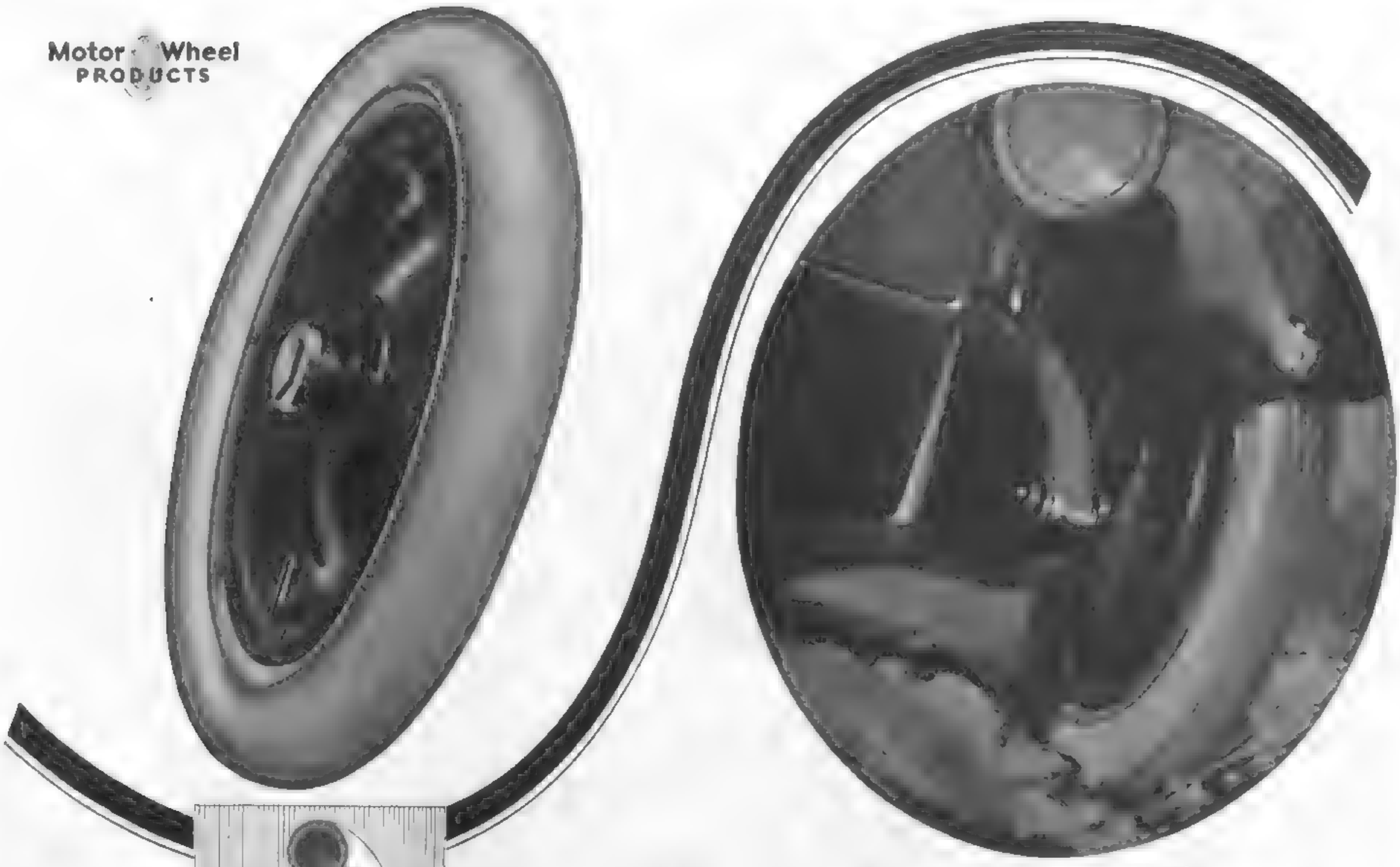

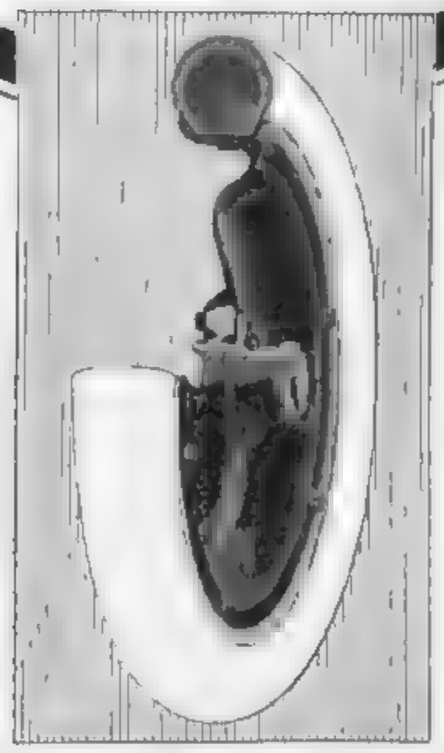

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Not even a cotter pin is changed on your car to install Tuarc Wheels. Their hubs being identical with the hubs you now use, you save delay, labor cost, and extras.

For so little outlay you cannot add grace and distinction greater than those afforded by the remarkable Tuarc two-arc design

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Gier
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STEEL WHEELS

Gier
Tuarc
STEEL WHEELS

(Continued from Page 94)

west of the Mississippi and south of the Ohio; merchants were marking down goods from five dollars to four-ninety-eight; newsboys were making change for less than a nickel; my old friend, Gen. Benjamin Butler, by some turn of the whirligig found himself politically associated with the sand-lot agitator, Dennis Kearney, of California, who originated the slogan, "The Chinese Must Go!" with whose blatherskite ambitions I felt a perhaps reprehensible but not inexplicable sympathy; what was called the National Party had been organized with strength enough to pass the Greenback Bill for fiat money; the bill had gone through both Houses of Congress and been stopped only by the stubbornness of Grant, who vetoed it; our own corn-tassel statesman of Missouri, Richard Bland, far outrunning the subsequent vision of the peerless leader of Nebraska, had put through a bill making silver the sole basis of our national currency; Grant had vetoed this also; and then for the first time since 1862 gold, gradually dropping, had reached par and the country was again on a bi-metallic basis with specie payment resumed. The negroes had achieved civil rights; probable war had been averted by the patriotism of Tilden, who counseled patience and the submission to arbitration of the contested election between himself and Hayes which put the latter in the presidential chair by a vote of eight to seven in the commission organized for that hearing; Garfield had come into the presidency and been assassinated by a madman, Charles Jules Guiteau, of Chicago; Guiteau had been tried, convicted, executed; the great Eads Bridge had been opened; the Father of Waters was no longer the barrier to the railroad communication of the two great longitudinal sections of the country.

In my own little personal world there had been an almost commensurate exfoliation of events and hopes; far beyond my most vivid expectations I had been given an inside knowledge of the theater in all its departments as much as any city in the Union other than New York could provide such initiation. Besides the actors I have mentioned, I had been permitted to witness repeated performances by the great Mrs. Scott Siddons; I had seen the incomparable Marie Geistinger, equally excellent in opera, drama, and comedy; had seen and become acquainted with the famous Bostonians, with Tom Karl, Henry Barnaby, Will McDonald; had seen Salvini in his heroic work with such splendid support as Lewis Morrison and Marie Prescott gave. I had studied the perfect work of the well-balanced New York companies, from the Union Square, Palmer's and the Madison Square theaters; had become personally acquainted with Steele Mackaye, with whom I was to have a profitable friendship until his death, when the acquaintance would be carried on with his gifted and poetic son, Percy Mackaye, also a playwright; had made and begun a lifelong friendship with the matchless Robert G. Ingersoll; had made friendships that lasted till their death with many others that have gone, and friendships that still continue with many who remain. Among the departed are Digby Bell, Joseph Arthur, George R. Edeson, father of our present Robert Edeson; Stuart Robson, McKee Rankin, Frank Mayo, Charles Wyndham, Harry Pitt, Dan McGinnis and a host of others. Of those still playing I had come to know William Gillette, Francis Wilson, the sturdy William Muldoon, De Wolf Hopper, William Crane, Forrest Robinson, Henry Miller, the veteran Charles Stevenson, who along with John Drew is one of the few survivors of the older and classic school, now flexibly adapting himself to the later methods. I had met nearly all the responsible and irresponsible players who still play and were then traveling. I had come to know the ablest managers of the time, and the younger men that were to succeed them. One particular friendship to which I owe so much was with the late Charles Frohman, who dominated the American theater until he was lost on the torpedoed Lusitania. Of these men I shall write more to-morrow.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of ten articles by Mr. Thomas. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

Sense and Nonsense

Currency Inflation

WHEN the Americans took Vera Cruz, Mexico, one of the newspaper correspondents watching the job was the late Richard Harding Davis. Davis and some others had a Mexican commissioner, guide, interpreter and general handy man named Benda.

It became necessary for the war correspondents to have some Mexican money, and they sent Benda for it, giving him American money to exchange for Mexican currency. Benda came back with a bunch of Mexican paper money that seemed all right until Davis and his associates examined it closely. Then they discovered that by some error in the money-making department of the Mexican Government the paper money was printed as twenty-peso notes on one side, and ten-peso notes on the other.

"Here," said Davis to his commissioner, "this stuff is no good. It's printed twenty on one side and ten on the other. Take it back and get good money."

Benda disappeared with the money. Presently he came back with a great wad of currency, not new stuff, but dirty and used. Davis counted it. There was 50 per cent more than he expected.

"Where did you get this?" he asked sternly.

"From the merchants," Benda replied. "You see, I added up the twenty pesos on one side of that other money and the ten pesos on the other, and passed it on them for thirty pesos."

A Case of Bronchitis

A CERTAIN French-Canadian, whose knowledge of the King's English was rather sparse, was invited to stay a few days with some English-speaking friends in Montreal. On his arrival, the following conversation ensued:

"*Comment ça va, Pierre?* How are you?"

"Well, my fr'en', I don't feel ver' good. I hafe a little hourse on the t'roat; in fac' I have a colt."

He Had the Car

IN HONOR of a recent visit paid to his factory by a party of distinguished Englishmen a well-known Detroit automobile manufacturer had a complete car assembled in something like seven minutes.

Some weeks after this feat was heralded in the daily papers the phone at the plant rang vigorously. "Is it true that you assembled a car in seven minutes at your factory?" the voice asked.

"Yes," came the reply. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing," said the calm inquirer, "only I've got the car."

Rebuked From the Bench

IN ONE of the coast counties of California a kind-hearted and simple-minded old prune grower was elected county judge, practically without opposition. Almost the first case with which he had to deal in an official capacity was the case of a Mexican youth who in a fit of pique growing out of a domestic difference had so far allowed his hot Latin blood to master him that he took an ax and with it chopped his aged parents into small and untidy fragments. The brutality of the crime aroused the whole countryside, and when the orphan was captured and arraigned before the new county judge for a preliminary hearing the court room was crowded with citizens listening to the proceedings.

For himself the prisoner declined to say a single word, merely maintaining a rather bored and indifferent silence. Witnesses testified to the finding of the dismembered bodies, and then the prosecutor demanded that the murderer be remanded to jail to await the action of the grand jury.

Before authorizing this step His Honor plainly felt it incumbent upon him to say something appropriate to the circumstances. Gazing over his spectacles at the stolid youth, he several times clucked reprovingly with his tongue and then delivered himself of this utterance:

"Now, looka here, son! You know you ain't been actin' right!"

OUR PRIDE
—AND RESPONSIBILITY

There is much nameless candy bought and eaten. It may be good—it may be wonderfully good, but if it is not good enough to carry the identifying mark of the man who made it, do you consider it good enough for you?

Every piece of Apollo Chocolates is marked "Apollo."

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It loses its grip—fails just when you need it—keeps you eternally paying for relining jobs. It's the mechanic's time, not the lining cost that makes relining jobs expensive. Take no chance to put in poor lining as to install the best. It's economy to line your Ford bands with

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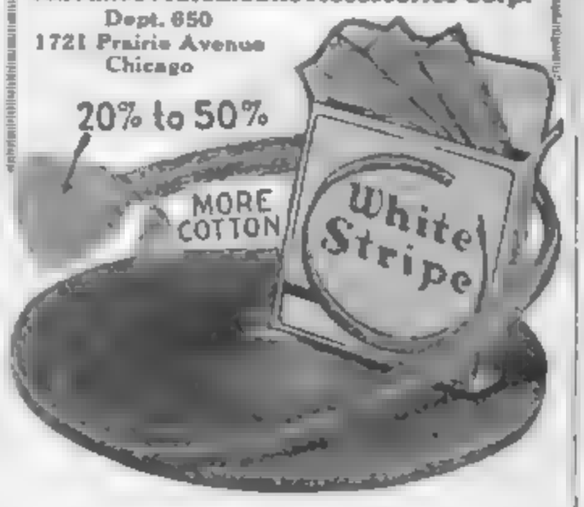

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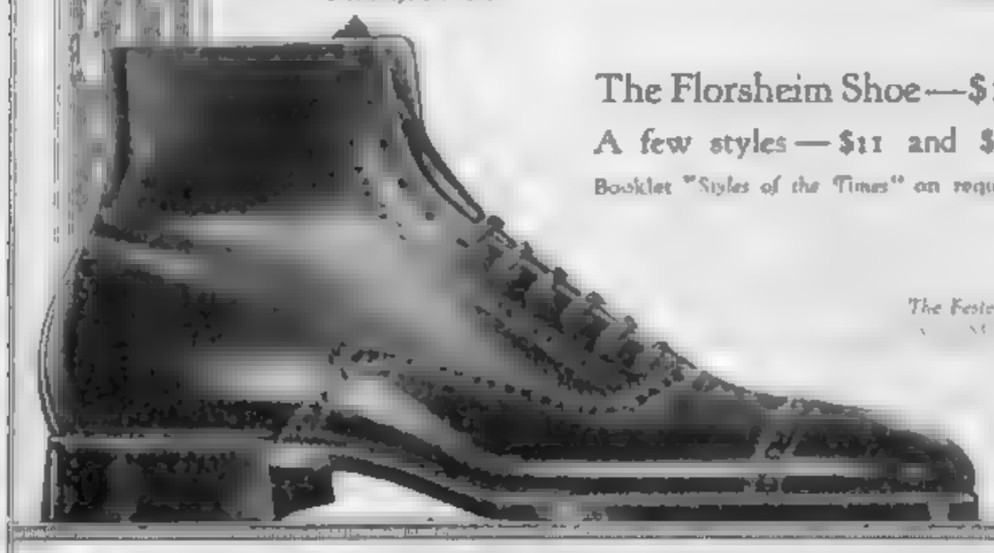

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE

For the man Florsheim SHOE *who cares*

DUST IN THE EYE

(Continued from Page 15)

part of the agreement in delivering logs to the party of the second part, the said party of the second part might enter upon the lands of the party of the first part and cut timber, making use of whatever equipment belonging to the first party was necessary to the operation.

"Don't see any loopholes," said Ted.

"Fiddlesticks! A big corporation doesn't need a loophole. They use the fourth dimension," said Veronica. "Now let's get the atlas of this valley and study a little. We'll make believe we are the Commonwealth board of directors, and we'll plan what we'd do if we were in their place."

They took down the atlas, which showed every piece of property in the county, its size, shape, location of buildings and timber and ownership.

At the end of half an hour of scrutiny Veronica said: "They've advertised the fact that they want to own the valley and everything in it. We know they own the southern end with the Mountain Lumber Company's holdings—ninety-seven thousand acres. That's that."

"Yes."

"They have owned for a couple of years the northern mouth of the valley—there." She pointed to the various tracts listed in the Commonwealth's name. "Now, as a board of directors, what ought we to do?"

"It's easy," said Ted; "we ought to connect our holdings."

"Step to the head of the class—and from now on keep thinking about that. Have it tucked away in the back of your head, and pull it out to look over whenever you get a spare minute. Now we're ready to get to business."

"Oh," said Ted, "are we?"

"Your first job is to arrange for that fifteen-thousand-dollar note. We take it for granted the Commonwealth influence has been at work in this bank. Where's a bank they're not likely to touch?"

"Why—over in Rahway. Across the mountain."

She went to the safe and returned with a loose-leaf book containing the monthly reports of the Peters company for half a dozen years. "There you are," she said. "Good-by."

"Eh?"

"Take your little book and put it in your little car and yo-ho-ho for Rahway," she said.

"But there are other notes coming along—about forty thousand in all. Money we borrowed when we enlarged the mill."

"You can't attend to the second note before you've fixed the first one," she said. "And if you make this loan nobody but you and I know where you made it. Nothing less than ninety days."

Ted returned that evening very well satisfied with himself. He had negotiated the loan—his first genuine bit of financing—for ninety days. His satisfaction amounted almost to exultation. Somehow he felt he had done a thing to justify himself, and he wanted to be justified in his father's eyes. The opportunity to do so came on his arrival home.

"Your father's been waiting for you, Ted," his mother said. "His mind is clear as a bell to-day, and he's been asking and asking for you. You'd better run right up."

Wind-shake Peters lay very still, indescribably older and smaller than he had been, deprived of that robust personality which had given him fame.

"Son," he said, "I've been thinking to-day—nothing to do but think. I'm done. Never amount to a tinker's dam any more. Take up crocheting when I get out of this. Made up my mind to take your mother away to some place like California where the crocheting weather is good, and hang out there till the yarn runs out."

"It's not as bad as that, dad."

"Don't talk foolish. I don't have to saw a log into planks before I can tell it's full of sap rot. I'm done. Here's what's on my mind. I don't want to leave you a war, and if we stay in this valley it'll be war from hell to breakfast. The Commonwealth folks want to hog the trough. I think they'll buy at a fair figure. We'll sell, and you can hunt out a new piece of timber, maybe over in Maine, and get a clean start."

"But, dad, I've turned down an offer to sell. The fight's on. I didn't think you'd ever listen to a move."

"I'll listen to a devil of a lot I wouldn't have listened to a month ago. Fight's on, eh? Well. Um. I leave it to you, son. Fight or stick, but either way you fix it, make those fellows think they've handled the hot end of a poker. Get out if you can. More money and more ease some place else. Guess that's all. Tired."

This gave Ted food for reflection, and he chewed upon it for the better part of the night. Next morning he took up the note at the local bank, rather to the surprise of that institution, and possibly to the surprise of the Commonwealth people. It may be this action of his served notice on his antagonists that his eyes were open. At any rate, from that moment timber ceased to flow in any sort of stream at all—it became a meager trickle.

"If this keeps up," said Ted, "we'll have to run half time in another week."

"It's time then," said Veronica, "to kick up a dust in the bad men's eyes. They're failing to keep to their contract."

"They sure are."

"Where's their nearest hardwood?"

"Why—the old Holcomb sugar orchard yonder." He pointed out of the window to a growth of hardwood not half a mile away.

"How much is there?"

"I've heard dad estimate it at something over a hundred thousand feet."

"Plenty," she said. "Now run out some place and borrow ten thousand dollars."

The Rahway bank was again complaisant. Ted left the fund on deposit and returned to conference with Veronica.

"Now," she said, "we'll start kicking up the dust. You're going to log the Holcomb piece—under that clause in the contract. That's all up to you. It's your own little job, so run along and do it. But don't forget that they won't sit down and grin pleasant and sociable while you're cutting."

"Now there's something," Ted said. "I've got a feeling I may be good at that."

For two days he drove about the county hiring men and directing them to report at the mill before daylight on Monday. At four o'clock Monday morning he sent a man to awake the Commonwealth superintendent and to serve notice on the company that he intended to operate under the optional clause in the contract. Simultaneously, with a dozen men and two wagons, he appeared at the Commonwealth storehouse and helped himself, with perfect legality, to axes, saws and equipment sufficient for forty men. In the yard stood a gasoline caterpillar log hauler and half a dozen sleds. To these he helped himself, and incidentally to a dozen boxes of dynamite. At daybreak the first saw bit into the first maple on the Holcomb tract, and logging operations were under way. It was war.

The Commonwealth's superintendent came storming down on horseback, evidently more outraged at being taken unawares than by the act itself. His was the attitude of a man who would have to do a great deal of explaining to his superiors.

Ted met him at the line.

"Hey, you. Do you think you can get away with this?" demanded the superintendent.

"I've got away with it so far," Ted said.

"I order you to stop. If you aren't off this land, and every ax and saw back in our warehouse, before noon you'll be the saddest young man in this state."

"Then I'm going to be in for grief."

The superintendent lost his temper completely. "What chance do you think you've got?" he roared. "We're going to get you, and now we'll get you good. You wouldn't listen to reason and sell when you could take a decent price. Now you'll bust. You've started something. Don't think you're the first flyspeck the Commonwealth ever cleaned off its walls."

"Got orders to bust me, eh? That's why we haven't been getting logs, is it? That's why the bank soured on us. Well, now you're in the open, let me tell you something. Maybe you'll get me, mister, but before you do you'll discover you've been in a fracas. I'm going to have logs. I'm getting them. I'm just begging you to interfere. Now get out of here and commence."

The superintendent took himself away, nor did he appear again that day. Logging went on with such unusual speed as the situation was able to induce in the men. They were on edge; Ted discovered in himself a power to handle men and to raise them to a fighting pitch of enthusiasm—not that lumberjacks are a class hard to

(Continued on Page 101)

WANTED:

250 Business Men as Franklin Dealers

WE ARE going to expand. The public is ready. Our new factories are now ready and further plans perfected. These conditions open the opportunity for 250 more *business men* to become Franklin dealers. This will extend our present organization of 500 dealers and make both purchase and service of Franklin Cars still more convenient. We are taking this short cut to reach such men quickly. Automobile selling experience is not necessary, but good business sense is.

The Demand for the Right Kind of a Car

So far as statistics for 1921 are available as we go to press, the Franklin outsold all other cars of the same or higher price, as well as dozens costing less. In fact, on the same basis, the Franklin in 1921 did over 80% as much business as in 1920, or practically double the rate of the industry as a whole.

Clearer-headed thinking and more careful selection of values on the part of motorists resulted in this remarkable demand for Franklins during the past period of closer buying.

Recent Improvements Make It A Better Car Than Ever

Continuance of this demand is assured by these same conditions, particularly in view of the Franklin's score of recent improvements. Heading the list is the new case-hardened crankshaft, which will outlast any three other shafts, and which makes bearing surfaces practically non-wearing.

Others are: improved electric vaporizer, new starter with vigorous turning power, simplified ignition system, new patented Long-type aluminum pistons, most efficient brake yet designed, adjustable spring pivot bolts, lengthened rear springs, drop-forged load-carrying parts, and larger drive shaft, universal joints, and important bearings.

And all these advances backed by Franklin's 20-year-old principles of light weight, flexibility and direct air cooling, which give comfort, long life, freedom from trouble, and this unmatched economy: 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline; 12,500 miles to the set of tires; 50% slower yearly depreciation. (National Averages.)

Are You One of the Business Men We Want?

Back of the Franklin Company are 30 years of general manufacturing, including 20 years of making the Franklin Car. This stability is further strengthened by this fact:—the world-wide recognition of Franklin principles and progressiveness by automobile buyers clearly marks the line of development in the industry. Franklin expansion is both natural and necessary.

Is this the sort of a company you want to deal with? And the sort of an opportunity you want to deal in?

Address the Franklin Automobile Company for details, with full particulars as to business experience.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

"Our Bank Has $1,119,681.70 Deposits in a Town Without a Smokestack

GEORGE B. HUSTON
Vice-President of The Huston Banking Company, Blandinsville, Illinois

"Ninety-five per cent of our patrons are farmers," writes The Huston Banking Company of Blandinsville, Illinois, a town of 1002 people.

"We bought over $1,000,000 of government bonds for the bank and its depositors. Fully 75 per cent of these are still held by the original purchasers.

"Our farm patrons annually ship over a million dollars' worth of livestock alone. Ninety per cent of the corn grown about here is being marketed on the hoof—the most profitable way.

"We find our leading farmers read *The Country Gentleman,* and we keep it in the bank's reading-room because it fosters good farming practices."

This example is offered by THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN to show the sound condition of its farm readers.

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

The Saturday Evening Post *The Ladies' Home Journal* *The Country Gentleman*

lift to the fighting point. Somehow—he did not know how—he gained their sympathy, and with sympathy a coöperation that wages could not buy. He was interested himself. For the first time in his life he was really stirred. Something had him in its grip, and he felt like another man not like the footless boy he had been a few weeks before. He lived on the job, ate on the job, slept on the job, and from daylight to dark he drove his men even as he drove himself.

The first move by the Commonwealth was not overt. Its result apparent to Ted was a shortage of freight cars for carrying his product. With a painful suddenness shipments ceased, and goods began to pile up in the warehouse at the rate of several carloads a day. No shipments meant no checks coming in. It meant cancellation of orders, disruption of business, a possible permanent loss of patronage to competitors.

"It's make or bust now," he told Veronica. "Isn't it time to start a back fire?"

"It's started," she said, "and from now on it's going to be women and children first—with a shortage of lifeboats."

That day a letter came from a belting company demanding immediate payment of an invoice amounting to a thousand dollars. In the afternoon mail came a peremptory demand from a manufacturer of boxes and cartons for the payment of some eight thousand dollars. In both letters was an undertone which assumed a doubt as to the credit of the Peters concern. It was only the beginning. Somehow word had gotten abroad that the mill was in difficulties, and the vultures were gathering. A bank in Severence gave notice it would not renew paper to the amount of seventy-five hundred dollars.

"Next thing," Ted said in a rage, "somebody'll be applying for a receiver."

"We've got that ten thousand in the Rahway bank," she said. "If you're getting scared we can use that to pay bills with."

"Scared? I'm going to see this through. When we're finished the Peters family are going to be on the town or fixed for life. Veronica ——"

"Miss Horner," she said severely.

"Miss nothing—Veronica. I'm in this for just one purpose, and that's to show you. It's my chance to prove to you that I'm not such a rotten investment as a husband. I'm going through with it if it rains red-hot pitchforks."

"Have you talked to the president of the Rahway bank?" she asked, adroitly changing the subject.

"Yes."

"He'll let us take options in his name?"

"He's a game old sport. Said he'd stand for anything that wouldn't hurt the standing of his bank."

"Fine! Now to get the options. We've got to land the Tomkins tract—that's twelve thousand acres—and the Fridley piece of thirty-six hundred acres, and the Judson holdings of seventy-four hundred acres. That cuts the valley in two with twenty-three thousand acres. Commonwealth has never bought it up because it knows there's no other market and it can wait. But it can't afford to see it go into somebody else's hands now. Ten thousand ought to option every acre of it, and possibly the Green piece besides."

"But I'm afraid to leave the cutting. The enemy is due to drop down on us any day—and I've got to be there to receive them. And we've got to keep logs moving to the mill."

"Then I'll get your options," she said; "and while I'm at it you've got to create a diversion. Can't you irritate the Commonwealth folks some?"

"I can," said Ted, "and to-morrow afternoon I'll do the irritating."

He was as good as his word. According to the daily schedule of the Commonwealth's narrow-gauge logging road—the road which continued down the valley into the Peters mill yard—a train of logs was due to arrive from the mountain cuttings at five o'clock. By a circuitous route Ted and ten carefully selected men reached the Commonwealth mill and secreted themselves just at the far end of the big trestle across the brook. The train came down ten minutes late, but to the astonishment of the Commonwealth yard boss it did not stop to unload. Instead it kept on going to the switch which opened to the Peters line, and chugged merrily down the valley. For Ted and his ten men had boarded the train, ousted the crew and taken complete charge of affairs.

The net result was eighteen thousand feet of hardwood and an exceedingly irritated enemy. Miss Horner was supplied with all the diversion she required to cover her movements and to take the minds of Commonwealth officials off tracts of timber which they did not imagine could be threatened.

Next morning the Commonwealth's superintendent, at the head of fifty lumberjacks, made a swift descent upon Ted's lumbering operation. It might have been successful had Ted not expected something of the kind and set efficient watch. The invaders came down the railroad in a compact body, armed with cant-dog handles, and thirsting for battle. Fifty yards from the objective Ted met them and spoke to them. In his left hand he carried a small cylinder with a black tail hanging from it—a cylinder easily recognizable by any riverman. It was dynamite.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we can't have guests to-day. In fact, we're determined not to have guests. Besides, I don't like your looks and wouldn't invite you anyhow." He held the fuse close to the torch he carried in his right hand—a significant gesture. "If I were you," he said, "I'd go away from here. We're all irritable in the morning, and something might happen."

"Rush him!" shouted the superintendent. "He dassent light it."

"Try it," said Ted, and waited.

Now there are men who will rush a shotgun, men who will not hesitate to advance upon a knife, but few men will willingly charge a stick of dynamite. Dynamite is not easy to dodge. Nobody moved.

"That's better," said Ted. "Now go away from here."

But they did not go. Instead they laid siege to the workings. It was possible for Ted to fell logs and to yard them, but his force was insufficient to carry them through a hostile force to the mill. He was content. In the mill yards were piled enough logs to keep the mill in operation to capacity for a full week, and by the end of that time the battle would be decided one way or another. So he stood off the besiegers and continued to cut wood.

Meantime Veronica was having difficulty convincing hard-headed old lumbermen that a girl with lovely eyes and bobbed hair could mean business. But she convinced them, and in a simple and efficient manner. She showed them real money.

"My principals," she said, "are in the market for your timber. You have a standing offer from the Commonwealth people of twelve dollars an acre. We offer thirteen dollars. Now, Mr. Tomkins, right here in this package is twenty-five hundred dollars. It's yours for a sixty-day option on your tract at thirteen dollars. Count it."

Old man Tomkins counted it, and because he was the sort of man who is reluctant to allow money which comes into his hand ever to depart out of it, the matter ended by his signing an agreement optioning his property to the president of the Rahway bank.

Next day fifteen hundred dollars secured a similar option on the Fridley tract. This was not at all difficult. But Judson, who owned the final necessary seventy-four hundred acres, was more obdurate. But Veronica was efficient and very convincing. It required forty-eight hours and three thousand dollars to get the old man's signature. Seven out of ten thousand dollars of borrowed money was invested in options. Either someone must take up those options within thirty days for two hundred ninety-nine thousand dollars, or the Peters Hardwood Company must forfeit the sum paid for options.

Having succeeded so well, Veronica looked for other conquests, and with the remaining three thousand dollars secured an option on the Green tract of six thousand acres. When she reported to Ted she had under option twenty-nine thousand acres of the finest timberland in that part of the state.

The Peters mill and equipment represented an investment of one hundred eighty thousand dollars. When the options for the various timber tracts were safely in the Rahway vault Ted executed, by virtue of an empowering vote from his board of directors, an option upon the mill—also in the name of the Rahway president—for the sum of two hundred fifty thousand dollars, plus the cost of all manufactured stock inventoried in the warehouse at the date of the expiration of the option.

Then Ted and Veronica allowed their cat to escape from the bag, and, as is the

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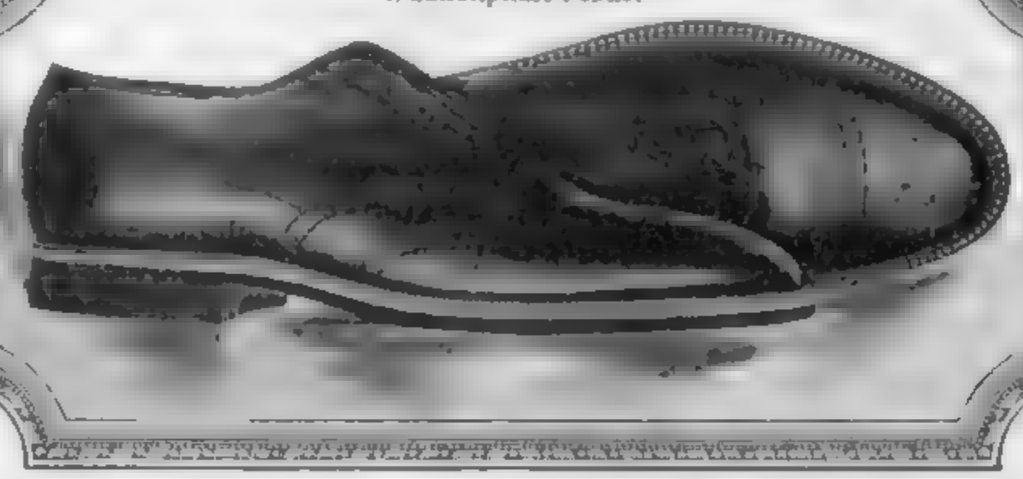
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Entrust the planning of your store to the Welch-Wilmarth Designing Service—choose Period Equipment or standard "Method in Merchandising" Equipment—and you are laying the foundation for a new and broader business success.

IF you would like to know more about our new line of Period Equipment, write to us today. We will see that a copy of our beautiful and elaborate book, "Store Equipment in Period Design," is placed in your hands.

Write also for a copy of our new 48-page bound book on "Method in Merchandising," in which many of the problems confronting retail merchants today are authoritatively discussed. Send for this book at once—it is a book well worth a place in your business library.

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way with escaped cats, it made a great fuss about its newly acquired freedom. Consequently the fact reached the ears it was intended to reach—which were the ears of the Commonwealth Products Company.

It was a natural consequence that the dapper little legal gentleman who once had called upon Ted should visit the Rahway bank.

"For whom are you acting in this timber deal?" was his first question.

"I'm sorry, but I cannot disclose my principals."

"You have sixty-day options on twenty-nine thousand acres. Am I correct?"

"You are correct."

"What do your principals intend doing with the timber?"

"Manufacture it."

"Where and how?"

"They also have an option on the Peters mill."

"At what figure?"

"Two hundred fifty thousand dollars."

"It's not worth it."

"It is to my principals. You see, they had to have it."

"Er—will they consider selling those options? My company will take them off their hands."

"I should have to consult my principals. If you will call to-morrow I will let you know. However, I doubt it."

On the following day the legal gentleman returned, and it was patent he was in a state of anxiety. "I hope," he said, "your people will listen to reason."

"They will. They have gone to the trouble of securing these options, and naturally expect to derive a profit. Here is their proposition: They will allow you to take the Peters mill at the option price. That is fair. The options on the timber average twelve dollars an acre. Of course the properties are worth more than that to us and to you. It is only the lack of other markets than yourself which has kept the price so low. We will sell at fifteen dollars an acre. There's the proposition. Take it or leave it."

"Let me get on the telephone," said the disturbed legal gentleman.

Twenty minutes' long-distance telephone conversation ensued, at the end of which the Commonwealth's lawyer turned to the banker.

"We accept your proposition," he said.

The deal was consummated exactly at eleven next day, when the Commonwealth's representative turned over to the Rahway bank a certified check for three hundred fifty-nine thousand dollars, representing the profit of three dollars an acre on the timber, the option price of the mill, and twenty-two thousand dollars for the contents of the warehouse in manufactured goods and containers.

The moment the check was in his hands the banker got the Peters mill on the telephone and notified Veronica, who, almost dancing with delight, ran out to the besieged sugar orchard to notify Ted.

"It's done!" she cried. "We've got the check. We've—we've robbed the hive and the honey's in the kitchen."

"Honest Injun? The whole bag of tricks, Veronica?"

"Careful. There are a dozen men looking, and besides ——" He noted that she did not forbid him to call her Veronica this time.

"But," he said dolefully, "I haven't proved anything. You did it all. You thought it up."

"Nonsense. We thought it up together. Neither of us could have made it go without the other's help."

"Isn't that an ideal thing for husband and wife, Veronica? Don't you think ——"

"Business first. We've made a profit of eighty-seven thousand dollars on the timber and of eighty thousand on the mill. That's a hundred sixty-seven thousand to the good. Add that to the original family fortune—the mill itself less the fifty thousand in debts of various kinds, and the Peters family have in cash, two hundred eighty-seven thousand dollars. And every dollar of it is out of work. We've got to give it a job."

"Darn the money," he said. "You listen to me now. Are you going to marry me, and when? I want to know this minute."

"Young men," she said, waggling her bobbed hair, "when they are wishful of marrying young women, sometimes mention the state of their hearts."

"Veronica, if you'll step behind that clump of young spruce I'll give you a full and exact inventory of every heartbeat I've had for a month. Every one of them has ticked off your name."

"Um. Mine's done some ticking, too, Ted. So—well, somebody's got to help you invest all that money, and it might as well be I."

"It might," said Ted, and just then they rounded the corner of the spruce thicket where not a lumberjack in the woods could see.

Presently they walked toward home.

"Ted," said Veronica, "I've planned our wedding trip."

"Yes? Starting when?"

"I'm ready now," she said characteristically. "It'll be a wonderful trip. We'll go to Maine. Before we come back we'll have located the timber we want and be ready to start a new mill when we start our housekeeping."

"Combining business and pleasure!"

"That," said Veronica severely, "is the way all marriages should be arranged."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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Table of Contents

January 28, 1922

Cover Design by Clark Fay

SHORT STORIES — PAGE

Eight Million Bubbles—*J. P. Marquand* . . . 8
The Heavier Weight—*Albert Payson Terhune* . . . 12
Dust in the Eye—*Clarence Budington Kelland* . . . 14
The Black Angel—*Hugh Wiley* . . . 16

ARTICLES

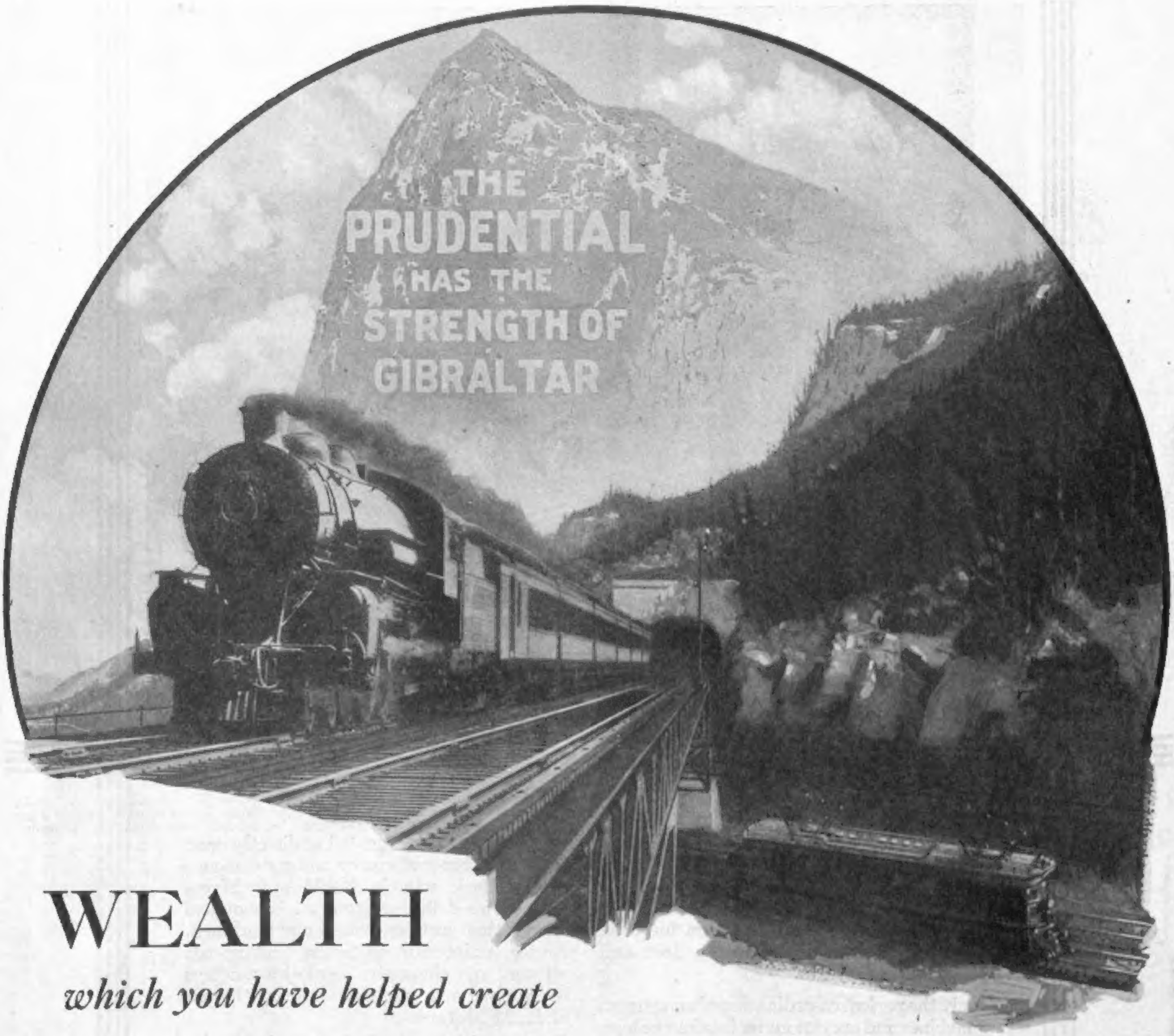
The Theater and the Law—*William McAdoo* . . . 6
Shutting the Sea Gates—*Kenneth L. Roberts* . . . 11
The Print of My Remembrance—*Augustus Thomas* . . . 18
When the Shoe Begins to Pinch—*Edward Hungerford* . . . 23

SERIALS

The Winter Bell (In three parts)—*Henry Milner Rideout* . . . 3
The Driver (Conclusion)—*Garet Garrett* . . . 20

DEPARTMENTS

Editorials . . . 22
Sense and Nonsense . . . 97



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Prairies and forests and mines become *wealth* only when there are people to convert them to use, and railroads to transport their products to the markets of the world.

Try to picture what the United States and Canada would be if there were no railroads; then remember that *you* have been one of the millions of railroad builders.

For their cost of construction and subsequent improvement has been provided to a large extent by the sale of bonds, secured by mortgages on tracks, bridges, stations and terminals, locomotives and cars. Prudential has invested millions of dollars in these bonds.

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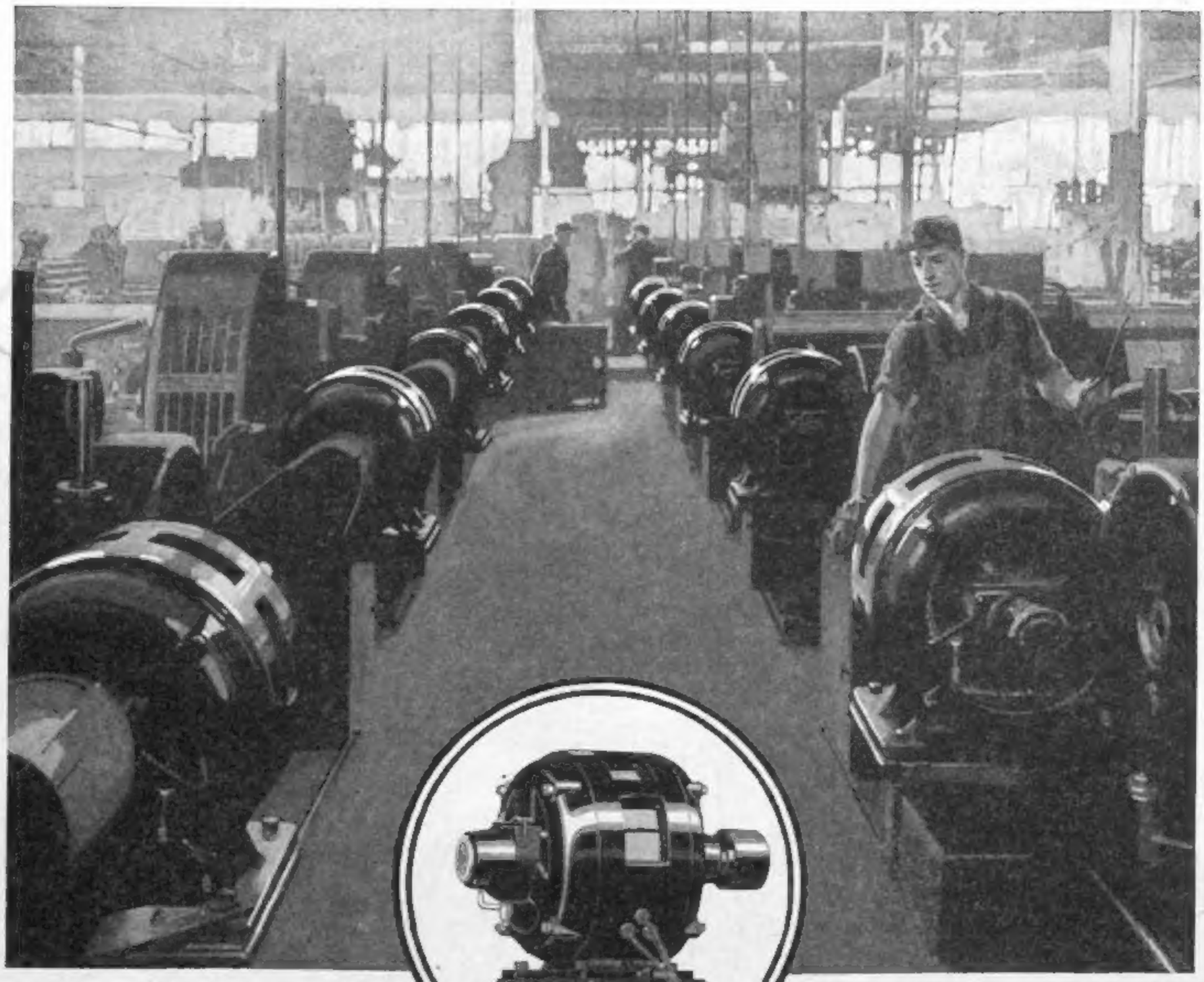

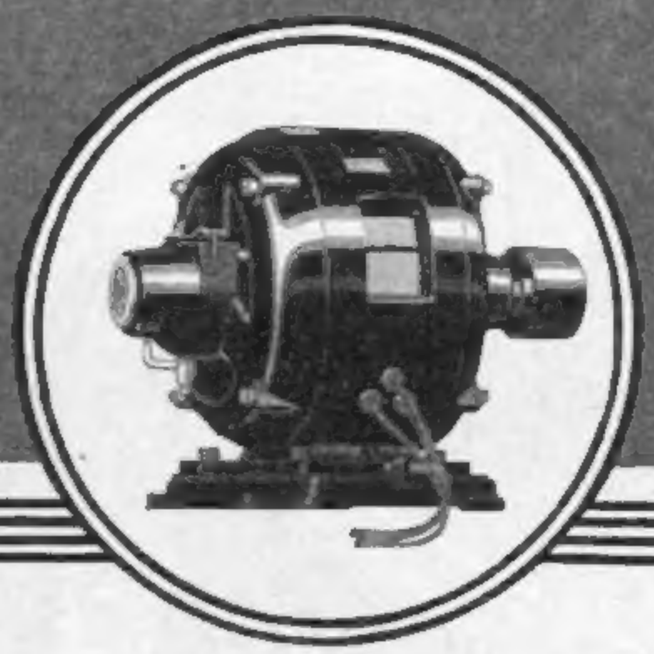

INTO the gleaming machinery of automobile factories go metals, woods and fabrics. Automatic tools whirr, giant hammers thud, saws, drills and grinders hum as their skilled operators transform forgings, castings, sheets and bars into fleet and beautiful motor cars.

Only the perfect co-ordination of many men, machines and operations maintains the high standard of efficiency necessary in such plants. And, because reliable, dependable power is a prerequisite, scores of the leading manufacturers of automobiles and automobile equipment have equipped their factories with Robbins & Myers Motors.

Mounted overhead, aground or directly upon tools—wherever efficiency and convenience direct—these reliable Robbins & Myers power units deliver untroubled, economical service that gratifies owners and workmen. Ample, uninterrupted power that speeds all work and eliminates break-down delays is obtained at a minimum cost by the use of R&M Motors.

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